Collier's

THE NATIO

September 7, 1940

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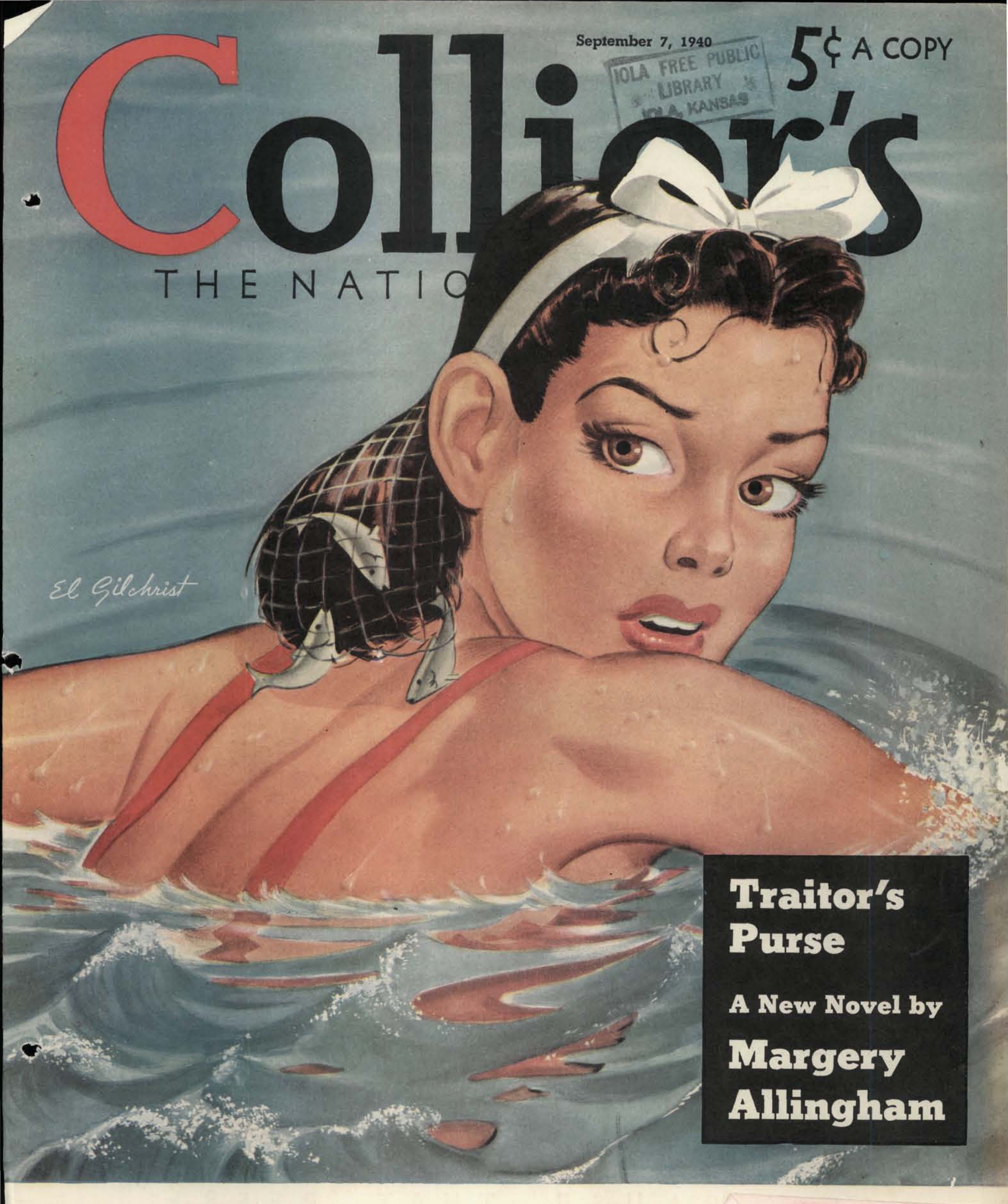

Traitor's Purse

A New Novel by

Margery Allingham

Detroit's Defense Headache By Walte

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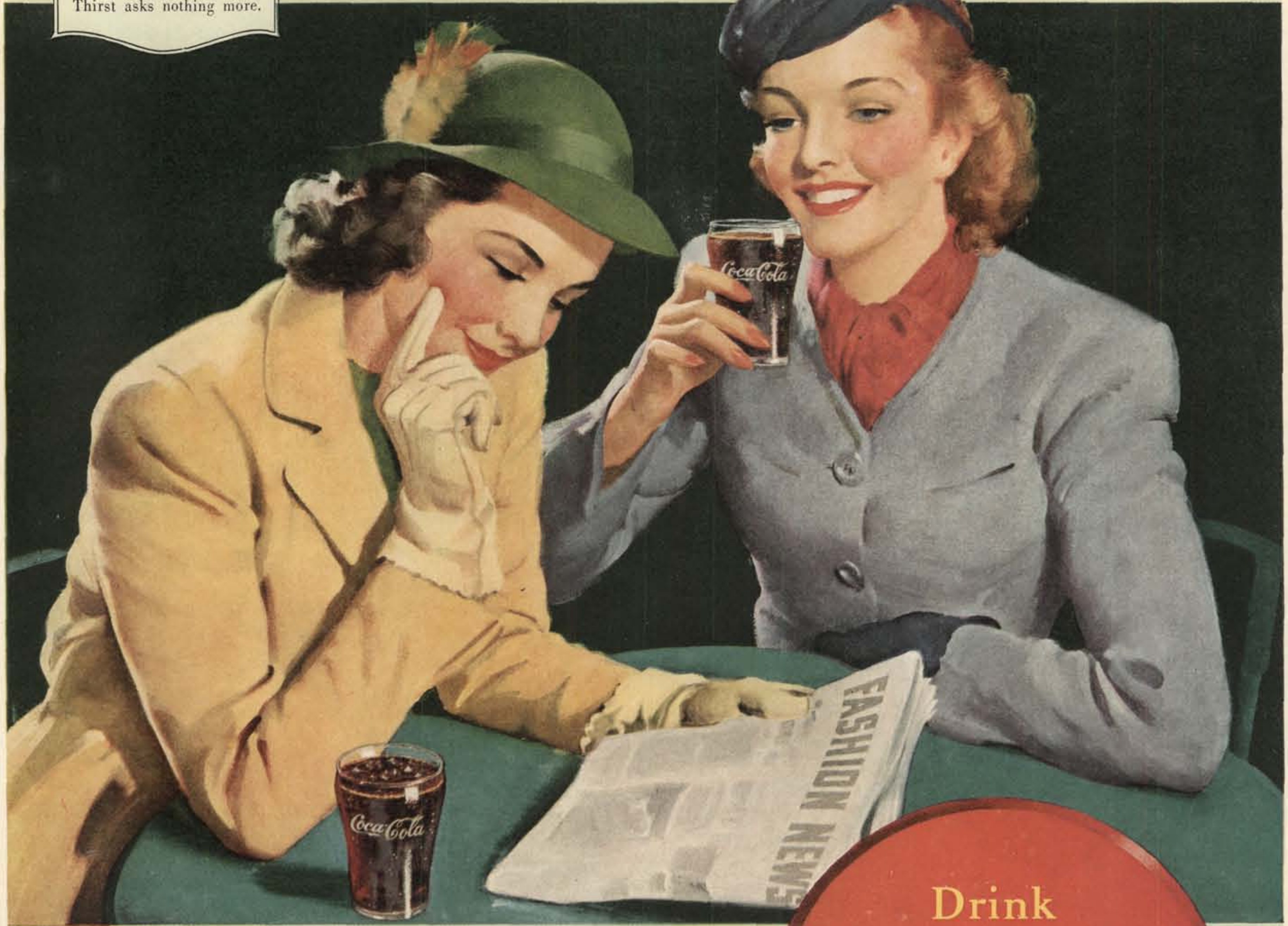
ept. 7, 1940

Pause . . .
and shop refreshed

Coca-Cola has the charm of purity. It is prepared with the finished art that comes from a lifetime of practice. Its delicious taste never loses the freshness of appeal that first delighted you . . . always bringing you a cool, clean sense of complete refreshment. Thirst asks nothing more.



COPYRIGHT 1940, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

Going from shop to shop, counter to counter, you spend something you didn't bargain on . . . energy. So when you're tired and thirsty, go straight to the soda fountain and enjoy *the pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coca-Cola . . . a little minute that's long enough for a big rest.

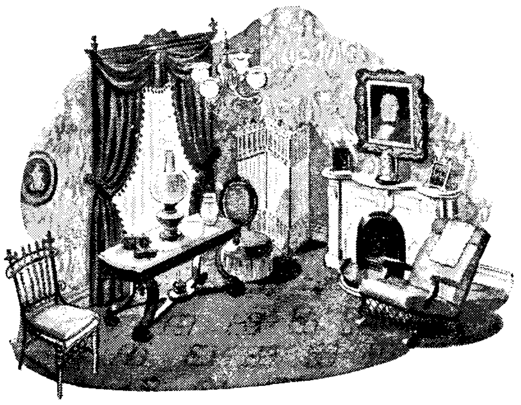
5¢

Drink
Coca-Cola
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Delicious and
Refreshing

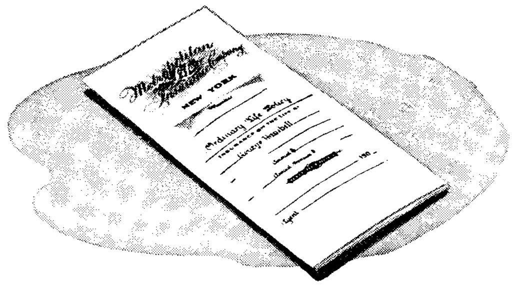
THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

The story of the home...and the life insurance policy

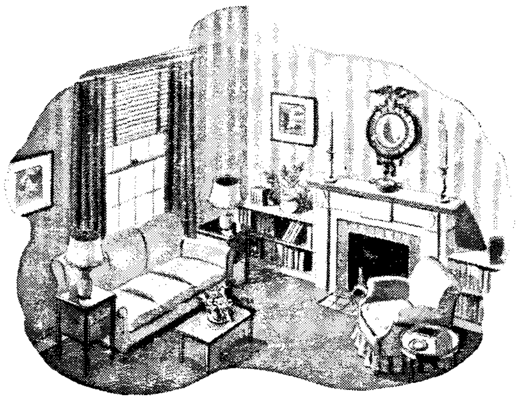
Many years ago, a man bought a house. Naturally, he furnished his home in the style of the day.



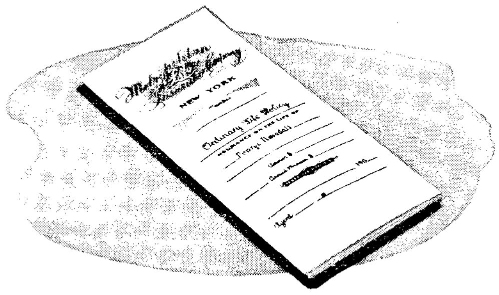
At the same time, he bought a Metropolitan Life Insurance Policy. Today, he still owns that policy, and he still lives in that same home.



But as times have changed, his taste in furnishing his home has changed, too. For example, the living room has been completely modernized. Here, as in other rooms, old-fashioned furniture has been replaced by up-to-date pieces. Electricity, telephones, and an improved heating plant have been installed in the house.



However, the physical appearance of his life insurance policy probably has not changed a bit. It looks exactly as it did the day he bought it. Yet



it, too, may have been modernized to the great advantage of the policyholder. For, as experience showed it to be possible, the Company was enabled to give *more* in many cases, than was called for in the original policy.

And, unlike the improvements to his house, which represent an outlay of cash, any additional benefits to which he is now entitled under his policy have been made available although no change in the premium rate was or could have been made.

▶ For example, a policy issued before 1915 did not provide for participation in the surplus earnings of the Company. Today, the holder of such a policy receives his share of the divisible surplus in the form of a dividend on his policy.

Many policyholders, who have found it impossible to continue the payment of the required premiums on their policies, have been delighted to find that the non-forfeiture values available under such circumstances are, in some cases, now much larger than those specified in their policies.

As conditions warranted, Metropolitan has also found it possible to increase substantially the amount of insurance payable under many of the earlier Industrial policies over the amount called for in such policies.

An important provision included in many current Ordinary policies is the right to have the insurance payable in the form of an income. This right was not included in early Ordinary policies, but has since been extended to them.

Provisions for additional benefits in case of death by accidental means, and benefits for loss of eyesight or limbs, have been added to Industrial policies issued before these benefits were regularly included in such policies.

▶ The changes cited above illustrate the progress that has been made in liberalizing the terms of Metropolitan life insurance policies, and in providing more benefits. Each change has brought the policyholder some real advantage which the original contract did not obligate Metropolitan to provide.

These improvements in old policies have been made voluntarily by Metropolitan as part of its effort to provide the policyholder with the utmost possible protection and service.

▶ If you are in doubt as to whether your old policies have become more advantageous since you bought them years ago, your Metropolitan Agent will gladly examine them and ascertain whether there are any additional benefits to which you may now be entitled.

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This is Number 29 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(*A MUTUAL COMPANY*)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD • *Leroy A. Lincoln*, PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Plan to visit the Metropolitan's exhibits at the ***New York World's Fair*** *and at the* ***Golden Gate International Exposition in San Francisco.***

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THIS WEEK

SEPTEMBER 7, 1940

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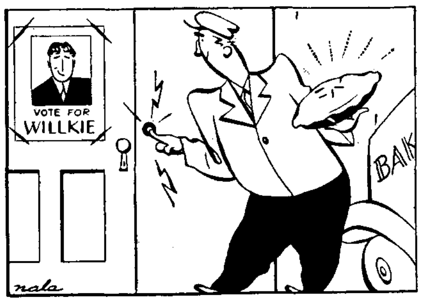
COVER EL GILCHRIST

ANY WEEK

ONE OF the most reliable of our scouts reports that Mr. Willkie's management is about resigned to fight on without the aid, moral or active, of the Honorable James A. Farley. And yet it took them several weeks to arrive at this comfortless decision. At Colorado Springs where Mr. Willkie rested like a one-man rodeo after that Philadelphia snatch, no hour passed which did not bear rumor that Mr. Farley was about to join the procession of propertied Democrats who were deserting Mr. Roosevelt more in sorrow than in anger. Each incoming mail was opened feverishly. Telegrams were read hot off the wires. When the telephone rang there were stampedes. Before visitors from the East had their hands shaken they were asked, "Whaddeyahhearaboutfarley." Airplanes were scanned from afar through powerful binoculars. Motorcars were inspected, ostensibly for such things as Japanese beetles, but our scout was not so easily fooled. One of these cars was driven by a Mr. James A. Farley but not the right one. He said that he was voting for Roosevelt, that if he had any Japanese beetles or the like they'd vote for Mr. Roosevelt too or get out of his car. In fact, he wanted to give odds that ninety per cent of this country's Farleys would vote for the President. And that's about all we have from the Farley front at the moment although our scout reports that considerable pressure has been exerted on Jim by big business which he hopes to become associated with in the interests of a badly depleted personal treasury. At the moment we are assured that Jim will not pull an Al Smith.

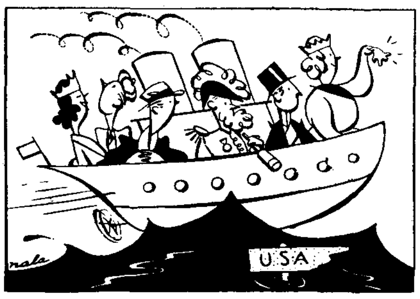


NOT THAT we don't realize the chances one takes these days in making predictions. Moreover, we are warned by Mr. Jerry Shoupe of St. Louis, Missouri, against deceiving ourselves. Mr. Shoupe drives a bakery truck, a rather advantageous position for one seeking public opinion. The rye bread and doughnut trade is favorable to Mr. Roosevelt, says Mr. Shoupe, "but the cake eaters are all Willkie." However, Mr. Shoupe adds that this comes from just one section of St. Louis and is not to be taken as an index of the nation. "Besides," says he, "I'm having trouble with my wife. She's now calling me her Willkie-pie."

WE LEARNED with some regret that the Honorable Jerry Saddler came out very badly in the Texas gubernatorial primaries, emerging rather far down the list of the numerous aspirants defeated by the Honorable Pappy O'Daniel. Mr. Saddler had just as much imagination as Mr. O'Daniel but not, apparently, the right kind. It was Mr. Saddler who produced what we think one of the truly brilliant ideas of defending our country against invasion from Mexico. He advocated piping oil—of which Texas has ample—into the Rio Grande's gulch and, as the enemy began to cross, touch it off. The idea, like Mr. Saddler, still lives—for which we are grateful. But from Mr. John Boley Ascholt, of McAllen, Texas, we receive word that this fiery south wall will not be necessary, Texas being what it is. "Let them come," writes Mr. Ascholt, "bringing with them their big tanks and all the rest of their road hogs. Let them come. While we're going on about our business, they'll be rolling northward. A week after they arrive they'll still be in Texas. Two weeks after they get here they'll find they're still in Texas. It's going to break their spirit. Even us natives can stand just so much of it. After they've spent a few weeks rolling around Texas, getting lost with sand in their gears and alkali dust in their beer, they'll listen to reason."

THIS department, sternly enjoined by nonsmiling editors to be neutral or else, is trying to bear up under salvos of letters from both sides of the military-conscription controversy. From patriotic organizations, many of which have been invincible in peace and invisible in war, are demands that every phrase of ours shall be a clarion call to arms, every word a drumbeat. Thus, says Colonel H. Dale Proddorp of Santa Clara, California, we would be squaring ourselves in "the eyes of many true Americans who have become convinced that you are a pro-Nazi pacifist." The colonel, admittedly a Republican who has "never deviated a fraction of an inch from inherited principles," is nevertheless a little fearful that his party of 1940 is somewhat less militant than Mr. Roosevelt. "And yet," he adds on a note of despair, "as the Blum government of France softened that country into collapse, so, I fear, has the New Deal reduced us to a mere pulp of the America that was Washington's, John Paul Jones', Old Hickory's, Farragut's, Grant's, Teddy Roosevelt's and Pershing's." From the other side we get more realism. For example, here's Miss Jeanne Rosen of New York City, to tell us that the advance tidings of conscription have worked wonders for engagement-ring vendors. "They say that married men won't be drafted," says Miss Rosen. "Anyway, I've had three proposals in two weeks. What do you hear from other girls?"

IN AN investigating mood is Mrs. Saul P. Banchion of Little Rock, Arkansas. Mrs. Banchion has noticed without enthusiasm that "every transatlantic plane and liner brings us more absconding politicians and royalty from Europe—ex-ministers, ex-dukes, ex-archdukes, princes, princesses, duchesses and similar lame-duck lammers, as my husband calls them." Mrs. Banchion feels they "contributed nothing but disaster to their own people and have nothing else to offer us. Are these people going to be eligible for WPA jobs or other government relief or did they bring their country's treasury with them?"



AND IT was in Minneapolis, Minnesota, as we get it, that Mrs. Henry A. MacAughtey of Chicago, Illinois, discovered that a Parent-Teachers Association became pretty deeply entangled with what should be done about geography examinations. With no telling what European boundaries are apt to be tomorrow it was agreed to be unfair to the kids to expect them to tell what was what. Presently one of the mothers hit upon a plan. "Let the children answer in the past tense," she said. One of the teachers objected, saying that it did the cause of education no good to be correct as of yesterday but wrong today. Whereat the mother killed further discussion by adding: "In that case, why not drop geography in American schools and mind our own business?"

BUT IT'S not so easy in times like these to mind one's own business. We got to talking about John T. Flynn's articles about the political sewage that has for many years passed in Chicago as government. We asked the other fellow, a Chicago politician, why Mr. Roosevelt's Department of Justice had investigated the political machines in Republican Detroit and rebellious New Orleans and had ignored politically friendly but rotten Chicago and Jersey City. "It's because President Roosevelt has enough to do without meddling in the affairs of fine cities like Chicago. The people of Chicago are a hundred per cent sore at Collier's. Our advice to you is to do like the President does and mind your own business or lose a lot of subscribers."

PAID-UP ones? W.D.

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IS
UNFAIR
TO
LABOR

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

When a labor union calls a strike and the signs carried by its pickets falsely brand a company as unfair to organized labor, the action is libelous and the union may be sued for damages.

The "Massive Challenge" is believed to be the only set of handcuffs in existence that experts, while wearing them, cannot pick or unlock with the key.

Nearly 1,400 large American bakeries, producing more than a billion loaves of bread a year, now use an ingredient that delays the development of normal mold and rope until the bread it contains has become stale.

Farmers, or those engaged primarily in farming, and wage earners who do not earn more than $1,500 a year are the only persons in the United States who cannot be forced into involuntary bankruptcy.—*By Sullivan Ashby, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.*

Among some tribes in India, a boy who takes a girl in marriage must compensate her family by the gift of his own sister. Among some tribes in Africa, the death of a married woman obligates her younger sister to marry the surviving husband, even though she has to leave her own husband and children.

As incendiary fires destroy about ten times as much property as accidental fires and kill half of the firemen who die in action, investigators are relentless in tracking and convicting arsonists. In a recent case in New York, forty-six principals and their staffs had to audit 10,000 records of seventeen companies in ten states, and then defeat sixteen different defense lawyers, before they were able to send five arsonists to prison.

A soldier who has never been within a mile of a bursting shell may suffer from "shell shock" as this term is not only applied to actual concussion, but also to a number of nervous conditions that appear in men engaged in modern warfare. —*By Donald Shoemaker, Pasadena, California.*

Scientific studies reveal that the majority of people work more efficiently immediately after a change in weather, not only on a clear day following a storm, but also during a storm following several days of sunshine.

During the Pareshnath Procession, staged yearly by the Jains in India, all telephone, telegraph and trolley wires crossing the line of march are temporarily removed so that the Great Indradwaja, a fifty-foot banner, can pass without being lowered.

More than two thirds of the billion dollars' worth of harvested crops grown in the United States annually is fed to livestock.

The average motion picture, when released, contains only eight per cent of the film that was "shot" during production. Although the 92 per cent that goes into the editor's wastebasket is not entirely wasted from a technical standpoint, it does sometimes contain songs, small parts in their entirety and even whole scenes that have been taken on expensive sets.

Astronomical observations made with a sextant to determine geographic locations vary in accuracy on land, sea and in the air. A man on solid ground can ascertain his latitude and longitude within a few yards, a mariner can obtain his ship's position within a mile or two, but a pilot, in determining his airplane's location, usually makes an error of about ten miles.—*By G. E. Webster, Lansing, Michigan.*

The longest baths on record are those taken by the patrons of the mineral spring resort at Shirahone, Japan. Many of the bathers will lie in the large, shallow tanks for three weeks at a time, packing smooth stones on and about themselves at night to prevent turning over and drowning in their sleep.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

Discouraged?

Are your coat shoulders and collar "snowed under" with stubborn, distressing dandruff flakes and scales?

Annoyed?

Are you distracted by itching and even inflammation? They certainly can make a fellow miserable.

Is it infectious?

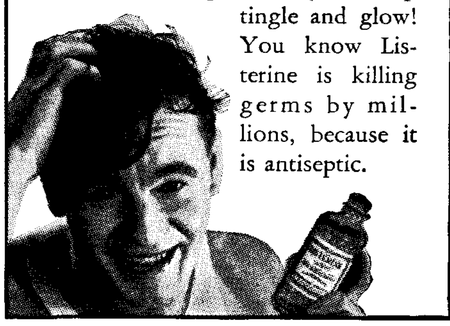
Those scales and flakes and that troublesome itchiness are so persistent. *They may be symptoms of infectious dandruff!*

Your treatment!

Use Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice a day! Clinical tests on men and women who did this showed impressive results! In one series of tests, 76% of the dandruff sufferers showed either complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms within 30 days!

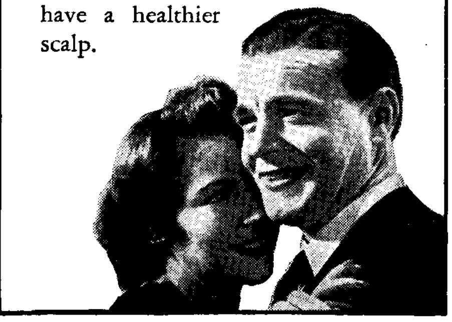
Ah-h-h!

A cooling, welcome blessing, this Listerine massage! Feel your scalp tingle and glow! You know Listerine is killing germs by millions, because it is antiseptic.



It's wonderful!

It's wonderful how helpful Listerine is . . . and it's wonderful, too, to have a healthier scalp.



Get after infectious dandruff now—with LISTERINE!

Clinic and everyday use prove Listerine Antiseptic's value against this scalp condition which affects so many.

Don't fool around with what may be a troublesome condition! If you are irritated, disturbed by the distressing, uncomfortable symptoms of infectious dandruff, start your *home* Listerine Treatment today . . . the medical treatment thousands use.

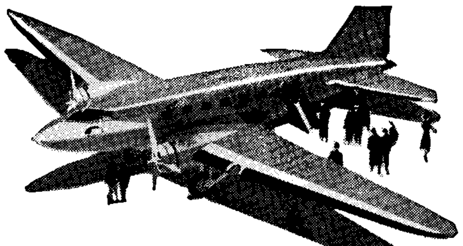
Just apply full strength Listerine to your scalp morning and night—all over! Massage the scalp and hair vigorously, persistently. It's as easy as it is delightful.

Cooling, soothing Listerine Antiseptic—the same Listerine which has been famous for over 50 years as an antiseptic mouth wash and gargle—kills millions of germs associated with the infectious type of dandruff . . . including the queer "bottle bacillus" called Pityrosporum Ovale, which outstanding specialists recognize as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Remember, Listerine Antiseptic is the medical treatment which, within 30 days, brought complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff to 76% of the men and women who used it in a clinical test. Start today to see what it does for you!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Just Back from Havana



EDWARD F. ROOSEVELT discovers a true Havana Flavor in NEW WHITE OWLS

OWL: Welcome back, Mr. Roosevelt! Is the foreign participation all set for the 1940 World's Fair?

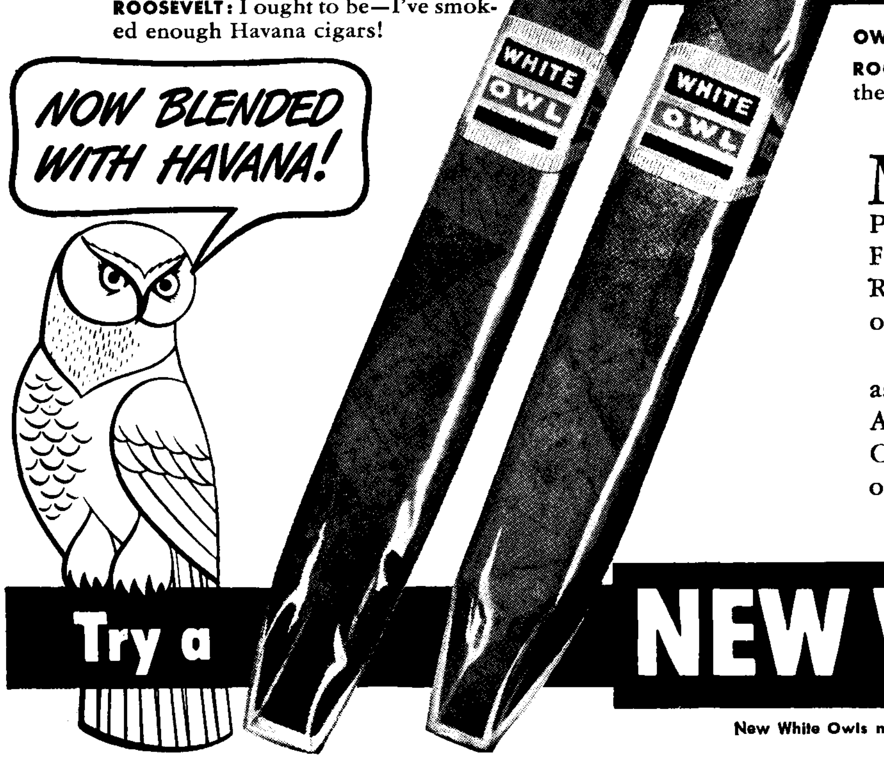
ROOSEVELT: Right—it will be better than ever!

OWL: As a cigar smoker just back from Cuba, you're something of an expert on the taste of Havana tobacco.

ROOSEVELT: I ought to be—I've smoked enough Havana cigars!

OWL: Try this NEW WHITE OWL, will you? Tell us if it's really got the taste of Havana in it...

ROOSEVELT (*after several puffs*): Yes—this has an authentic Havana taste . . . milder than the all-Havana Cuban cigars—but real Havana flavor!



MR. EDWARD F. ROOSEVELT—Director of Foreign Government Participation at New York World's Fair . . . cousin of the late Teddy Roosevelt . . . recently flew back from one of his many visits to Cuba.

On his arrival in New York, we asked him to try our *new* White Owl. As a cigar smoker just back from Cuba, he could readily tell whether or not it had a true Havana flavor.

Note that Mr. Roosevelt said that the *new* White Owl *does* have a real Havana flavor. And all over the U. S. thousands of smokers will go along with Mr. Roosevelt on that!

The fact that you can now get this wonderful Havana flavor in a 5¢ cigar accounts for the big sales increase of the *new* White Owl. From coast to coast, more men are enjoying this fine cigar every day.

Try a NEW WHITE OWL—*Today* **5¢**

New White Owls made in America—see how at New York World's Fair, 1940

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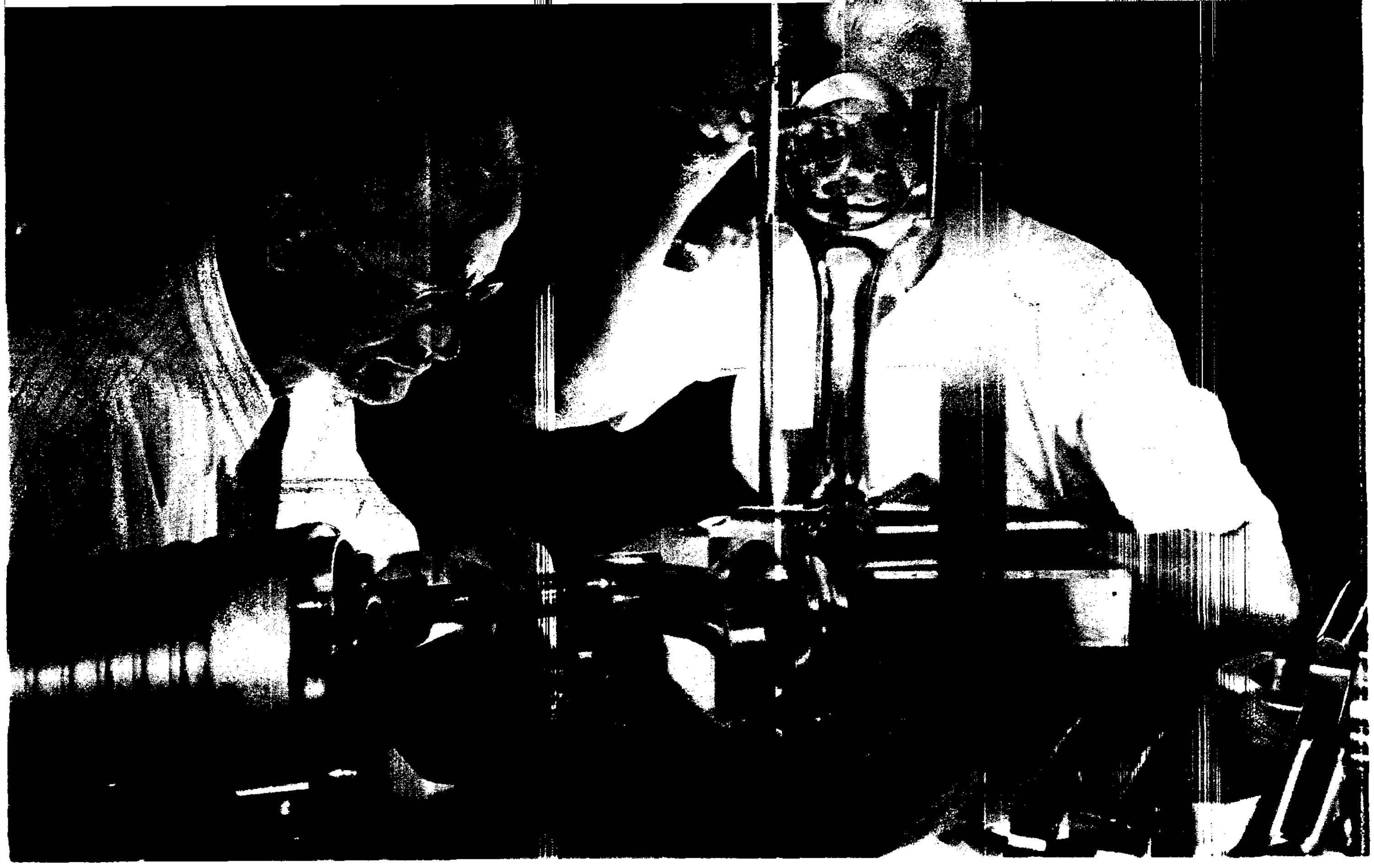
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR SEPTEMBER 7, 1940



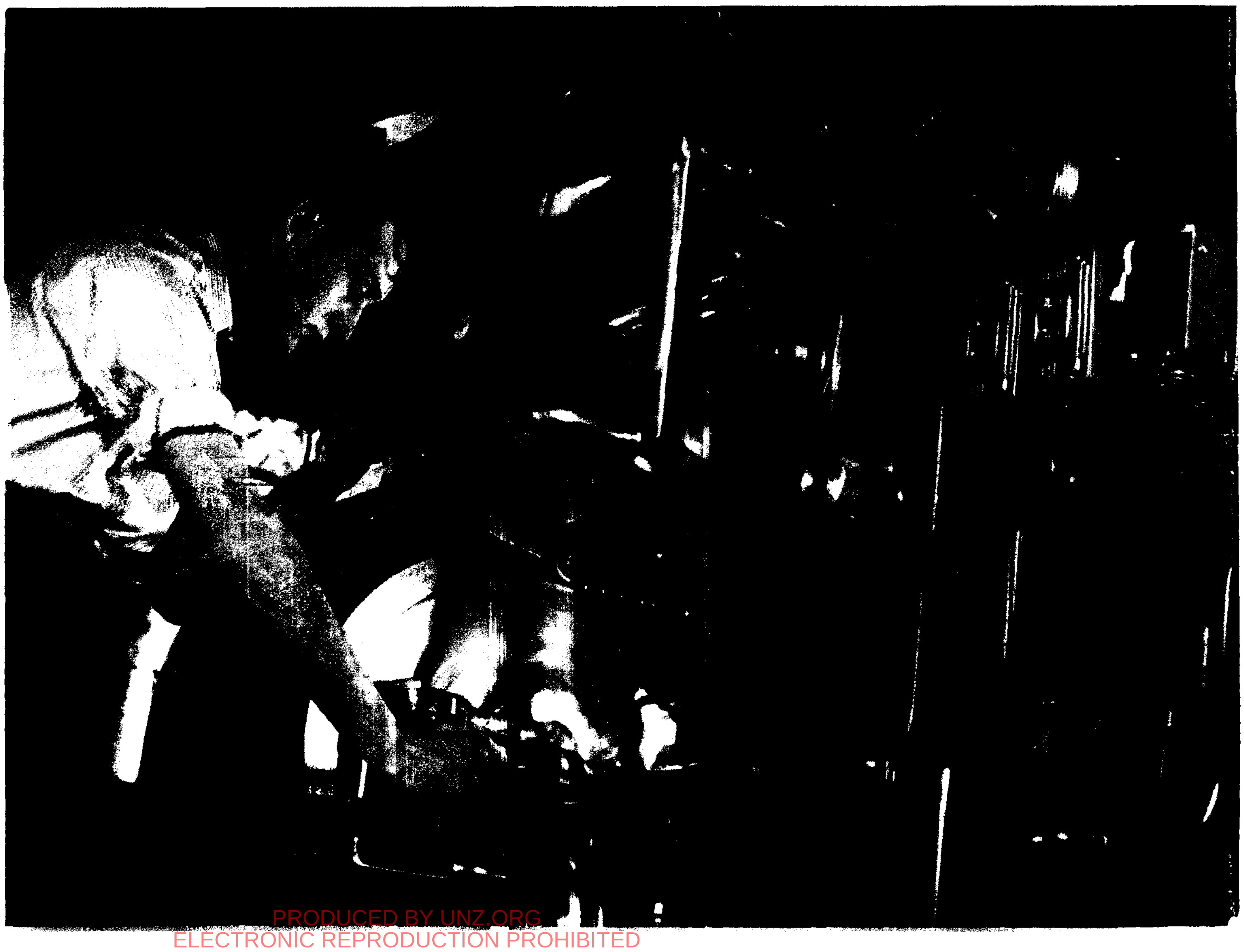
Connecting rods for the Packard marine motor under inspection for precision. A superb motor, easily adapted for airplane use, Packard at the time this photo was made was producing one a day

Detroit's Defense Headache

By Walter Davenport

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY VALENTINO SARRA

This intricate machine tool, a $12,000 precision grinder, handles a single one of the hundreds of operations necessary to build the marine motor. Its job is to finish-grind connecting-rod holes



THE trouble with this tale is that we arrived in Detroit too soon—about sixteen or twenty months too soon. And yet even in Washington, that ever-fertile garden of truth, we heard the exhilarating story. We heard it first in Boston where great comfort was derived from it because Boston was sure that she'd be one of Mr. Hitler's first American objectives. Then in Philadelphia, while a political phenomenon was blooming before our disbelieving eyes. It rolled in from the midlands while the Democrats were pledging their lives and their sacred honor to something we did not quite catch. And the South (yessuh) and the Far West (you betcha) were rejoicing in it. The story had its variations but fundamentally it clung, so to speak, to its guns.

And this was the story: That silently, cloaked in mystery lest Mr. Hitler become aware, airplanes, tanks, armored cars, huge cannon, antiaircraft and machine guns, bombs and all the rest of the arms that win wars were rolling out of Detroit in a flood that daily grew wider and deeper.

In a few months, at the latest not later than January, the United States would be prepared to defend herself and the Monroe Doctrine and, if need be, restore democracy to her violated European throne. Mr. Roosevelt's call for 50,000 airplanes was being heeded in every corner of Detroit's vast foundries, shops and factories. Mr. Ford was well on his way to producing a thousand a day. The Chrysler plant was turning out tanks beside which the Germans' trundling fortresses would be toys. General Motors was shoveling forth armored cars and trucks, to say nothing of liquid-cooled airplane engines that would consign England's Rolls-Royce to the bargain basement. Packard was showering our Navy with marine engines which could, with a few twists here and a bit of gadgeting there, become motors for bombers. But doubtless you've heard it too. Well, the truth won't hurt you more than it hurt us.

Detroit Discovers the Bottleneck

The story bears the same relation to the facts as a fan magazine's biography of a movie star. Perhaps by the time you read this a serious order or two will have been given to the mass-production wizards of Detroit—admittedly the most massive of all industrial huddles, the citadel of assembly-line magic.

But many weeks had passed since Mr. Roosevelt had sounded his ringing call to arms and, save for a Rolls-Royce engine order which had been skittering around like a hockey puck, not a war order except for trucks and a few shell casings, nor a command to get set, had reached Detroit. Had they come, as eventually orders must, Detroit would not be able to begin to fill them for six months to a year. After that period, in a trickle at first and then in salvation quantities, we'd see something of what the country believes is happening now.

The delay is blamed on bottlenecks, a term with which Detroit seethes and of which you become violently ill before you've been there a day. We'll dwell upon that in its turn. But to prepare you for the details we shall deal first in generalities. The chief of these is that, according to the most active if not the best industrial minds in Detroit, it will take anywhere from three to five years at our present hookworm speed to

Machine tools in quantity must be built by other machine tools. Even in normal times, it takes six months to make the one above, which is boring out valve guides for the liquid-cooled Allison plane motor. Left, precision-profiling a cylinder top

translate those fifteen billion defense dollars into whizzbang stuff that will give any invader of American lands or waters pause. If Mr. Hitler plus his Italian and Japanese stooges choose to pick on us or our New World neighbors within the coming twelve months we are going to be in what Mr. Babe Ruth calls a mess of bad trouble.

Weeks, too, had gone since Mr. Ford, after looking quizzically at an Army pursuit ship and giving it a couple of tentative pokes with his finger, had said "A thousand a day." There are responsible persons in Detroit who like to deride Mr. Ford's mild boast but nearly all of them (and somewhat ruefully) concede that the Old Man probably could do it if riled the right way. But the Dearborn giant was still waiting for Washington to take him up, or even reply. His excuse for rejecting the British-American call for 9,000 Rolls-Royce motors may not be the whole truth, but wholly lacking in truth is the accusation that it was a confession of inability to make them. He is admittedly equipped to produce them at the rate of twenty a day after January first, requiring that much intervening time for preparation. But even in Detroit, where you'd think they'd know better, you're asked how soon Mr. Ford will be producing a thousand planes a day and how many he's turning out at the moment.

The whole story's a little incredible but that's not our fault. Even in Detroit the average citizen believes that the United States is well around the first lap of the defense relay and breaking track records. And the reason for all this misconception is, fundamentally, that the starter fired the gun before the boys were on their marks—or even finished their training. The noise you've been hearing is the hoopla and wahoo of the Administration cheering section. Virtually none has arisen from Detroit's factories.

Good Motors but Not Enough

General Motors is making one of the world's best aviation engines—the Allison. And yet after two or three years of designing and experimenting and months of manufacturing, Allison is turning out a grand total of two or three a day. Of course, no national emergency existed during those years of experimentation, accounting for General Motors' lack of headlong speed. In the meantime the Army is praying for motors to power 400-mile-per-hour pursuit ships and morale-busting dive bombers.

General Motors is producing Diesel engines, as light, as compact and more powerful than the Germans'. She can turn them out with the celerity and flourish that we like to think of as pure Yankee. But neither Detroit nor any other industrial circus can be ready within eight months to build the tanks to house these oil-burning monsters. And unless Washington stops cheering itself and starts working up an honest sweat it may be several more months—perhaps a year—before the tank builders produce their wares as fast as General Motors can power them. At the present malarial rate we can produce tanks at a speed of one every now and then. We are not referring to puddle-jumper whippets, but to solid bruisers that won't die at the first stone fence.

Packard is producing a marine engine that has no superior. Packard is turning out these beautiful creatures at the stupefying rate of almost one a day. They told us that it wouldn't be a miracle-maker's job to convert it into an airplane engine. However, they're crawling out of the Packard plant now for use in those so-called Suicide Boats—the swift, torpedo putt-putts designed to dash forth upon unsuspecting battleships and cruisers and slip them a torpedo or two where it will do them the least good. To raise the rate of production of these beauties to two a day would cost Packard about $800,000.

In Packard's engineering laboratories, the great Jesse Vincent, co-designer of the famous Liberty engine, one of the exceedingly few worth-while triumphs of the first World War, is plotting an airplane engine. But that's still on paper and the only paper Congress seems interested in is the Congressional Record. You've probably read that Packard, having accepted that Rolls-Royce contract for 9,000 Merlin engines (6,000 for England and the rest for us), is rushing production. Packard doesn't say that. Packard frankly says that at least ten months will pass before it will produce one engine a day. In fifteen months, if all goes well, forty-two engines will be rolling off Packard's assembly line daily. If all goes well. That means that Packard will hold to this schedule if they get speedy delivery of machinery and tools to be set up in a building yet to be constructed. To build the contract's 9,000 engines will consume quite a while at that rate. And if England should collapse beneath Hitler's bombers before her two thirds are made, will the United States take them? The United States will have to—in spite of the Army's opinion that the Allison is preferable and that American engine designs and designers are superior to the British.

Chrysler, too, has an airplane motor on paper—a 2,000-horsepower blazer that had visiting Army engineers shaking hands with one another. It would take Chrysler a year or two to produce it and no one's quite sure how long it would be before it could be made in serious numbers. But among the first things we heard upon arriving in Detroit was that Chrysler was making this heaven-scraping dreadnaught in blitzkrieg lots. At the Chrysler plant they're making Army trucks by the thousands on the assembly line, but there's no trick to that. They're just trucks. No trick at all in Detroit.

We could go on like this at a great rate. But that gives you the idea. Nor do we wish to have you think that in this national emergency (bet you're getting sick of that term too) and this armament putsch, we are producing nothing material. That would be very wrong of us. We are busily making every known variety of bottleneck and daily inventing more. Before you've poked around Detroit a day or two you're in danger of being hopelessly lost in a labyrinth of bottlenecks, each of which is equipped with 2,000-horsepower pains. Let's set down a few—the list being Detroit's, not ours: The White House, Congress, the War Department, the Treasury Department, the Labor Department, the steel industry, the machinery makers, the machine-tool manufacturers and, naturally, politics, Army tradition, the New Deal and Mr. John L. Lewis. Don't think us flippant; we are being so realistic that it's hand-wringing.

We're Starting from Scratch

If you're complaining of our country's slow stagger toward a supreme land defense and a two-ocean Navy, remember please, that the United States is being forced to man, gun and wing herself within an inch of the bankruptcy court. And she's stumbling to arms without the aid of any of those Hell's European branches—Skoda, Bofors, Schneider, Vickers and Krupp. In this, the most mechanized of all countries, there isn't one of such population-reducing plants. Moreover, unlike 1914-1918, the United States hasn't had time to convert her peaceful arts into a murder market. Nor have the hapless Allies of 1939-1940 had the time or money to spend us into a nation-wide Skoda. It cost Mr. Hitler seven years and, says Detroit, ten billion dollars, to produce his nonstop meat grinder. We're rich, supercharged, geared to the ears and screwy enough to try anything twice, but we're not going to match Mr. Hitler in seven months with fifteen billion dollars. Or twenty billion. Everywhere the ballyhoo boys are exhorting us to patriotic fury but not being any too specific. If you really want to do something worth while you'll grab the nearest table leg or baseball bat and smash bottlenecks and turpentine Congress into an immediate red-tape-burning brannigan.

Not that even such practical measures will arm us overnight. But it will be doing something we haven't got around to yet—getting started. It has taken Detroit forty years to learn how to roll off three to four million cars a year. The process is now as natural as sweating, as automatic as cursing the government—bless its heart. But the minute you demand that the motorcar maker produce something new you're in trouble. When Henry Ford changed from his sainted Model T to his Model A, his factories were closed for almost a year. It took months and $2,000,000 worth of new tools and dies and other shiny gadgets to change Chrysler's Plymouth from a four-cylinder whizzer to a six. Next-year models mean months of engineering design and machine changes in any factory. The popular idea has it that all Detroit needs to do

(Continued on page 43)

Traitor's Purse

By Margery Allingham

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

Swift romance and desperate intrigue in a new novel as modern as mechanized war

THE muttering was indistinct. It crept down the dark ward, forcing itself upon the man who lay in the patch of light at the far end of the vast room.

The man tried to concentrate on the muttering. Mercifully it was recognizable. There were two distinct voices and when he could catch them the words meant something. That was good. That was hopeful.

In a little while the words might start connecting and then, please God, he would learn something and this appalling fear would recede.

From where he lay he could just see a wedge of polished floor, a section of a neat, empty bed, and a tall, shrouded window, fading into complete darkness at the top where the shaded light over his own head was too faint to reach it. All these were entirely unfamiliar. He was not even sure that he was in a hospital. That was part of the whole situation. He knew what a hospital was; that was comforting. His mind was clear enough as far as it went . . . as far as it went.

He concentrated on the muttering. It was a long way away. They must be just outside the farther door up there in the darkness. The woman was a nurse, of course. The discovery delighted him foolishly. He was getting on. At any moment now other obvious things must occur to him.

He had no idea who the man was but his rumble was human and friendly. He settled himself to listen.

“I shan't question him myself, you know.” He heard the man's words with mild interest.

“I dare say not.” She sounded acid. “It's very serious indeed. I wonder they left him alone with only us here. It's not very nice.”

“There's no need to worry about that, Miss.” The rumble was aggrieved. “I'd like a quid for every one I've handled. He'll be quiet enough, you'll see. Probably he won't even remember what's happened—or he'll say he doesn't until he's seen a lawyer. They're like that nowadays, up to anything.”

The man in bed listened avidly.

“THEY'LL hang him, I suppose,” said the nurse.

“Bound to, Miss.” The man was both apologetic and definite. “It was one of us, you see, so there's no way of getting out of it. Once a man slugs an officer of police he's in for it. It's a necessary precaution for the safety of the public,” he added, not without satisfaction. “This chap had all the money on 'im, too. That'll take a bit of explaining on its own.”

Slugging a policeman. He knew what that meant, whatever condition his mind was in. That was pretty serious. It was so serious that it made him sweat. Moved by the odd singleness of purpose symptomatic of his condition, he got out of bed.

He moved very quickly and naturally, still partly wrapped in the shrouding comfort of semiconsciousness, and therefore made no noise at all.

He chose the nearest door, since even he recognized the prudence of avoiding the mutterers, and his bare feet were silent on the tiles of the passage. It was a wide corridor, clean and yet ill lit because the bulbs were shaded heavily and cast separate circles of light on the gleaming floor.

It was in one of these circles that he saw the hairpin. He stooped to pick it up mechanically and the wave of dull pain that swept over him as he bent down frightened him.

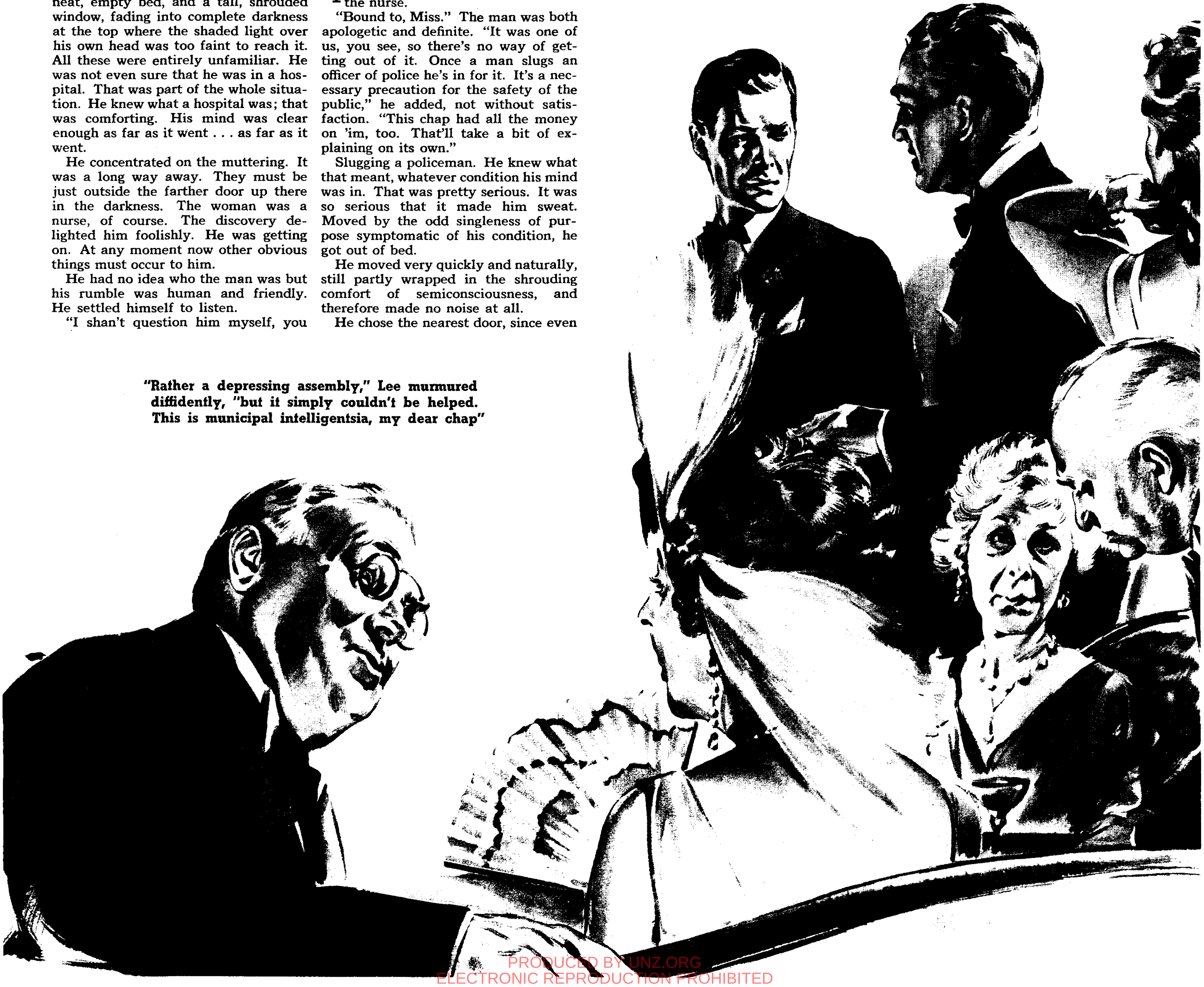
The tiles, striking cold on his bare soles, pulled him together a little and he became aware for the first time that he was undressed and the coarse hospital pajamas were his only covering. It was obvious that some sort of clothes were imperative.

HE GLANCED around him anxiously. The walls were as bare as an empty plate save for the fire buckets, and the alcove beneath that crimson row escaped him until he was upon it and then the glimpse of the red-rimmed glass case within jerked him to a standstill. He stood before the cupboard transfixed. There was the usual paraphernalia inside. A black oilskin coat hung at the back and the toes of a pair of thigh-boots showed just beneath it, while the hose was draped around the ensemble in neat heraldic festoons.

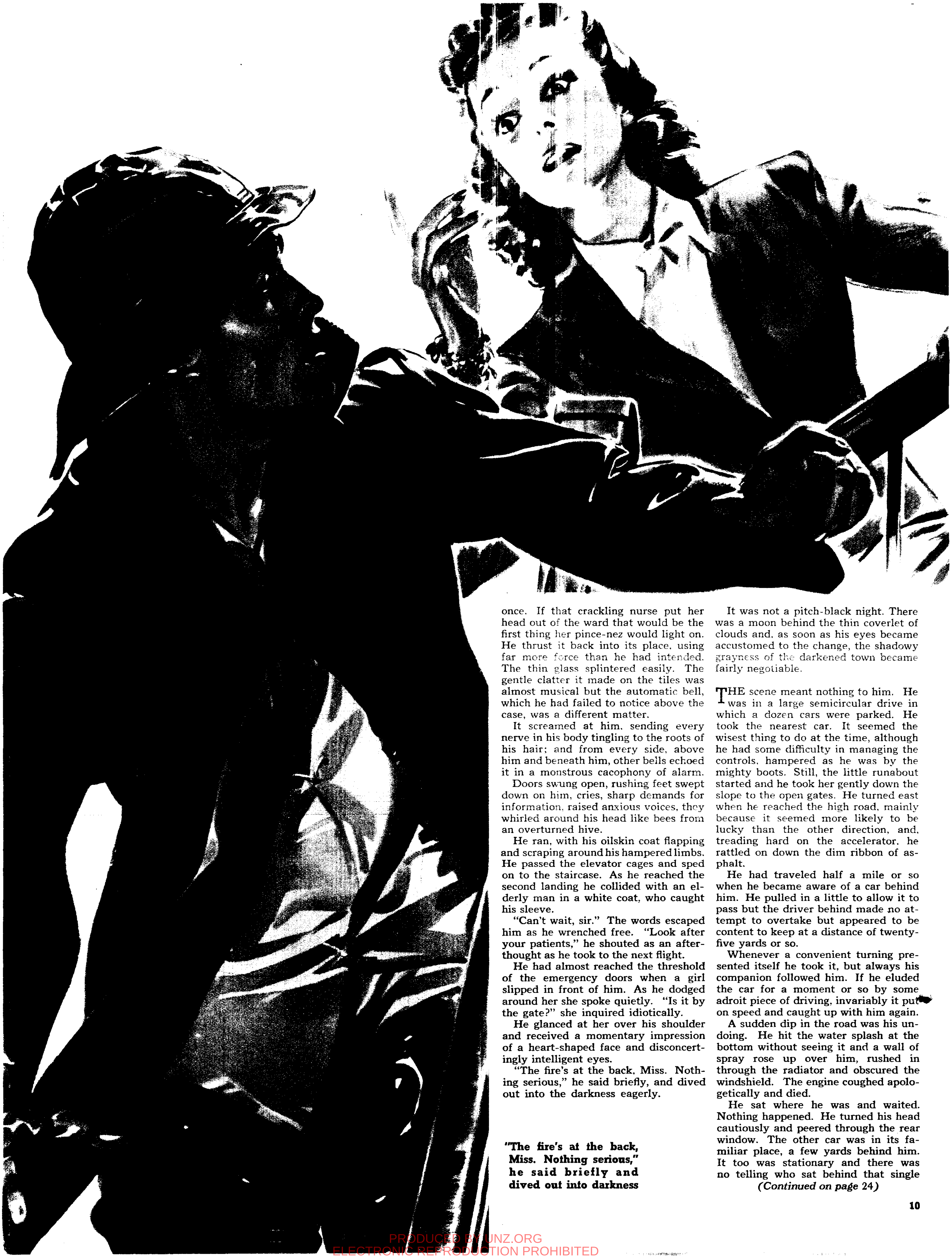
The man in pajamas ignored the invitation printed on the enameled plate requiring him to break the glass. Instead, he concentrated on the keyhole in the smooth red wood. When he lifted his hand to touch it, he rediscovered the hairpin and a warmth of satisfaction spread over him. So it was one of those merciful dreams in which things came out all right—if it worked.

He had no time to speculate on his own somewhat peculiar accomplishments. The bent wire flicked over the lock easily, as if he had done it a hundred times. The absence of oilskin trousers bothered him, but the boots were tremendous. They came well up over his thighs and the coat had a belt that came off and could be slipped through the boot loops. The sou'wester cap, which fell out of the ensemble, struck him as amusing but he put it on and buttoned the coat high across his chest with deep relief.

The door of the case, imperfectly closed, swung open again and startled him as it touched him. That was no good. That would give him away at



"Rather a depressing assembly," Lee murmured diffidently, "but it simply couldn't be helped. This is municipal intelligentsia, my dear chap"



"The fire's at the back, Miss. Nothing serious," he said briefly and dived out into darkness

once. If that crackling nurse put her head out of the ward that would be the first thing her pince-nez would light on. He thrust it back into its place, using far more force than he had intended. The thin glass splintered easily. The gentle clatter it made on the tiles was almost musical but the automatic bell, which he had failed to notice above the case, was a different matter.

It screamed at him, sending every nerve in his body tingling to the roots of his hair; and from every side, above him and beneath him, other bells echoed it in a monstrous cacophony of alarm.

Doors swung open, rushing feet swept down on him, cries, sharp demands for information, raised anxious voices, they whirled around his head like bees from an overturned hive.

He ran, with his oilskin coat flapping and scraping around his hampered limbs. He passed the elevator cages and sped on to the staircase. As he reached the second landing he collided with an elderly man in a white coat, who caught his sleeve.

"Can't wait, sir." The words escaped him as he wrenched free. "Look after your patients," he shouted as an afterthought as he took to the next flight.

He had almost reached the threshold of the emergency doors when a girl slipped in front of him. As he dodged around her she spoke quietly. "Is it by the gate?" she inquired idiotically.

He glanced at her over his shoulder and received a momentary impression of a heart-shaped face and disconcertingly intelligent eyes.

"The fire's at the back, Miss. Nothing serious," he said briefly, and dived out into the darkness eagerly.

It was not a pitch-black night. There was a moon behind the thin coverlet of clouds and, as soon as his eyes became accustomed to the change, the shadowy grayness of the darkened town became fairly negotiable.

THE scene meant nothing to him. He was in a large semicircular drive in which a dozen cars were parked. He took the nearest car. It seemed the wisest thing to do at the time, although he had some difficulty in managing the controls, hampered as he was by the mighty boots. Still, the little runabout started and he took her gently down the slope to the open gates. He turned east when he reached the high road, mainly because it seemed more likely to be lucky than the other direction, and, treading hard on the accelerator, he rattled on down the dim ribbon of asphalt.

He had traveled half a mile or so when he became aware of a car behind him. He pulled in a little to allow it to pass but the driver behind made no attempt to overtake but appeared to be content to keep at a distance of twenty-five yards or so.

Whenever a convenient turning presented itself he took it, but always his companion followed him. If he eluded the car for a moment or so by some adroit piece of driving, invariably it put on speed and caught up with him again.

A sudden dip in the road was his undoing. He hit the water splash at the bottom without seeing it and a wall of spray rose up over him, rushed in through the radiator and obscured the windshield. The engine coughed apologetically and died.

He sat where he was and waited. Nothing happened. He turned his head cautiously and peered through the rear window. The other car was in its familiar place, a few yards behind him. It too was stationary and there was no telling who sat behind that single

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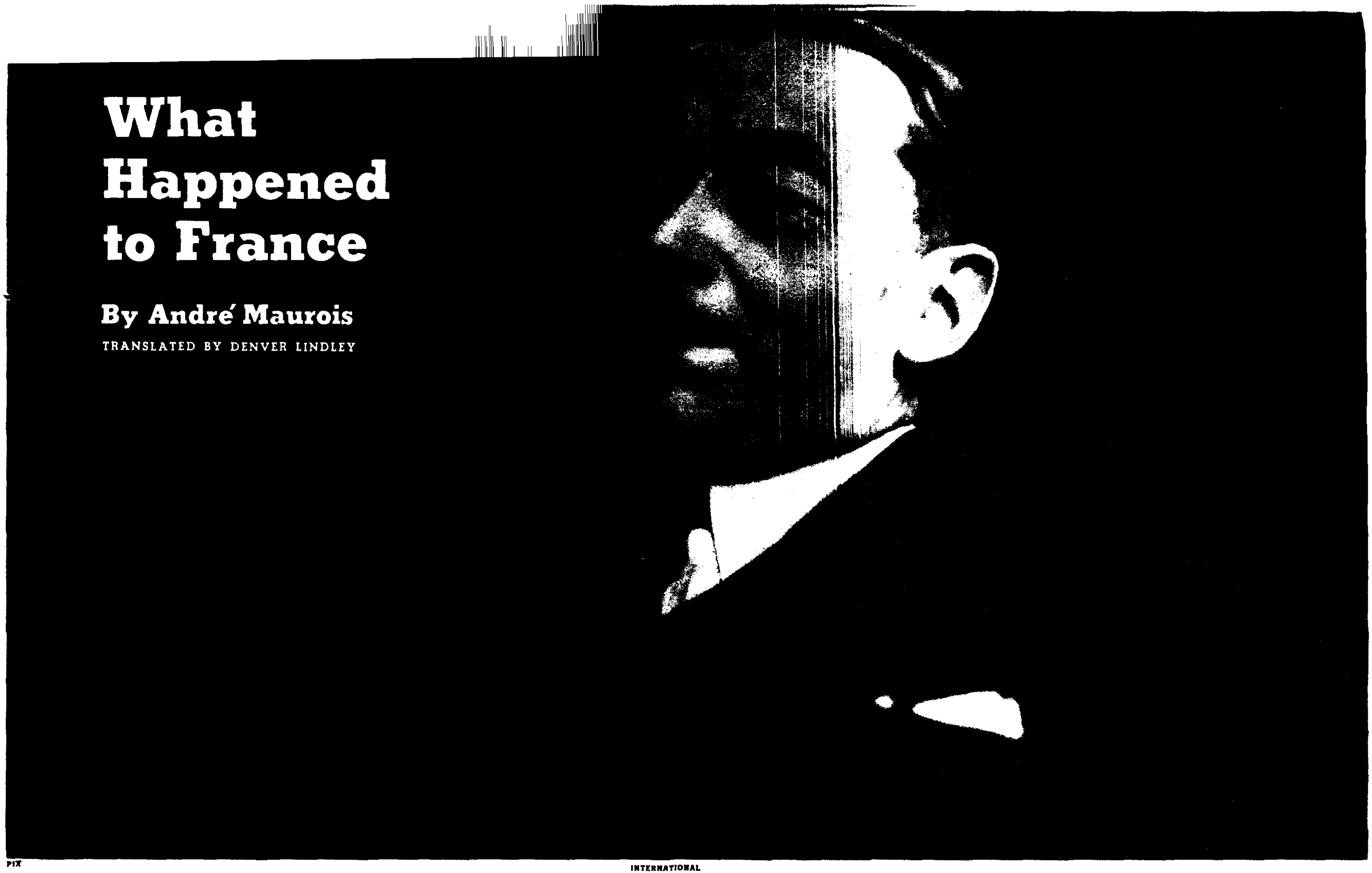
What Happened to France

By André Maurois

TRANSLATED BY DENVER LINDLEY



PIX

"Paul Reynaud's air of always being right on financial questions was designed to exasperate many politicians"

With a war cabinet torn by personal hatred and strife, France's hopes for victory were submerged in the political ambitions and aims of her leaders

III. HOW THE CLASH OF PERSONALITIES IMPEDED THE CONDUCT OF THE WAR

VERY often in history the conflicts of rival leaders have interfered with the conduct of wars and with the government of nations. In 1918 France had the good fortune to find a leader energetic enough to restrain all those who might have tried to hinder his activities: that was Clemenceau. In 1939, on the contrary, during the whole campaign, Edouard Daladier and Paul Reynaud, though they were both good Frenchmen, never ceased to contend with each other for political power, and their incurable animosity was one of the causes of our misfortunes.

On the day when King George VI was crowned in Westminster Abbey, a British officer who was sitting beside me turned to me as Paul Reynaud made his entrance, and asked: "Who is that little man with the Japanese face?"

I replied: "That little man is the future premier of France."

From the time when he married Jeanne Henri-Robert, daughter of a distinguished lawyer and childhood friend of my wife, I had followed with interest the career of Paul Reynaud. I considered him one of the most intelligent of our politicians and also one of the bravest. On many occasions I have seen him, against his own interests, defend ideas that were anathema to his constituents. He alone had the courage, at the time when the pound declined, to advise the devaluation of the franc, a measure that events rendered inevitable later on. He alone among our statesmen made a careful study of the ideas of Colonel de Gaulle on the subject of motorized armies and carried on a campaign for the creation of powerful armored divisions. He alone at a time when the youth of France was abandoned to its own devices gave as a title to a political book: "Youth, What Sort of France Do You Want?"

A short time before the war he accepted the ministry of finance in circumstances that had led his predecessors to despair of France's credit, and he succeeded in a few weeks in bringing billions of francs in gold into the treasury. I liked to see him, when a subject fired his imagination, get to his feet, put his hands in his pockets, throw back his head to raise his short figure to its full height and hold forth in picturesque and biting phrases in a voice like hammer blows. "A little fighting cock," we'd say, and hoped he'd fight for the right causes.

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INTERNATIONAL

The irritation between Reynaud (left) and Daladier (right) grew to hatred when aggravated by the schemes of women. Here the two rivals are seen with Georges Bonnet, minister of justice in Daladier's cabinet

THE NEW SENSATION AT THE FAIR
IN AT THE FAIR'
Leonard Lyons, Post
GAY NEW ORLEANS
THE NEW S

Mike Todd, producer and his own ballyhoo artist, gives Fair visitors a preview of Gay New Orleans

Cut-Rate Showman

By J. Bryan III

Mike Todd, the new boy wonder of show business, sums up his success in six words, "Nobody ever went broke handling crowds"

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

TOMORROW night is momentous. At precisely 8:17, some visitor to the World's Fair will buy a ticket to The Streets of Paris, or Gay New Orleans, or the Dancing Campus, or the Op'ry House—no matter which—and thereby will make the total number of people who have seen Michael Todd productions greater than the total audience of any other producer. Mr. Todd *himself* is the sole authority for this debatable estimate, and freely admits that he arrived at it with the help of a ouija board and a clairvoyant cockatoo.

There is no doubt that these four attractions of Mr. Todd's are among the most popular in the Fair's Amusement Area. Nor is there doubt that his Hot Mikado was a vast success at last year's Fair. But there is still the implication that his first production must have been The Black Crook or Ben Hur, and that he is something of a Broadway patriarch, fondling his memories of Duse, Bernhardt and Booth.

Mr. Todd was thirty-three this past June. He is a short, burly, broad-shouldered young man, with a bear-trap jaw that has locked on a huge cigar for want of a bear. He is addicted to bright green raiment. ("Clothes" would be a pallid word.) He has a felonious contempt for the laws of grammar. He is also, and primarily, a showman.

Todd's shows are coining money at admission prices far below what was previously accepted as the starvation minimum. A single twenty-five-cent ticket to his Gay New Orleans, for instance, entitles the customer to three full-length shows and a series of side shows.

"I can't figure why they didn't offer me one of the nominations," Todd complains. "Roosevelt fixed a buck to worth fifty-nine cents. I fixed two bits to worth two bucks."

What the boys want to know is how he did it. Todd is happy to tell them. Maxim Number One is "How much of a show can you give 'em for how many seats?" Number Two is "It costs just the same to run a show whether it plays to eight people or eight thousand." Number Three is "Keep your price low and set one price for the whole house. We're all show-offs. We don't mind sitting in the balcony if the doll with us knows it costs just the same as the orchestra. And they add up to "Nobody ever went broke handling crowds."

One night last year Todd took over the box office at The Hot Mikado. The forty-cent seats had already been sold out; thirty-two 99-cent seats were left. Before he had sold them *too*, he turned away 300 people looking for the cheaper seats.

"Figure it out," says Todd. "Thirty-two times ninety-nine cents is $31.68. Three hundred times forty cents is $120. Nobody had to rub my nose in a fact like that.

"And another thing: eighty per cent of all tickets is sold in pairs, so you want to price 'em so that the guy'll have some change left over. Let him shove a

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Sauts the Bat

By Herbert Ravenel Sass

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

Saluting an Indian brave your school history book ignored. He was killed by his greatest admirer

SAUTS THE BAT rose. He was so tall that Ellsinger thought he would never stop rising. Yet when he was on his feet, standing there at the lower end of the big army tent, he didn't look very tall. That was because he was so magnificently made. "By gravy," said little Ellsinger to himself, "he's the jim-dandiest-lookin' chief I ever seen anywhere."

Sauts the Bat had another name. The Kansas settlers called him Roman Nose, and this name, Ellsinger thought, was a lot better.

He had a Roman nose, all right—a nose like an eagle's beak. He stood six feet four, Ellsinger figured; he looked to be thirty years old; there wasn't a pound of soft flesh on him.

Ellsinger couldn't tear his eyes away from this living bronze statue. Through the small slit that he had found in the canvas wall he could see the whole interior of the long hospital tent in which the council was being held: General Palmer and the other officers of the post seated in full uniform at one end of the tent, the Cheyenne chiefs and their wild retainers at the other end. But from the moment that Sauts the Bat, or Roman Nose, rose from his place among the Cheyennes, Ellsinger never saw any of the others.

He was a queer creature, this little hump-shouldered Sigmund Ellsinger who, a dozen years earlier, had come straight from the immigrant dock in New York to the Kansas prairies, who had been five years a plainsman, six years an Indian, and now was a white man again. There was something in him you'd never have suspected.

He crouched, his eyes close to the slit in the tent wall, staring at Roman Nose standing in front of the other chiefs. Two of the latter he recognized, but in his years with the Cheyennes he hadn't happened to meet the young warrior who was known as Sauts the Bat, and who had since become the most influential leader of the tribe. Ellsinger watched, completely fascinated, as the tall Indian began to move forward toward the middle of the tent—toward the white men.

Roman Nose moved slowly, yet Ellsinger had an impression of catlike quickness as well as enormous strength. This man moved exactly like that tiger—the same smooth-flowing motion, but with a terrible power in it that scared you even through the bars of the cage.

It scared Ellsinger now. He had a panicky feeling that this beautiful, terrible tiger of a man, advancing silently toward the table behind which the officers were seated, was going to leap upon General Palmer and tear out his throat.

Ellsinger saw that General Palmer's hands were clasped upon the table in front of him but that the hands of the officers on either side were hidden below the table; and he knew that those officers had their hands on their revolvers.

If Roman Nose didn't halt . . .

Midway of the long tent Roman Nose stopped. He flung back his white buffalo robe, beautifully tanned and soft as cashmere, exposing his powerful shoulders and broad, arched chest.

He stood there in silence for almost half a minute, his fierce black eyes roving from one to another of the officers seated at the table. Perhaps he knew the electric power of his presence and staged this dramatic pause deliberately; to Ellsinger the magnificent arrogance of his bearing seemed the perfect and wholly natural complement of his flawless and terrific beauty.

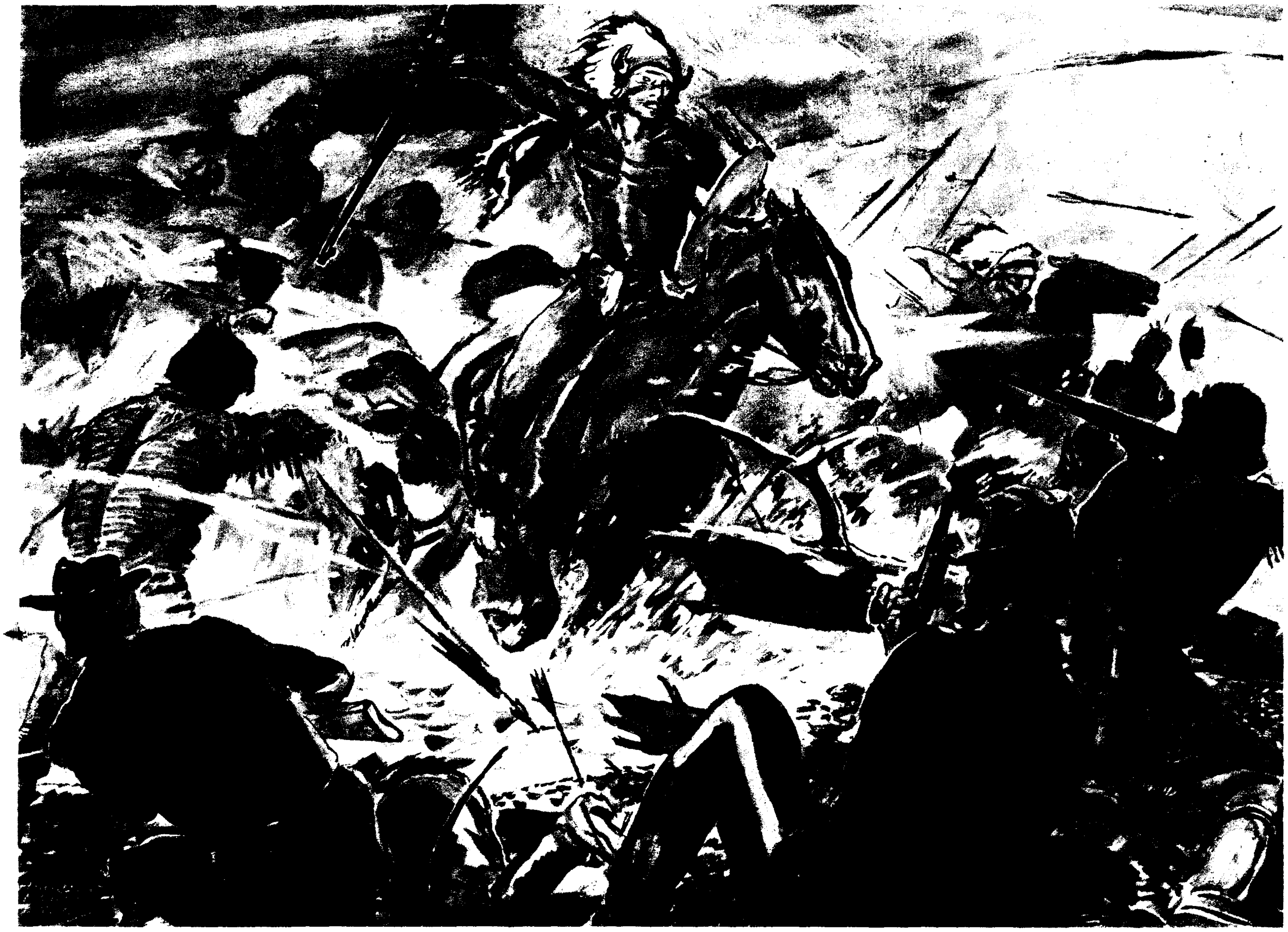
Suddenly Roman Nose spoke.

"I am Sauts the Bat," he said in the Cheyenne tongue. "I am the war chief of the Cheyennes. I have come here to the white man's fort to speak for my people. It is the first time that I have taken the white man's hand in friendship. It is for the white chief to say whether it shall be the last.

"I do not need many words. This land is my people's land, the land of the Cheyennes. It has always been our land, not the white man's. We wish to live on it as we have always lived. When the white men first came to our land, we treated them kindly, but they have not repaid our kindness. At Sand Creek they killed and scalped more Cheyenne women and children in one day than all the white women ever killed by the Cheyennes. They have killed our people and driven away our game until we do not know whether we can live on our own land much longer.

(Continued on page 45)

A great bronze man burst through the smoke. He was about to leap his horse upon the island



Hade is in Jail

By Donald Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

Hade Crosby can blame nobody but himself for his plight. He wouldn't have it any other way

I HAVE got this job here with the Flying B, and I am sitting on my bunk thinking her over, and I am mighty happy. It is not like I am used to, in the way of a ranch or a job either. It is the beginning of a new time of my life.

The way I got it is: I came up here to Montana to catch on with a roundup someplace, I have got my saddle and bedroll with me, and I figured if I could get on a roundup, then when the roundup is over I would try to get a job for the winter right where I am at.

So I am looking around, and I get the idea to try the Flying B. This is the biggest outfit in the state, and the hands they have got are all steady hands, and every cowboy in the north would like to work for this outfit. They tell me in Bozeman it is no use trying, but I think maybe they might need an extra hand for the roundup and besides I have never saw the time it did any harm to ask, so I walk out here, and I ask.

Darn' if I don't get on for the roundup.

Well, when the roundup is part ways over, this is about a week ago, I say to Joe Parks, he is the foreman, "Joe, how about staying on after the roundup, a steady job, or anyway for the winter?"

Joe says, "Steve, you are mighty lucky, you have hit it just when I am going to take a new hand on. Now there must be a hundred fellows want a job here, but the thing of it is, Steve, I have saw you ride and I have saw you cut out, and you and the boys have got along fine together and I have a good mind to make you a Flying B hand."

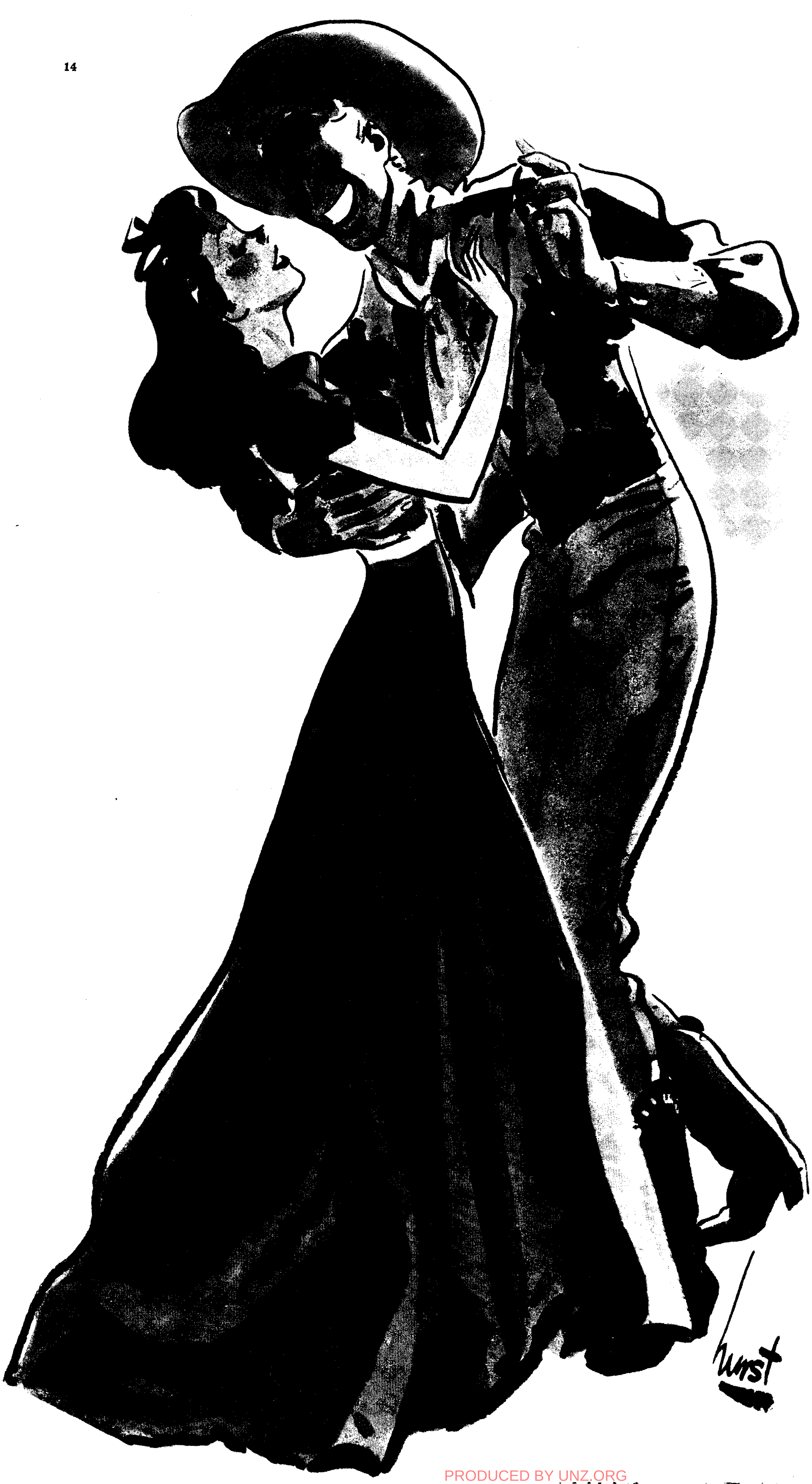
"For the winter," I ask him, "or steady?"

"Steady," he says.

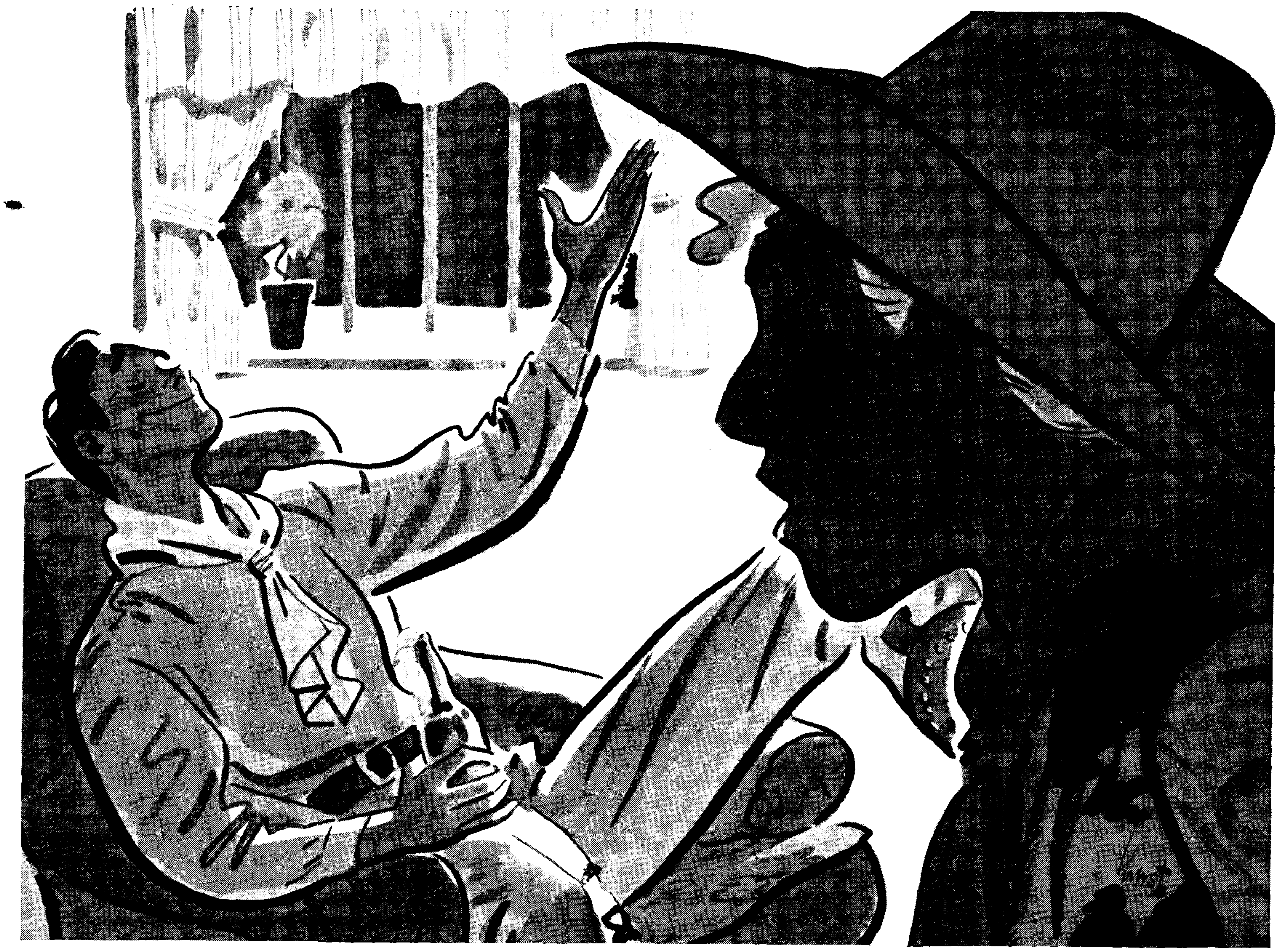
So I get the job, steady. Which is more than I figured.

So I am sitting here on my bunk, like I said, thinking her over. I have burned the Flying B brand on my bedroll and saddle and chaps, and I am all set. I have got a steady job, but the best part of it is, I have got a home. I am mighty tired of not having a home, going all over the country, and this is the beginning of a new time of my life, and I am mighty happy.

There is only one thing could make it better. With me, whenever I have some good luck or find a good place or see something, I want my friends to be



Well, somebody has sense enough to start a phonograph record and she stands up and we go ahead and dance



"Steve," he says, "just take a look at this. It gives you a good idea of what it means to have a woman around"

along too, and now I am sure wishing Hade Crosby was here. Him and Nancy Church. I and Nancy have got an understanding, not engaged but just an understanding, and the last time I saw her she was working in a lunch counter in Wyoming. She is a mighty fine waitress, but I have lost track of her and I guess she has lost track of me, and if I can only find her or where she is I will sure try to get her to come on up here and she can get a job in Bozeman and we can, well, go on with our understanding.

I cannot figure it, about Hade. The last time I saw Hade was in Nevada, where we went together, and Hade did not like it there and he pulled out and said he would see me in Montana in the fall of the year. In Bozeman, he said. So when I got up here I looked around in Bozeman and all over, and I cannot find Hade. At the time I get the steady job, Joe Parks tells me he is going to take on one more extra hand for the roundup, and I tell him about Hade and how I and Hade always work fine together, and he says if Hade shows up pretty soon he will take him on. And now where in the hell is Hade? I sure am wishing I and Hade could work together again. That old devil of a Hade.

So he does not show up, and Joe Parks hires another fellow, that worked here a couple years ago. He comes in to take the job late one afternoon when we are just in from the roundup and laying on our bunks before supper, and he throws his bedroll on a bunk and sits down. The other fellows all know him and he says he has been in Arizona a year but also he stopped off for a while down in the Hole, down there in Wyoming.

Hade always stops off in the Hole, so I ask him if he has saw Hade.

He looks at me and says, "Hell, yes." I am sitting up straight on my bunk. He says, "I saw Hade Crosby in the Hole not two weeks ago."

"What is he doing down there?" I ask.

He says, "Hade is in jail."

"I guess you got the wrong one," I tell him. "Hade would never get in no jail."

THE fellow kind of laughs, and so do the others. I have been telling them about Hade, and now here is Hade in jail. The fellow says:

"Hade is in jail, all right. He threw a spittoon through a window at the Teton Bar, and he broke down a fence around the square, and he poked Jim Bassett, the town marshal, a good one on the beezer. I think he is in jail for life."

I cannot understand this. "Hade is not a drinking fellow," I say.

"He was cold sober," he says. "Nobody in the Hole can figure it."

All I can do is kind of sit there, thinking. So Hade is in trouble, my old friend Hade. So that is why I have not met Hade in Bozeman in the fall of the year. Well, the supper bell rings, and we all go up, and it is a fine supper, like always. And boy, tonight I am eating plenty, because I do not know where I am eating next, or for that matter when. I am going down to the Hole.

I have got nearly forty dollars left over from my first pay after buying some winter clothes and things, and after supper I ask Joe Parks what he figures my saddle is worth to the outfit, cash.

"You mean you are pulling out, Steve?" he says.

"Yes, Joe," I tell him. And I tell him about Hade. He says, "You better think her over, boy. You don't get a job like this every day."

"I know it," I say, "but the thing of it is, Hade is in jail and I and him are friends. If I was the one in jail, and somebody would come along and get me out, I wouldn't even have to ask the name of who it is that is getting me out, because I would know it would be Hade."

"I see how it is," Joe says. "Well, Steve, I would like to keep the job open, but I don't see how I could do her."

"I wouldn't expect you to," I tell him. "I am selling my outfit, I got to pay up the various bills for what Hade has done, and I might not have enough and I would have to work a while down there to get the rest."

So I and Joe go down to the bunkhouse and make a deal for twenty-five dollars cash for the saddle and rope, and one of the fellows is looking for a good bedroll and he gives me six bucks for mine, and I sell my chaps, and a K-Bar knife I just paid three dollars for, and when I am through I have got eighty-three dollars and four bits, in all.

They ask me when I am leaving and I say in the morning, and Joe Parks says, "Steve, I'll drive you to Bozeman tonight, and you can sleep in the back room at the Cowboy Bar there and get a good early start in the morning."

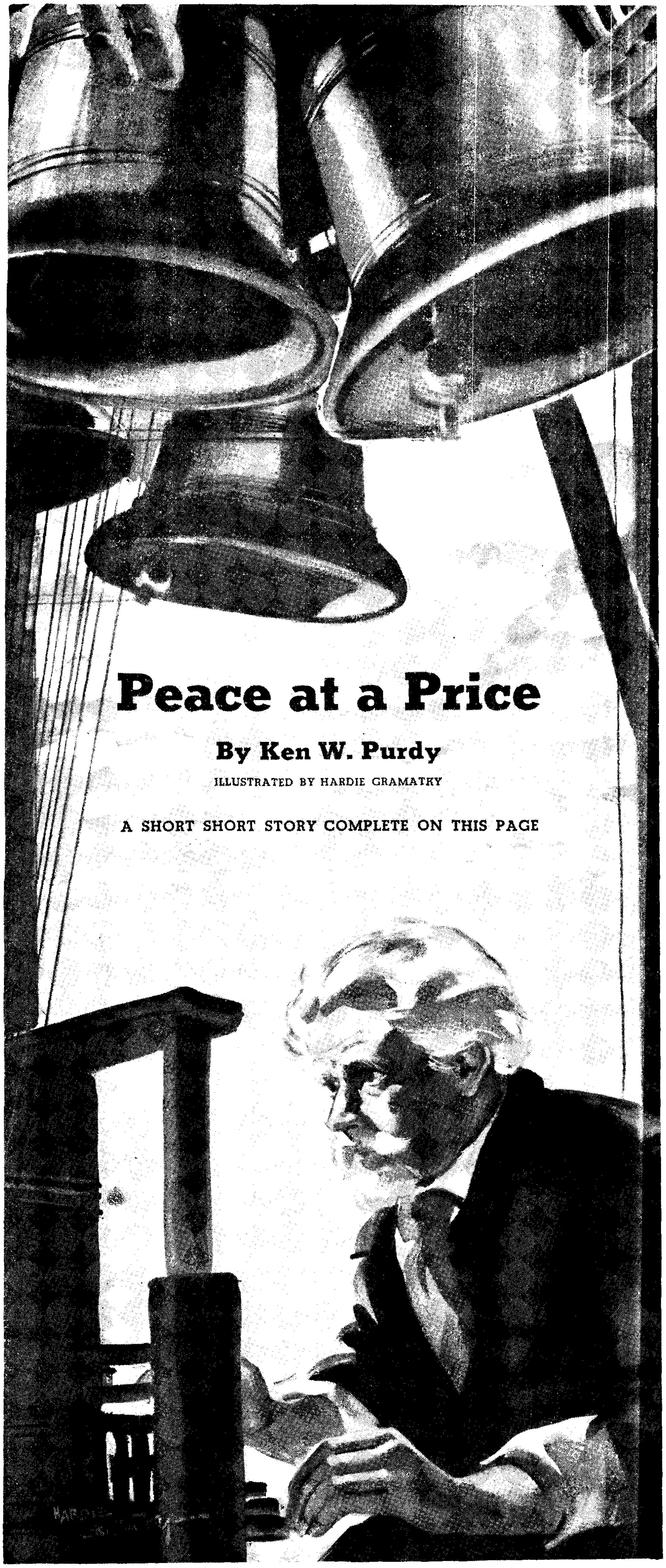
Then the fellow that bought my bedroll says I can take it along to the Cowboy and sleep in it tonight, and he will pick it up when he is in.

SO I say goodby to the fellows and Joe takes me to town and drops me off at the Cowboy, and I go in and spend a dime of my money for a beer and sit there drinking it, and I am looking out the window and I see Joe going past on his way back to the ranch and Slim Powers is with him, going out to take my job.

After while I ask about sleeping in the back room, and the fellow says go to her, so I go back and spread out the bedroll and roll up in her, and the floor is hard and I am hungry already and I am not starting on a new time of my life after all, I am only waiting for morning. Like always.

I am late getting down to the Hole. I had hard luck getting rides and I am two days later than I thought, and it is Saturday night and Jim Bassett and Ed Jones, who runs the Teton Bar, have

(Continued on page 51)



Peace at a Price

By Ken W. Purdy

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

TWO hundred and forty-seven steps to the top of the tower! Pieter Halvelde knew them well, as one knows old friends. Three times a week, on Wednesdays, Fridays and Sundays, for twenty years exactly, he had climbed these worn stairs to the bell chamber high over the city, that the good people of Souvain might have their music. In those two decades he had not missed a day. For that was his duty, that was his place in life. And it was a proud place. You had to be a Belgian to know how proud a place. Pieter Halvelde did not propose to sully it now, bombs or no bombs, Germans or no Germans.

At the hundredth step, Pieter Halvelde stopped to rest. He sat down, puffing a little, dropping his hands beside him. They were the firm, incredibly strong hands of the carillonneur, hands that could make a ten-ton bell thunder and shout, and they caressed the stone of the step as if it were soft and living stuff. The idea moved him. There was much of Belgium, he thought, in that patient block of granite, more of Belgium than could be contained in any dead thing. There was the life of the men who had trod it, Belgians and musicians all: his father, Hans Jules Halvelde, and before him the Van den Ghens, father and son; before them the master Doorslaer, and before him . . . it was a long line. It ran back through the centuries, without a break, to the very building of the church, in 1658.

Pieter Halvelde could not believe it would end now, in the monstrous year 1940. The bells of Sint-Nicolas were mellow with the years when Napoleon stormed across Europe. They had pealed Wilhelm's downfall. They would peal another's.

He rose heavily and turned again to the stairs, climbing steadily, slowly. At the two-hundred-and-fifth step he stopped, made the sign of the cross and whispered a Credo. It was on the two-hundred-and-fifth step that Theo Van Aasche had died, on Easter Sunday, 1712. He had risen from his deathbed to go to the keyboard, and so far did he climb, alone and unaided, before life left him.

Pieter Halvelde went on. It was nearly noon, and at twelve o'clock precisely, he must begin to play. Finally at the top, he shouldered the trap door aside and climbed into the playing cabin, a square, small room, bare except for the mellow oaken keyboard with its long bench, and the old music chest. There was a small bronze plaque on one wall. "In This Room," it read, "On the 27th Day of October, 1914, Hans Jules Halvelde, Carillonneur, Saved the Bells of Sint-Nicolas from the Invader." Beneath, yellowed in its frame, was the letter from the old king.

PIETER stood for a moment reading the well-remembered words of the citation. That had been a brave day. His father had been playing and he had been watching, learning, as later his own son was to learn, when the Germans—a sergeant and three men—had burst in.

"You will stop instantly," the sergeant had shouted. "It is forbidden to play patriotic music! Furthermore, the bells are to be taken down and sent to the Fatherland for scrap metal. At once!"

Hans Jules had stared at the man with a mounting fury in his eyes. "I shall play upon this carillon," he had told the German, "for as long as I live and am able, and I shall play what I please, if you kill me for it."

The German had sneered. "So?" he said. "That can be arranged. But meantime the bells come down. We know of better use for bronze."

Pieter Halvelde still shuddered when he thought of it. The forty-three bells of Sint-Nicolas were cast by Francis Hemony himself. Since the 17th century, no man had made such bells. The secret was lost, it could not be done, and these bells were almost beyond price. "You great lout!" old Hans Jules had shouted at the German, "do you think these are school bells? You crawling idiot, would you smash a Stradivarius violin to make kindling wood?"

Ah, the old one had been a brave and determined man. In the end he had swayed even the commandant of the district. The bells of Sint-Nicolas had stayed in their tower. Pieter Halvelde hoped he could do as well, when the Germans came again.

HE SHOOK his head sadly and swung open one of the four great windows. In the distance, he could hear, plainly now, the obscene mutter of the guns. Below him the city lay outspread. The market place was a shambles of masonry. The bombers had passed only an hour ago, and they had done their work well. To the west an entire block lay smoldering. Pieter Halvelde knew every house in that block. But he had to count carefully from the corner to pick out the particular heap of rubble that had been his. The men were still tugging at the tangle of beams and plaster. Evidently they had found nothing yet.

Pieter Halvelde seated himself at the keyboard, his feet resting on the leather-covered pedals, his hands on the long, fingerlike oaken keys. As the hour tolled he took up the count—ten, eleven, twelve—and before the last poignant hum of the huge bell had died away he struck it again, twice, three times, and launched into an impassioned improvisation. Beneath the melody the bass marched and countermarched with the tread of a conquering army.

In the thunderous cacophony of the bells a few feet over his head, Pieter Halvelde lost himself. The war passed out of his mind, the bombers were no more, and even the horror that had come to him that morning was eased. Other men might kill and burn and destroy, but they could not touch what he had now. In this there was solace to lift a man far above the obscenity of war. Long before he had finished his half-hour program, Pieter Halvelde had made his own peace.

They were waiting for him at the foot of the tower when he came down, as he had known they would be: Vandermeer, Pirsoul and the others. It was Pirsoul who came forward. His message was written on his face, but Pieter Halvelde let him speak it.

"Pieter," he said, "I must tell you—it was as we all feared. Your son was in the house. He had gone to the cellar, as you told him he must, and . . . that was where we found him."

Someone else broke in: "Yours was a brave lad, M'sieu' Halvelde, for all he was so young. He died a soldier's death."

Pieter Halvelde turned away. "Thank you, messieurs," he said. "You have my gratitude. You are true friends. . . ." He left them and walked slowly through the ruined market place to Franz Dopper's little tobacco shop. Franz himself opened the door. Obviously, he knew, and he would have spoken, but Pieter cut him short.

"Franz," he said. "I am not young any more. I cannot play forever, and now I must begin all over again to train someone to take my place. I understand that your Martin has shown great promise on the organ. It would please me if you sent him to me, tomorrow . . . or the next day."

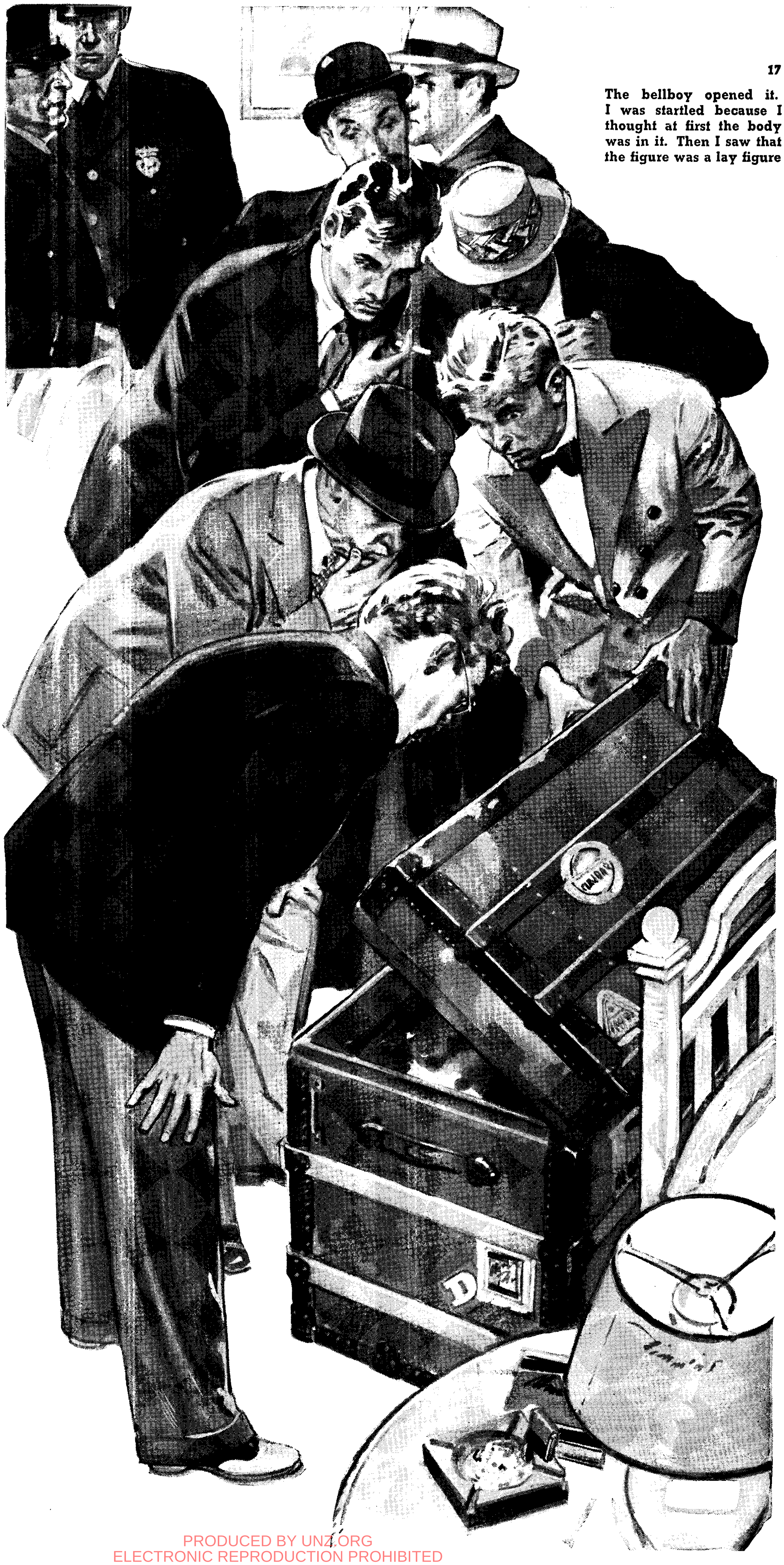
Other men might kill and destroy, but they could not touch what he had now. Pieter Halvelde had made his own peace

Killer's Luck

By
William Mac Harg

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

Everybody had the wrong answer to explain the body in the trunk—even O'Malley was confused



The bellboy opened it. I was startled because I thought at first the body was in it. Then I saw that the figure was a lay figure

A LADY got found dead in her trunk in the Town Central Hotel," O'Malley said. "That's all I know, except I been told to go there."

I went along with him. It was a side-street hotel, small and rather dingy. The room was 302. There were some cops there around a square, old-fashioned trunk. The dead girl was quite young, and must have been pretty, and she had been strangled.

"Who's the lady?" O'Malley asked one of the cops.

"The hotel register says her name's Dalling and she registered from Buffalo. She's been dead since night before last. Yesterday morning a hotel maid came in and did up the room. The girl was in the trunk then, but the maid didn't notice anything wrong. This morning the same maid found the room hadn't been used, so she reported it. They got suspicious and opened the trunk."

"Any line on who done it?"

"There's letters here from some fellow named Newden."

We examined the letters. They warned the girl not to come to New York. We looked at the girl's things. There were about a hundred dollars in her handbag. There was a railroad timetable in it, too. On the timetable someone had written "Town Central Hotel."

"Whose handwriting?" O'Malley asked the cops.

They didn't know.

"Let's look at that register."

We looked at it. The handwriting on the register was the same as on the timetable.

"Well," O'Malley remarked, "they didn't give me anything to do here, and I guess there's no need of it."

"You think Newden killed her?" I asked.

"Them cops will find out."

THE case was in the evening papers. Miss Dalling had made only one phone call and the police had traced it to Newden. They had discovered a motive. Newden had lived in Buffalo and had been acquainted with Miss Dalling. Friends there had expected they'd be married. Then Newden had got a job in New York. In New York he had become acquainted with a girl named Miss Hanney, the daughter of the man for whom he worked. They were engaged to be married. Newden denied having been at the hotel.

There was more the next morning. The police were continuing to question employees and guests of the hotel. They had had police in other cities question those who had checked out from the hotel. In that way they had found witnesses. A guest named Hardis had seen Miss Dalling admit Newden to her hotel room about seven-thirty in the evening. Another named Valley had seen him

(Continued on page 31)

The Patriotic Murders

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

HERCULE POIROT, noted Belgian detective, leaves the office of Henry Morley, a London dentist, and goes to his flat. An hour or so later, Inspector Japp, of Scotland Yard, telephones him and tells him that Morley has committed suicide.

A skeptical person, Poirot does not accept Japp's verdict. He believes that the dentist—healthy, prosperous, happy—had been shot to death. And he starts an investigation. Suspect No. 1 is Mr. Amberiotis, a wealthy Greek, who had been Morley's last patient. But before the Belgian can interview him, he dies *of an overdose of dental drugs!*

The inference is obvious: Having killed the Greek accidentally, Morley, in a fit of remorse, had shot himself. Nevertheless, Poirot does not accept the suicide theory. Nor does Mr. Reginald Barnes, an ex-secret service agent to whom the Belgian goes for advice. Mr. Barnes feels certain that a band of conspirators, who are trying to undermine the existent order in England, had planned to kill one of Morley's last patients: the wealthy Alistair Blunt. He is convinced that when they failed to get Blunt they had murdered the dentist, because, having failed in their attempt to bribe him to kill Blunt, they had felt he knew too much.

The mysterious disappearance of a woman—Miss Mabelle Sainsbury Seale, who had been in Morley's office shortly before his death—adds another curious angle to the case. And Poirot, busy interrogating various persons—Howard Raikes, a young radical from America, who had been in Morley's office at about the time Miss Sainsbury Seale had been there; Frank Carter, the fiancé of Morley's secretary; Mr. Blunt; Jane Olivera, Mr. Blunt's niece (who is in love with Raikes); and others—has no idea what has become of her.

He soon learns—the body of Miss Sainsbury Seale (the face so beaten that it is unrecognizable) is found in the flat of a middle-aged married couple: Mr. and Mrs. Albert Chapman. Unfortunately, the Chapmans cannot be questioned—they have disappeared. But, following an inspection of the murdered woman's corpse, Poirot believes that, at last, he has a key to the mystery. . . .

Mr. Barnes calls on the Belgian. He informs Poirot that Albert Chapman had once been in the secret service. "What," Poirot says, "do you think has happened to his wife?" Mr. Barnes sighs. "I can't imagine," he replies. Then: "Anything worrying you in particular?" Poirot stares at his guest. "Yes," he says slowly. *"The evidence of my own eyes."*

VI

JAPP came into Poirot's sitting room and slammed down his bowler hat with such force that the table rocked.

"What the devil made you think of it?" he asked.

"My good Japp, I do not know what you are talking about."

Japp said, slowly and forcefully, "What gave you the idea that that body wasn't Miss Sainsbury Seale's body?"

Poirot looked worried. He said, "It was the face that worried me. Why smash up a dead woman's face?"

Japp said, "My word, I hope old Morley's somewhere where he can know about it. It's just possible, you know, that he was put out of the way on purpose—so that he couldn't give evidence."

"It would certainly be better if he could have given evidence himself."

"Leatheran will be all right. Morley's successor. He's a thoroughly capable man with a good manner and the evidence is unmistakable."

The evening papers came out with a sensation the next day. The body found in the Battersea flat, believed to be that of Miss Sainsbury Seale, was positively identified as that of Mrs. Albert Chapman.

Mr. Leatheran, of 58 Queen Charlotte Street, unhesitatingly pronounced it to be Mrs. Chapman on the evidence of the teeth and jaw, full particulars of which were recorded in the late Mr. Morley's professional chart.

Miss Sainsbury Seale's clothes had been found on the body and Miss Sainsbury Seale's handbag with the body—but where was Miss Sainsbury Seale herself?

As they came away from the inquest Japp said jubilantly to Poirot, "A smart piece of work that. Gave 'em a sensation!"

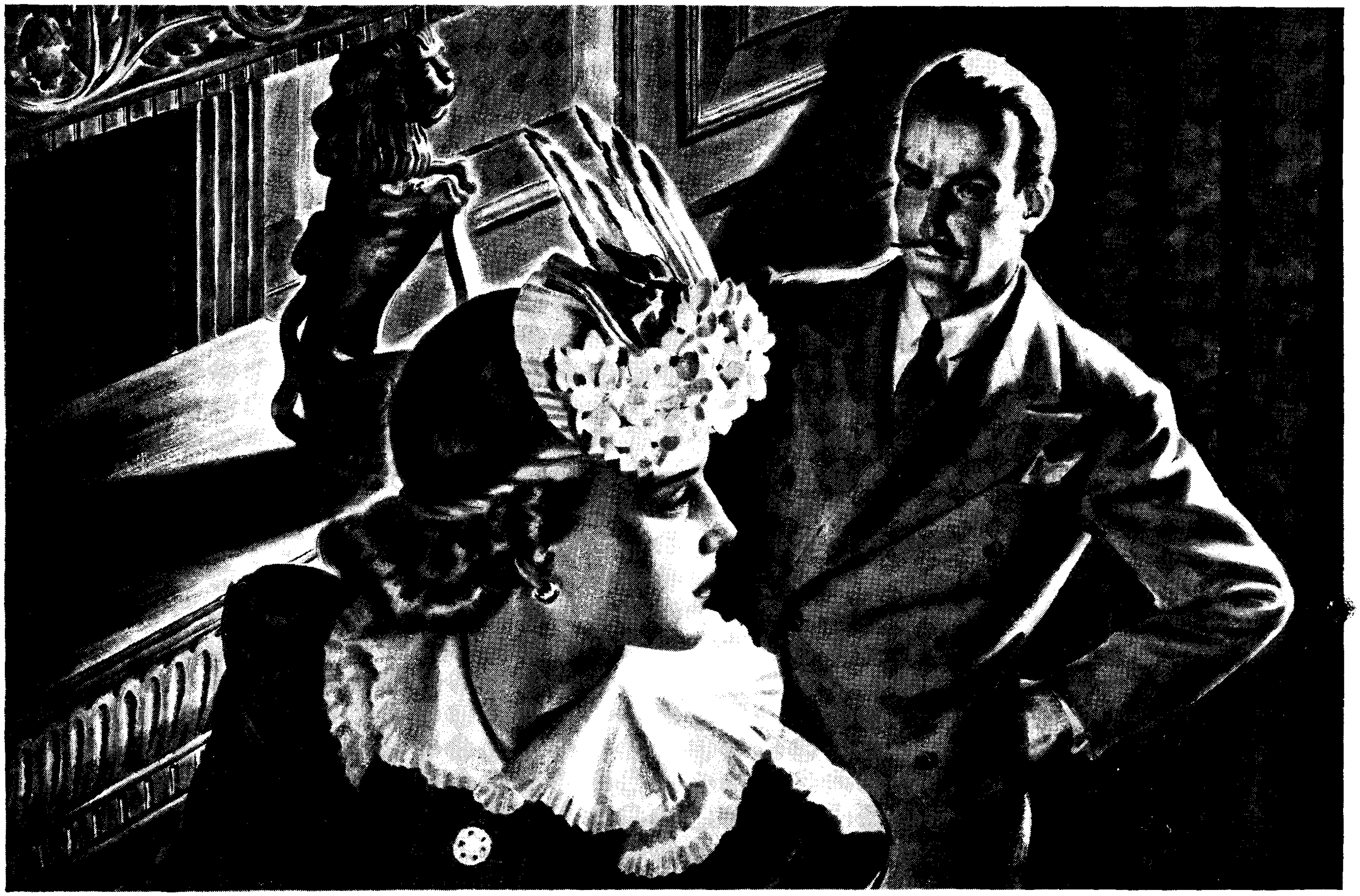
Poirot nodded.

"You tumbled to it first," said Japp, "but, you know, *I* wasn't happy about that body myself. After all, you don't go smashing a dead person's face and head about for nothing. It's messy, unpleasant work, and it was pretty plain there must be *some* reason for it. And there's only one reason there could be—to confuse the identity." He added generously: "But I shouldn't have tumbled so quickly to the fact that the body we discovered actually was the other woman."

Poirot said, with a smile, "And yet, my friend, the actual descriptions of the women were not unlike as regards fundamentals. Mrs. Chapman was a smart, good-looking woman, well made up and fashionably turned out. Miss Sainsbury Seale was dowdy and innocent of lipstick or rouge. But the essentials were the same. Both were women of forty-odd. Both were roughly about the same height and build. Both had hair turning gray which they touched up to make it appear golden."

"Yes, of course, when you put it like *that*. One thing we've got to admit—the fair Mabelle put it over on both of us,

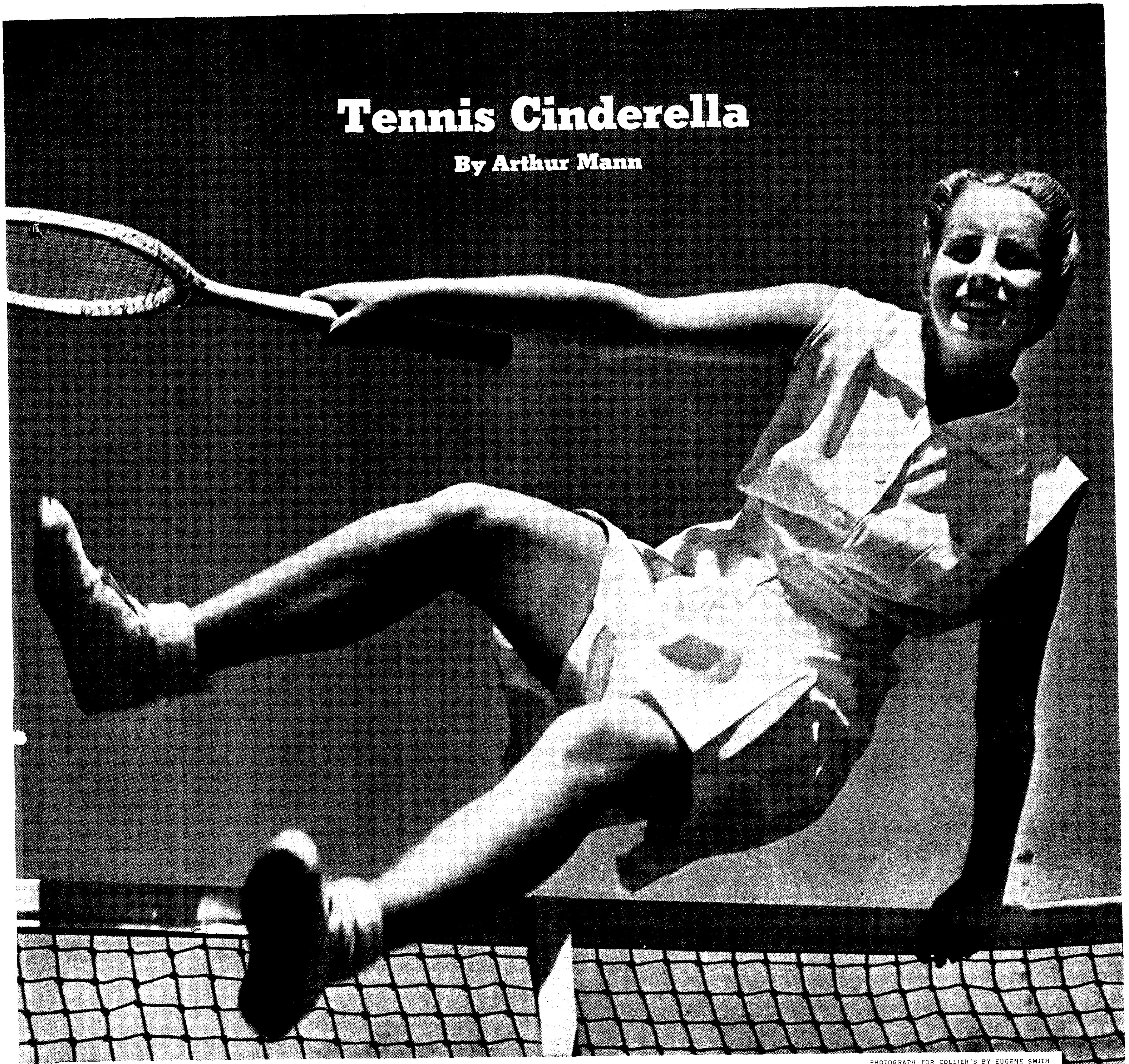
(Continued on page 34)



Her voice was imperious: "You're coming down to Exsham? Why?" "It is a kind thought of your uncle's," Poirot said

Tennis Cinderella

By Arthur Mann



PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY EUGENE SMITH

Helen Bernhard is a nineteen-year-old with very little money in her purse and a powerful wallop in her tennis arm. Her climb to tennis fame has been a tough one, but Helen is reaching for the top now

WHEN Mamma Bernhard drove her prodigious little daughter to Boston two years ago for the Longwood competition, she packed only one tennis dress and the two rackets. Helen was but seventeen, and this was to be her first tournament among the grownups. She wouldn't survive the first round, but it would be priceless experience for one whose play had been, up till now, limited to the pigtail set.

Since they weren't invited to stop at any of the swank homes of Chestnut Hill, Mamma Bernhard hired a room for a day in a Brookline boardinghouse. After the defeat, they would return to New York and rest for the Seabright tournament the following week. That would be real fun, with swimming and dancing and meeting all the great players, thanks to a genuine invitation from the Seabright Club.

But luck was against Mamma Bernhard. First the rain upset things. Helen had to practice indoors and did so in the single tennis dress, which Mamma washed and ironed for the next day. After three days of rain, Mamma Bernhard had washed the dress three times, borrowing the landlady's electric iron for the finishing touches. Actually, she was looking forward to that first-round elimination.

Then the blue-eyed little girl with the corn-colored braids confounded all concerned by handing a royal pasting to her first-round opponent, and Mamma Bernhard's problem mounted. She had to have more money—always a source of trouble when you play the amateur tennis circuit without benefit of official or social subsidy. But she produced her remaining cash—gasoline money for the trip home—and rented the room for another day, much to the chagrin of the landlady, who had promised it to a talkative tourist.

Mamma Bernhard then tackled the other part of the problem, but with soap and water. The single tennis dress dried while the athletic prodigy slumbered. Once again Mamma borrowed the electric iron and pressed the garment.

"Now don't loiter after the match," Mamma warned, "because Papa doesn't want us driving that old car after dark."

Helen obeyed, rushing off the court in a surge of delight, for she had reached the quarter-finals of her first big tournament.

Torn between maternal pride and economic hysteria, Mamma Bernhard hurried back to rehire the room before the tourist showed up again. Then she telephoned Papa Bernhard for more money, and set to work rinsing out the dress for next day. Helen would be eliminated from the tournament tomorrow.

Well, she wasn't eliminated tomorrow, nor the next day. Sunday arrived and Mamma had washed and ironed the dress for the sixth time. During the deciding set the one racket which she had used from the start of the tournament gave way to her masculine stroking, and she paused to examine the broken string. Mrs. George Wightman, guiding light in women's tennis, called from the umpire's chair:

"You'd better get your other racket, Helen."

"Oh, no," Helen replied quickly,

"that's my *good* racket. I'm saving that for Seabright."

She found a matchstick, bit off the end, twisted the broken string about it and jammed it into a hole of the frame. Then she went on to win the set and the Longwood Bowl, one of the most prized trophies in tennis.

It was very exciting for one so young, but it was also difficult, because the Seabright tournament would begin the next morning. They had to drive to New York in the six-year-old car, sleep, pack and reach the shore resort in time for first-round play in the forenoon. In the morning Mamma Bernhard telephoned Seabright for permission to appear in the afternoon, and explained matters. The committee didn't know. If Helen arrived late, it would be at her own risk.

Mamma Bernhard took the chance, and let the little girl sleep late. They drove down the Jersey shore and reached Seabright in the afternoon, only to learn that the committee had defaulted the youthful winner of the Longwood Bowl for failing to arrive on time!

The way of the transgressor is a path of thornless roses compared with the trail that the modern miss, minus bank roll and social prestige, must travel to reach the pinnacle of American tennis. For men it's a cinch. Itinerant male players can sleep anywhere, eat anywhere and dress or travel as they please. They can slip into the category of Tennis Bum, a significant phrase coined by Vincent Richards, by breezing from one tournament to the next, chiseling transportation, haggling for racket strings, personal equipment and even razor blades.

But the poor girl player is denied such a shiftless existence, even if she could stomach it. She must present an immaculate appearance. She must be well-mannered, quiet and a veritable Caesar's wife in the home or private boardinghouse to which she is assigned by the tournament subsidizing her appearance.

She Plays the Hard Way

All of which makes little Helen Bernhard heroine of the net season now ending, because she has played tournament tennis the hard way—without bank roll or social sponsor. Her father is probably the best-educated parent in American tennis, being Dr. Eric Bernhard, M.A. and B.S. at St. Petersburg (Leningrad), student at Berlin, Leipzig and Heidelberg, and Ph.D. at Erlanger University, Bavaria. Mamma Bernhard, Polish-born, studied at Springfield International College and graduated from Oberlin College.

The Bernhards live in a tiny Greenwich Village apartment to devote the maximum of money to their only child's education, and avocation. This isn't much, because current civilization wastes little money on philosophers. Dr. Bernhard works in the foreign department of a New York bank because of his command of languages, and you know what's happened to the foreign banking business.

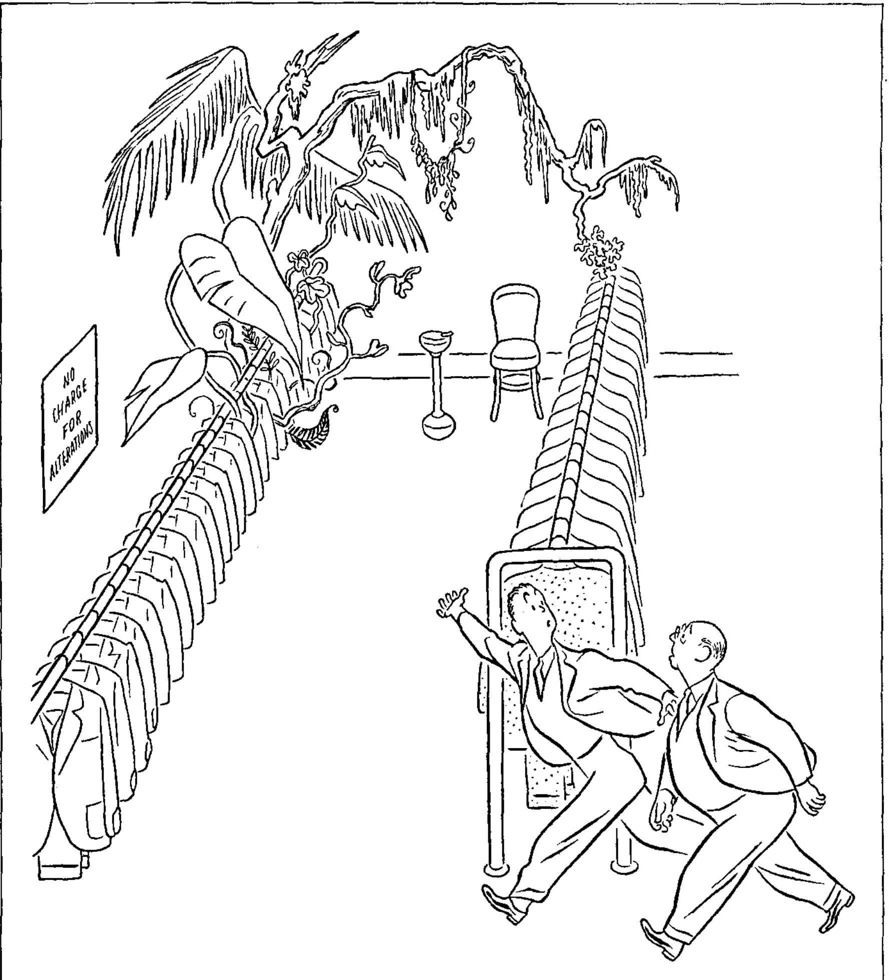
And so Helen offers nothing to the swank tennis tournaments but courage and a sound stroking technique. She went to Seabright this year, not only as defending champion, having won in 1939, but as the nation's fourth-ranking woman player, recent conqueror of Helen Jacobs in straight sets for the Middle States title, and almost conqueror of Alice Marble, American and Wimbledon champion, in Cincinnati. She had Sweet Alice at 5-1 in the third set, and was at match point six times, but simply couldn't put it over.

Yet, she was seeded far below her rank at Seabright, which is important in tournament play. The art of seeding protects star players from meeting each other in early rounds, but the Bernhard girl ran smack into Mary Hardwick, English champion, early in the week at Seabright. Helen took the first set, 6-4, and was at 3-2 in the second when Miss Hardwick demanded and received a new set of line officials. The change required ten minutes, during which time the Bernhard girl, hot and at the top of her speedy game, cooled off, and took only one game in the next twelve.

Score: Miss Hardwick wins by 4-6, 6-3, 6-1!

Reaching her boardinghouse, the Bernhard girl was given to understand that she was no longer a guest of the Seabright Club by the fact that her bag was in the lobby, and an announcement that her dinner would cost $2.50.

This is not uncommon at tennis tournaments where hotels and boardinghouses are stuck when an eliminated player sneaks in a surreptitious meal. Most amazing, however, is the speed with which results of the day's matches are flashed to hotels and hostesses. Once Helen rushed back after being put out of a Long Island tournament to find that her gracious hostess had not only packed her things but had put the bag out on the porch.



"Something's wrong with our tropical worsteds!"

NED HILTON

Arriving at East Hampton, Long Island, for the recent Maidstone tournament, Helen Bernhard was still the nation's fourth-ranking woman player, but not according to the seeding. Sarah Palfry, Number Three, was seeded first, and Pauline Betz, ranked seventh, was seeded second.

But the Bernhard girl's game is too strong to be upset by the vicissitudes of tournament seeding, and this fact comes as a hard blow to the tennis fathers. For three years now they have worked at the task of softening the game to a point where it resembles that of thirty years ago.

They have accomplished this by draping the ball with a set of whiskers or a coating of fuzz that resembles the pile of a Turkish rug. This high nap slows the ball and so, for the past few years, players have been taught to flat-racket their shots and rarely, if ever, to use any top spin. Top spin, imparted by turning the head of the racket during the follow-through, causes the ball to curve earthward after passing the net, and paves the way for the speedy game with which Bill Tilden became the greatest of all.

It Runs in the Family

Now, little Helen Bernhard has never been able to afford a professional coach. She began playing eight years ago with a racket as big as herself. The next year, at age eleven (her birthday is in July), she was finalist for the New Jersey State title.

At thirteen she defeated the late Anne Cummings for that title. Before reaching her eighteenth birthday, she had won five indoor doubles championships with Dorothy Wightman, two national indoor singles titles and the national girls' singles crown for 1938 and 1939.

All this was to the utmost delight of Dr. Bernhard, who took up tennis in Russia after his father had picked up some rackets and balls during the World's Fair of 1893. Young Eric not only took to the game, but became an expert and won countless tournaments in the countless universities he attended. He won tournaments all one summer in Berlin and was good enough to take a few sets from the German Davis Cup stars who were interned in Pittsburgh when we entered the World War.

Well, Dr. Bernhard knows only one type of tennis, and that happens to involve speed and the top spin. He taught this theory to his little girl, and is still teaching her. As a result, the little Bernhard girl has the first top-spin forehand drive seen in women's tennis since Helen Wills Moody abandoned her racket.

It makes you recall the savage driving power of Molla Bjurstedt Mallory and, pitted against the chop stroke of Helen Jacobs, or the flat-racket swatting of Palfry, Wolfenden and Winthrop, the contrast in style becomes terrific.

That is why little Helen Bernhard figures to be the most unpopular player with the tennis fathers. Already her backhand shot is the most vicious of any woman player. Buttressed by speed and top spin, which keeps an opponent at the base line, she can keep an opponent from charging the net. A year ago she went to California and there developed an American twist service, which has further distressed the proponents of pat-ball tennis. She also perfected her forehand drive and, at Palm Springs in January, she won a tournament by beating Betty Nuthall in the semifinals and Dorothy Bundy in the final.

Her trip to the coast was not for tennis primarily, but for the course in agriculture offered at the University of Southern California. The girl is nuts about farming and its significance in this world of changing values. She has a genuine talent for drawing and painting, and especially for composition. All last winter she lived in a little three-room bungalow, did her own housekeeping and her cooking, painted a bit, grew flowers and managed to play or practice her tennis religiously and to keep up with her classes.

A Champ Flunks Gymnastics

This winter she will matriculate in her native New York City, probably at Barnard. She graduated from Wadleigh High School in 1939 with a set of regent marks that would make any parent envious—English history 94, English 87, geometry 88, intermediate algebra 88, American history 84. She flunked gymnastics, probably, she says, because she failed to hold her toes at the proper angle when standing at attention in the line-up.

While growing up into a pretty girl, she was learning tennis the hardest way. Dr. Bernhard bought her a membership in the University Heights Club, an ancient but honorable set of courts hard by a gigantic steel gas tank at 207th Street and the Harlem River. The best way to reach this club is by jumping off the Twentieth Century Limited on the way to Chicago, but little Helen, backed by only ten cents in carfare, would ride to Washington Heights. Then she would walk to and cross Highbridge and down to the club.

This was a chore indeed on hot summer days. After the workout came the return trip by foot across the bridge and to the subway, then a late dinner, a bath and sweet dreams of becoming Queen Helen III. For the past two years she has enjoyed a membership at the West Side Club, Forest Hills, thanks to one more sacrifice on the part of doting parents.

This method of reaching the tennis pinnacle leaves no room for illusions of grandeur, no misconception of tennis truths. And today the little Bernhard girl can take a shellacking with amazing grace and composure. She is still so thrilled at being able to play in the swank tournaments that a bag on the porch or a snub by an opponent finds no reaction in her make-up. To her the outstanding moment of her coast-to-coast peregrinations this year came at the close of her victory over Helen Jacobs at Philadelphia.

The former champion, and only conqueror of Helen Wills, rushed to the net with a shower of praise for the new twist service and the top-spin forehand.

"It's the first time," said the little Bernhard girl solemnly, "that anybody important like Helen Jacobs ever praised my game!"

Quick Decision

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CROSMAN

The heart-warming chronicle of a man who told his wife a barefaced lie which met with her full approval

THIS is the way they happened to get together. . . . First of all, they approached each other on trains, he on one train, she on another. They didn't actually meet that morning, but their auras entered the zone of semi-contact. The two trains halted just north of the Harlem River Bridge, which is where railway travel enters New York City, and one waited politely for the other, as two trains cannot cross the same bridge on the same track at the same time.

He was on Train One, coming down from Maine, and she sat anxiously in the Albany Express, looking at the lovely tenement buildings and men in undershirts leaning from windows. His name was Henry Knight—one of the Maine Knights—and she was Peggy McLean from Katonah, Kansas; and, in a way of putting it, they were arriving in New York City to seek their fortunes, go to work and perhaps get into some future telephone book.

They rolled into Grand Central about five minutes apart, went their separate ways, and at that instant the chances were seven million to one they would never meet. He hastened on down to an afternoon newspaper, where a job was waiting for him, so he was all right. She went around to the radio stations, for she was a singer, a young and eager singer who had come to New York to hook into the big time.

The radio people told her to come back Monday, so she rented a tiny room and waited for Monday and thus the two wayfarers began their metropolitan careers. That was as it would be the first day of June. On the tenth of the month, one of the radio concerns gave a cocktail party in a large hotel room with red wallpaper, in honor of a polar explorer, and Henry Knight was present to report. The young radio singer was likewise present.

They stood still a while and looked each other over, as young people do in the miracle moment that comes but once in a lifetime. They were introduced by a genial oaf who didn't know either of them, and they sat on a piano bench and talked, the conversation being limited to "who are you and what are you doing here?"

After a while, they walked out of the place together, arm in arm, forgetting the cocktail party, the explorer and the world, and they must have fallen in love in that first half-hour. It might have been the first ten seconds. Anyhow, they were married two weeks later in the Little Church, and life began in a small walk-up flat on Sixth Avenue just south of Eighth Street, forty dollars a month.

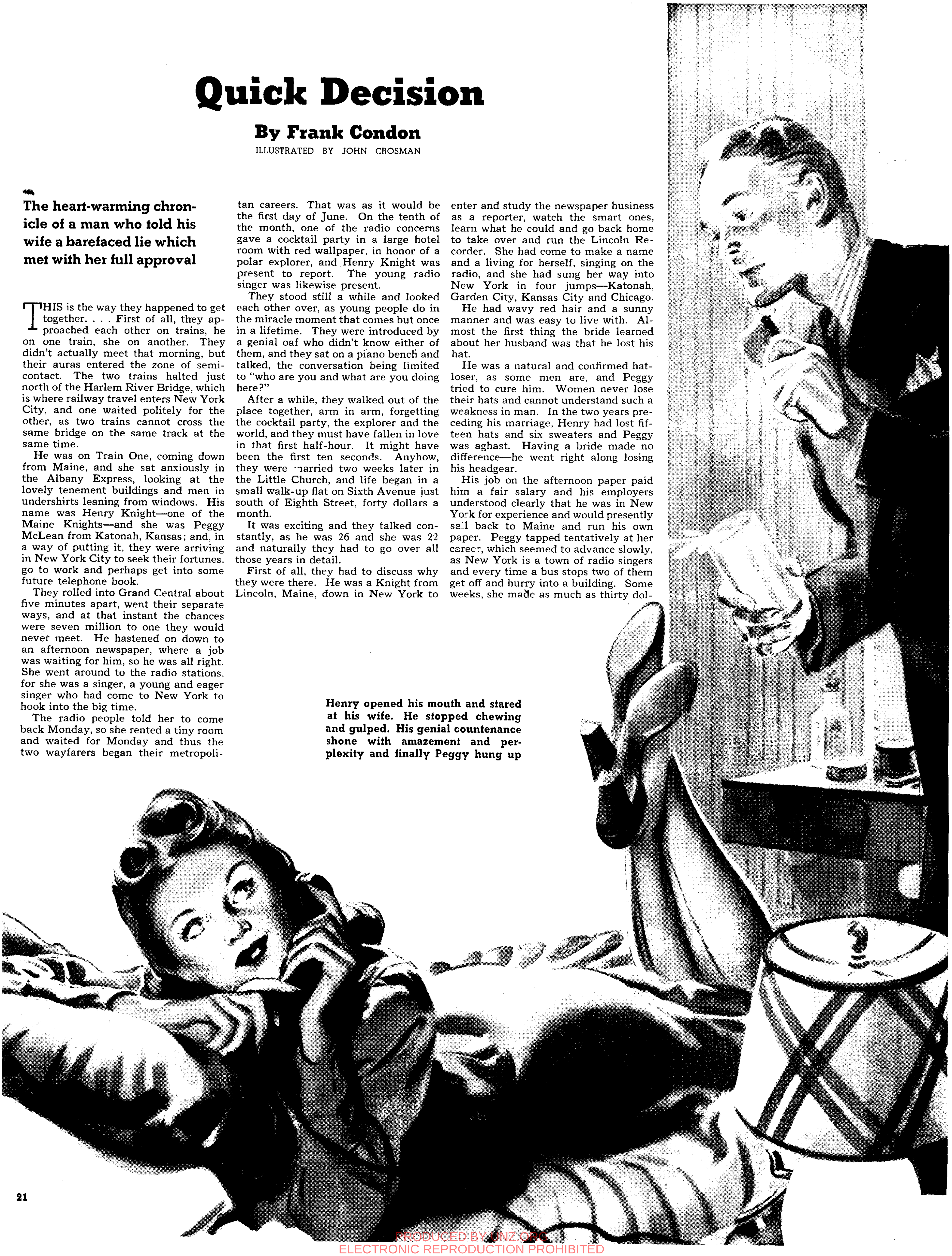
It was exciting and they talked constantly, as he was 26 and she was 22 and naturally they had to go over all those years in detail.

First of all, they had to discuss why they were there. He was a Knight from Lincoln, Maine, down in New York to enter and study the newspaper business as a reporter, watch the smart ones, learn what he could and go back home to take over and run the Lincoln Recorder. She had come to make a name and a living for herself, singing on the radio, and she had sung her way into New York in four jumps—Katonah, Garden City, Kansas City and Chicago.

He had wavy red hair and a sunny manner and was easy to live with. Almost the first thing the bride learned about her husband was that he lost his hat.

He was a natural and confirmed hat-loser, as some men are, and Peggy tried to cure him. Women never lose their hats and cannot understand such a weakness in man. In the two years preceding his marriage, Henry had lost fifteen hats and six sweaters and Peggy was aghast. Having a bride made no difference—he went right along losing his headgear.

His job on the afternoon paper paid him a fair salary and his employers understood clearly that he was in New York for experience and would presently sail back to Maine and run his own paper. Peggy tapped tentatively at her career, which seemed to advance slowly, as New York is a town of radio singers and every time a bus stops two of them get off and hurry into a building. Some weeks, she made as much as thirty dol-



Henry opened his mouth and stared at his wife. He stopped chewing and gulped. His genial countenance shone with amazement and perplexity and finally Peggy hung up

lars from obscure stations, singing Little Gray Home in the West and Roll Out the Barrel. When they let her sing, it was generally for some modest station at the bottom of the dial and her mounting ambition was to work up and get in with the solid people of the air.

Peggy had a good Kansas voice and television would have helped her along. Henry often grinned across the table at her and gave advice.

"Enjoy it while you can, darling, because this is our honeymoon in the great city. It's fun living in New York. But don't forget that pretty soon we are going home to Lincoln, where every prospect pleases."

"Maybe and maybe not," she replied lightly. "We might be city people and some day we may be referred to as those old-time New Yorkers, Henry and Peggy."

He grinned. "Just a couple of rural visitors."

SO THEY *lived along merrily in the* flat on Sixth Avenue and on occasions the radio people telephoned Peggy about jobs or the agent took her to lunch to discuss business matters and assure her in jovial tones that one day she would be another Kate Smith. The agent was an explosive man named C. B. Feller. He was deeply interested in young radio singers and often in his moments of intense earnestness he would lean across the table and place his hand over Peggy's.

You don't have to be pretty to sing on the radio, but it doesn't hurt when you're looking for a job, and anybody who couldn't see that Peggy Knight was pretty might as well quit looking. Out in Katonah, she was the town belle, which is nice, but carries no income. Katonah is fifteen miles from the nearest railroad and is avoided by everything including tornadoes, and from childhood it was Peggy's iron determination to escape.

Henry was altogether different about small towns. He came from Lincoln, which he loved and adored above all towns on earth.

"You can't help but love it," he told her, his eyes sparkling. "There's the little house waiting for us, furnished to the last rug. You can have a garden and keep a canary and sit on the porch and be happy. The townfolks are all grand people and you'll like my father and mother."

"Yes and will they like me?" she asked dubiously. "Maybe I'll be lonely, sitting up there with my canary and you gone all day at the paper."

"The folks will love you and so will everybody and you'll be the wife of that brilliant editor, Henry Knight of the Lincoln Recorder. It's about the same as being wife of the president of Brazil."

"Well, you know me, Henry," she assured him. "I worked for years to get away from Katonah and here I am. I love New York. I could be happy here forever, but you are the boss and it's what you say. I'd even go back to Katonah with you."

"I'll make many a cruel demand," he laughed, "but you will never go back to Katonah. This is the greatest city in the world, but a person mustn't stay here too long. New York is full of pathetic spectacles who have stayed too long."

"All right. We'll pack the bags any day you name," she said. "Only let's not be in a great hurry. You must remember we're pretty happy."

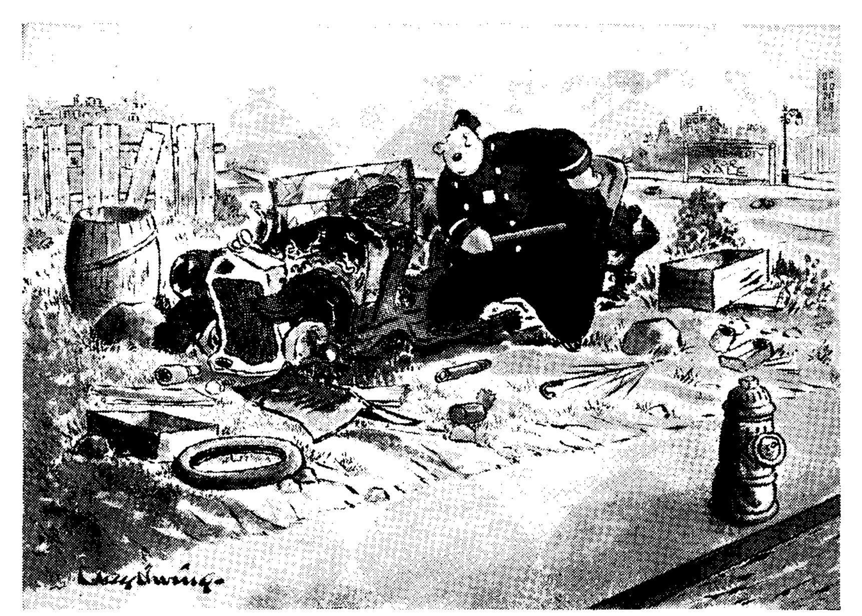
Henry could afford to wait and there was no hurry. His presence in New York was part of a plan worked out by himself and his father. He was the only son of the Knights and the Knights have always been in Lincoln. The elder Knight was still on the job, carrying along the family tradition, waiting for young Henry to round out his education in metropolitan journalism and then come home, take over the paper and carry on.

Old Man Knight was ready at any time to retire to his garden and let Henry do it.

That's the way it was with the young couple down on Sixth Avenue, hard by Eighth Street and its rusty shops. With regard to his habit of losing hats and sweaters, Henry was inclined to admit weakness, but there was nothing to be done about it. Peggy tried everything, except tacks. He played golf on occasion with the newspaper reporters, and whenever they tried out a new course Henry was certain to lose a hat, a sweater or both. It caused Peggy wifely distress and she scolded him vehemently, led him to solemn promises and accomplished nothing, for you might as well scold a hat-loser for snoring or having large ears.

He could lose his sweaters only at golf courses but he could lose hats anywhere and did.

After some six months of happy married life on Sixth Avenue and some occasional singing chores for Peggy, Henry's afternoon paper ordered him up to Portland, Maine, to sit around and cover a convention of medical specialists and ordinary doctors and try to learn if they could keep people from growing old. Henry knew the doctors couldn't and so did the paper, but readers love sunny news items, right or wrong.



"Pull over t' th' curb! Who d'yuh think you are?!! Where's th' fire?!! Wot'sa big idea?!! Gimme yuh operator's license!!!"

JAY IRVING

Henry walked into his flat to inform the bride that the sunshine would be removed from her life for three days, maybe four. He said it looked like a four-day job, as doctors love to string out their conventions, drink highballs and otherwise impair their health. As usual, Henry had no hat whatever, having left his most recent in a poolroom near Brooklyn Bridge.

"Portland," Peggy remarked, giving him a thoughtful glance. "That's near Lincoln, isn't it?"

"Thirty miles away."

"I suppose you'll go home, won't you?"

"I've been thinking it over and I don't know. Maybe not."

"You ought to go home, Henry. What kind of a son would that be?"

"Yes? Well, I want to go home and see them all, naturally. But here's the rub. If I do go, I'll want to stay right there and not leave. I love that town. I long to open up my desk at the Recorder, call the men together and begin running the job. I've been ready some time."

"Well," she repeated, "you certainly ought to trot over and see your parents."

"They'll only want me to stay, as their letters indicate. They'll argue that my New York stretch is about over, and it is. Dad wants to quit and I want him to quit. So you see."

"But we're so happy here in New York and we adore this flat and it's thrilling every instant."

"I know that. Never been so happy and may never be again. That's why I'll just go up to Portland, look at the doctors and stay firmly away from home. I'll be back here in four days. Lincoln and the Recorder can wait until the dim future."

"THAT being the case," she said more cheerfully, "we'll prepare you for travel on trains. You have no hat, to start."

So they went over at once to Fifth Avenue and walked along until they came to one of those elegant hat stores *with a famous name and four famous* hats in the window, and while Henry purchased a new lid Peggy supervised. They came out proudly. It was a handsome fedora or Homburg type of headgear, a dignified and rich-looking morsel, with a neat brown feather in the band and a sea gull's eyes in the center of the feather.

Back in the flat, Peggy packed his suitcase with loving care and looked him over.

"Perfectly clad for travel," she said, "and promise me to not lose the hat. Costs money."

"I'll never lose another hat in this world."

"And you'll be back here?"

"Thursday at three o'clock."

"I'm sorry you're not going over to see your folks. The only son and he refuses to call on his parents."

"Didn't I tell you why, darling? You want me to settle down, stay there and send you a telegram commanding you to pack and move?"

"You really love it, don't you?"

"Sure I do. So will you, some day. Mother and dad have their own place and we have ours and you can keep a dog and a canary and Mrs. Madden will come up and make jelly and cucumber jam, and you'll be the wife of the editor and a lady of importance."

"It will be nice," Peggy smiled, "in about five years. Meantime, I beg of you not to lose your hat. The toothpaste is at the bottom of the bag. Your pajamas—"

"Are you talking to one of the best reporters in New York or a blithering half-wit?" he demanded.

Twenty minutes later, they were in Grand Central and, as the hour was at hand and the Maine Express ready to depart, he kissed her fervently and sped through the gate. Peggy went murkily home to the flat on Sixth Avenue, where she found a letter in the box from C. B. Feller. It informed her that things were taking a turn for the better, that her singing affairs were looking up and that he would like to have a business conference immediately.

"Give me a ring when you get this," he suggested, "as we may have to make a quick decision. Looks very good."

The next day, she lunched with him and they discussed prospects and facts. Radio had finally come around to the point of admitting Peggy could sing radio songs and they were willing to give her a real chance.

"There's nothing to get excited about just yet," Mr. Feller remarked. "You're to start in modestly enough and I'd say you ought to earn sixty or seventy dollars a week. Later on, it's a cinch. You are a young lady heading for big things, if you have a little patience, for you have a true radio voice and I always knew it."

"You've been very kind, Mr. Feller."

"It's business with me, Peggy. You may have to sign a contract. Is that all right?"

"Of course it's all right—except."

"Except what?"

"Well, Henry is out of town. He won't be home till Thursday."

"What's he got to do with it? You're the singer."

"Well, you see, Mr. Feller, our affairs are a trifle unsettled and Henry has been talking of going back to Lincoln, Maine, which is his home town. He's to run the paper there. If he says he wants to start in at once, then I could hardly sign a contract to stay here and sing."

"Yes, but this is your chance and this is what you've been working for. You can make more than he can, running a small-town paper. I thought you were wild about New York."

"I am," she said earnestly, "and I love singing and I hope I can sign up and stay here. But I wouldn't want to take any step until I talk to Henry. If we stay in New York, I'll sign your contract, you bet."

"So what do we do now?"

"Wait till Henry gets back."

UP IN Portland, young Henry looked over the assembled medicos and soon discovered they could do nothing about people growing old and would themselves try anything down to extract of lizard. Having covered the convention for his paper, his mind turned to Lincoln, thirty miles away, and he knew at once that he should go home. He arrived unannounced, but in time for supper and the folks were overjoyed.

"Time you got here," they told him. "Where's your wife? Are you all ready to start work and let us have a vacation?"

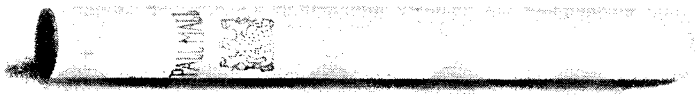
"Just a minute," Henry said. "Here's the way it is."

He told them about the beauteous Peggy and her singing for radio and her deep love for New York, she being a small-town girl and newly escaped. They listened sympathetically. Senior Knight announced he was wishful to retire, go on a hunting trip, visit South America and breed dogs. Sitting at supper, they went over the situation and Henry perceived that his New York ca*reer had come abruptly to an end.* He was the new Recorder editor and his time had come.

The little bungalow was ready. Henry ate a thoughtful meal, nodding assent

(Continued on page 42)

AXIOM: PALL MALL IS A SMOOTHER CIGARETTE



EXPLANATION: *Good old-fashioned Bulking mellows the smoke*

● It is an axiom that Pall Mall smokers enjoy a noticeably smoother smoke.

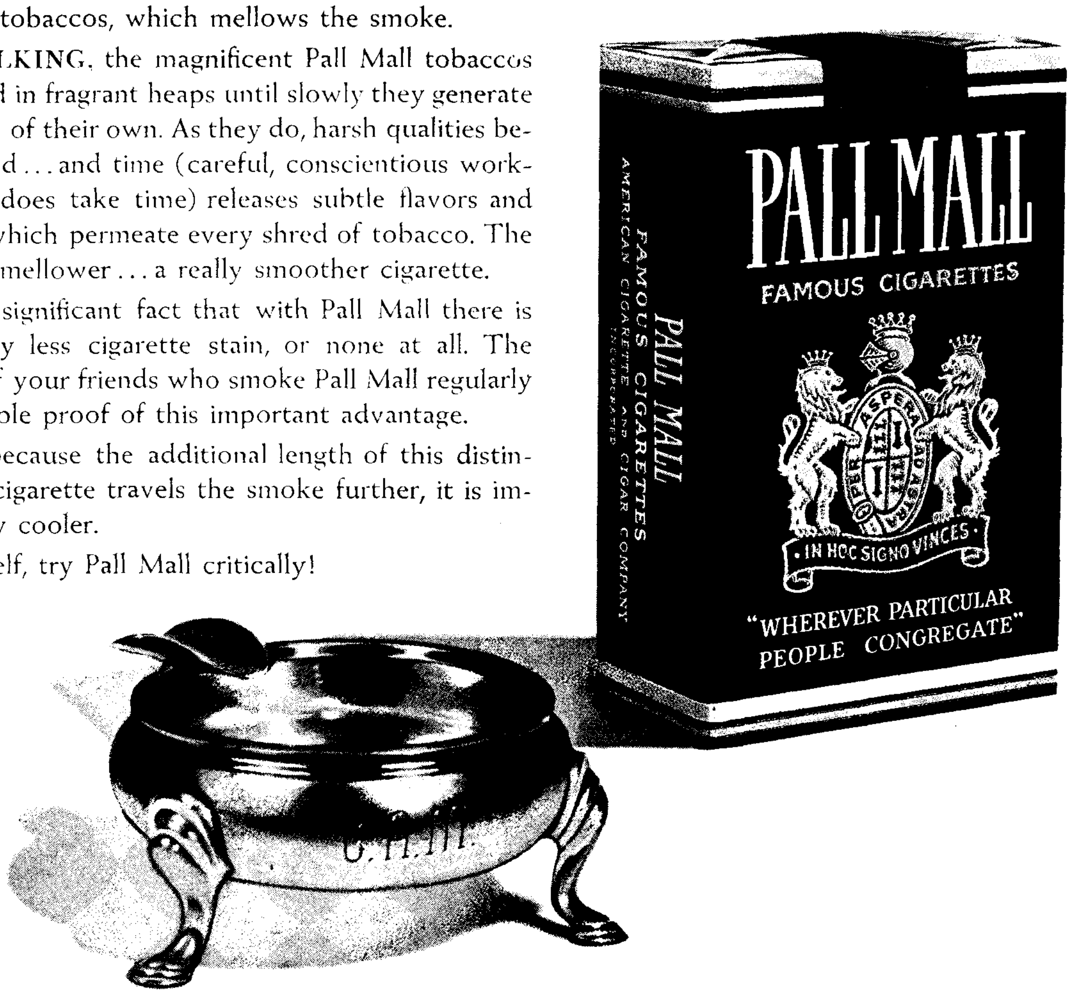
The explanation is to be found in the revival of BULKING . . . a slower, more painstaking process of working tobaccos, which mellows the smoke.

In BULKING, the magnificent Pall Mall tobaccos are rested in fragrant heaps until slowly they generate a warmth of their own. As they do, harsh qualities become mild . . . and time (careful, conscientious workmanship does take time) releases subtle flavors and aromas which permeate every shred of tobacco. The result: a mellower . . . a really smoother cigarette.

It is a significant fact that with Pall Mall there is noticeably less cigarette stain, or none at all. The fingers of your friends who smoke Pall Mall regularly offer visible proof of this important advantage.

And because the additional length of this distinguished cigarette travels the smoke further, it is impressively cooler.

Yourself, try Pall Mall critically!


PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
PER ASPERA AD ASTRA
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"
PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
AMERICAN CIGARETTE AND CIGAR COMPANY
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"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

Traitor's Purse

Continued from page 10

downcast head lamp. Then, as he watched it, the car began to move. Very slowly it crawled down the road behind him, turned its long, sleek body gently to one side, and, entering the water so quietly that there was hardly a ripple, it came up close to him so that the driving seat was on a level with his own.

The side windows of the two cars slid down simultaneously and the man in the fireman's coat braced himself to meet whatever was coming.

"Would you care for a lift by any chance?"

The question, put with a certain grave politeness, came quietly out of the darkness on a clear, young voice that might have belonged to some nice child:

"Do you know where we are? We're relying on you. I hope you realize that."

The second voice, which was elderly and querulous besides being practically in his ear, startled half the life out of him it was so close.

"Driving at night is difficult at the best of times," it rambled on hollowly, "and night comes so early this time of year. I must have hunted over this country as a young man but that's many years ago. Many. I don't know what road we're on at all."

After a moment's incredulous silence the explanation of this apparent hallucination occurred to the fugitive with a second shock. Whoever these good people were, they either knew him or his car very well indeed. He replied cautiously, relying on his voice to identify him or not as the case might be.

"I'm afraid this car has died," he said clearly, and waited for their reaction.

"With a beautiful smile on its bonnet, no doubt." The young voice sounded gently reproachful. "Do you mind getting in the back? Mr. Anscombe is in the front with me. We shall all be rather late for dinner, I'm afraid, and I've phoned Lee once. Leave George's car where it is."

The man who could not remember pricked up his ears. There had been definitely a warning emphasis on the Christian name.

"Our George has a depraved taste in machinery," he remarked tentatively as he clambered out of the farther door and came around to the back of the second car.

When he entered the warm darkness of the limousine the girl gave him the hint for which he had asked.

"It's not George's taste, poor child. It's his pocket," she said firmly. "Er—all undergraduates are a little trusting when confronted by a secondhand-car salesman, aren't they? Still, it was very nice of him to lend it to you. I'm so sorry I missed you. I was waiting in the vestibule and only caught a glimpse of you as you shot through, and you'd started off in George's car before I could catch you."

She let in the clutch as she spoke and they moved away into the darkness.

"I'm sorry, too. Very silly of me," murmured the man in the oilskins. He was feeling his way very cautiously. Clearly they were on dangerous ground and now was not the time for explanations. Whoever this blessed girl was she was certainly helpful and appeared to rely on him to play up to her.

He leaned back among the cushions and strained his eyes in the darkness. Gradually he made out the two silhouettes against the windshield. The girl was small but erect and the line of her shoulders was square, like a boy's. Of course! She was the young woman with the heart-shaped face and the disconcertingly intelligent light brown eyes who had spoken to him in the hospital vestibule. She must have been trying to tell him that this car was by the gate. No wonder she was treating him now as if he were mentally deficient. So he was, God help him. So he was.

The man who sat beside her was less definite in outline. He appeared to be a spreading bundle with a large head adorned by a flat cap which sat upon it like a lid. He turned presently and leaned over the back.

"Rather a disturbing adventure," he remarked conversationally. His windy voice was old and foolish but it was also dangerously inquisitive.

The man in the back of the car hesitated.

"It was, in a way," he said at last.

"I know. I know." The old man was determined to talk, whatever the effort. "Still, you did your duty. There's a great comfort in that. Probably the only thanks you'll get out of it. A good Samaritan . . ."

"Is his own reward," supplied the girl without moving her head. "All the same," she went on carefully, "I don't see what else you could have done. After all, if a stranger is polite enough to talk to one in a railway carriage and nutty enough to fall over one's bag and stun himself in getting out the least one can do is to take him to a hospital."

"I can think of less," said the old man, grunting into his muffler. "Can't you, Campion?"

"Yes, yes, I can." The man in the back of the car was not thinking what he was saying. Campion. He seized on the name eagerly and tried to think that it was familiar. At first he was convinced that it was and relief rushed over him. But the next moment he was not sure again and despair returned. It was an unnerving experience and he felt for a cigarette.

Finding that he had no pockets he leaned forward automatically and discovered in the dark a packet and a lighter tucked into the case at the back of the front seat. He was actually smoking before he realized the significance of his behavior. He must have known the cigarettes were there. He had taken one as naturally as if he had done it a hundred times before. The explanation was obvious. He had. He was in his own car.

He lay back to think it over. The one clear conclusion to be drawn from present developments, he decided, was that he and the girl were up to something—or at least she certainly was. She was protecting him the whole time, feeding him with story after story and doing it very well, almost as though she were used to it. Perhaps she was.

The conviction that she was his wife came slowly. The more he thought of it the more likely it became. Here she was, driving his car, looking after him like a mother, lying for him like a heroine. George's car indeed! For the first time since he had recovered consciousness in the hospital ward he saw a ray of comfort in his prospect. The abysmal loneliness of his position was spanned. Apart from his tremendous relief he was also suddenly delighted and he peered at her again in the darkness.

She drove very well, with confidence and an unusual sympathy for the machine. The big car was brushing aside the miles and he had half persuaded himself that the police-slugging episode was part of some past delirium when the elderly man stirred himself.

"I see where we are now," he said contentedly. "We must have come fifteen miles out of our way." He broke off abruptly and laughed, the silly, little high-pitched giggle of a foolish old man. "I mean five miles, of course," he added clumsily. "I don't know what made me say fifteen."

The man who had been told that his name was Campion glanced up sharply in the darkness and the shadowy tide of anxiety rolled up into his mind once more.

"It's not far now, anyway." The girl's cool voice was comfortingly matter-of-fact. "If you don't mind, Mr. Anscombe, we'll put you down at your house and rush on to change. Aubrey has put the meal back to eight-thirty and we can't in all decency be late. We'll see you there, shan't we?"

"Yes, yes, I shall be there." The old man sounded enthusiastic. "I never miss an opportunity to dine at the Institute now that Aubrey is the skipper. I remember his predecessor, the great Doctor Hale. He was an able fellow but nothing like Aubrey. Lee Aubrey is one of the big men of our time."

"Yes," said the girl thoughtfully. "Yes, I think he may be. He's not afraid to surround himself with brains."

Anscombe grunted. "A particularly brilliant man on his own account," he announced didactically. "We were more than lucky to get him here at Bridge. I remember the famous session when his appointment was announced to the Secret Conclave. As Hereditary Secretary to the Society I was very much congratulated, but I said, 'Don't thank me, Masters of Bridge'—that's the customary address, you know—'Don't thank me. Thank the man himself for coming to us.' "

Anscombe? The name meant nothing to Campion. But Bridge, and the Institute, struck a vaguely familiar note. He fancied that they were well-known terms, something he had heard about all his life.

Presently the old man spoke again.

"Aubrey is a wealthy man, too, you know," he said. "It's not generally known, but he donates the whole of his two-thousand-pound salary to some scholarship fund in the north. His private income must be considerable. Still, it suits him, you know. He has a unique position that no money in the world could buy, and a house that is virtually a museum piece, also not for purchase. You're comfortable there, aren't you?"

"Very. It's a glorious house, isn't it, Albert?"

It took Campion some seconds to realize that she was talking to him, but his response, when it did come, was manfully enthusiastic.

Mr. Anscombe turned in his seat.

"You're tired," he said. "That experience of yours took it out of you. That sort of thing often does. London is exhausting, too. What are you wearing? A mackintosh? I can hear something rustling but I can't see you. It's very warm in here. Why don't you take it off?"

"No. I don't think I will, thanks." To his horror he heard himself beginning to laugh, but again the girl came to his rescue.

"Leave him alone," she said. "He's in disgrace. He's taken the wrong car, led us miles out of our way and now he dozes off smelling like a bicycle shop. You'll have to give up oilskins, Albert, at any rate for wear in a confined space. Still, we're practically there. This is your gate, isn't it, Mr. Anscombe? You wouldn't think it awfully rude of us if we didn't take the car into the drive, would you?"

"Oh, of course not, of course not. I'm late myself. Thank you very much for all your kindness. I feel I forced myself on you this afternoon, but you've been so very good, so very good."

He was hoisting himself out of the low seat with difficulty as he spoke and his hollow, foolish voice squeaked and trailed away as he landed himself safely on the pavement and closed the door. Through the window the remaining passenger caught a glimpse of him disappearing between high, stucco pillars toward a steep, dark house beyond.

"Silly little man," said the girl suddenly. "He's left his parcel. I shan't be a moment. I'll take it to him."

"That's all right, I'll do that," Campion said hastily, fumbling for the door handle.

"You can't in those clothes."

"Yes, I can. He won't see me. Or if he does he'll have to realize I'm an eccentric. Where's his baggage?"

She turned toward him in the darkness.

"It's books, I think," she said. "Here you are."

He took the square parcel and staggered out after the departing figure. It was brighter than he had thought and he did not call to the man but came up the small drive quietly. The front door was already closed when he found it, and, rather than knock, he laid the package on the step and hurried down the drive to the waiting car again.

With the departure of Anscombe the very car seemed more comfortable. The girl let in the clutch softly and they slid away. The man, who was still trying to remember if his name really was Albert Campion, leaned forward. Now that he was alone with this delightful if unrecognizable wife of his he felt unexpectedly embarrassed.

"This is all very difficult," he began awkwardly.

"I know." Her agreement was so heartfelt that it silenced him. "It's frightful, and there's absolutely no time to talk and get it straight. We're here already and we daren't be late, it'll look so fishy."

She swung the car up a steep incline and through a columned gateway as she spoke.

"I only found out where you were by a miracle. I'd been waiting down at the station as we arranged. I got rid of Anscombe until four o'clock, but after that I had to carry him around with me, telling him one dubious tale after another. I had to bring him because he insisted. He said he had to see his dentist and he asked Lee Aubrey if I'd give him a lift. Lee made a personal request of it and I couldn't refuse without sounding suspicious. So there he was."

The car had not yet stopped. As far as Campion could see they were rolling through some sort of park. The girl was still talking. She was nervous and a little breathless.

"He's a terrifying old boy, isn't he?" she demanded. "Flat mental deficiency for ninety-nine per cent of the time and single flashes of acuteness. You don't know whether it's silver showing through the disguising tarnish or the last few flecks of plate on the old tin spoon. Our only hope is to get down to the meal and behave normally. Have you got something under that decontamination outfit? Can we leave it in the car?"

"It all depends where we're going," he said. "I'm in pajamas . . . awful gray flannel things."

"What?" She stopped the car in her

Pepsodent with Irium Removes Surface-Stains from Your Teeth ...Reveals How Beautifully Bright they Really Are!

"PROMISE YOU'LL ALWAYS KEEP
THAT BEAUTIFUL SMILE!"

Official spokesmen for 47,000 American Dentists say Pepsodent is Safe, Effective, Truthfully Advertised. This means you can fully trust it to remove ugly Surface-Stains that make teeth look dull, dingy.

● When a friend tells you that the sparkling teeth and lovely smile you admire result from daily brushings with Pepsodent, you can believe it!

When you hear a radio announcer say that Pepsodent with Irium will remove unsightly Surface-Stains, make teeth that look dull, discolored shine again with their natural brilliance, he knows what he's talking about! Believe him!

When you flip the pages of your favorite magazine and see Pepsodent advertisements you can believe every word written about Pepsodent's efficiency in keeping teeth lustrous, bright.

For, the Council on Dental Therapeutics, official spokesmen for 47,000 dentists, say Pepsodent is Safe, Effective, Truthfully Advertised. And as Proof, they have awarded Pepsodent the prized Seal of Acceptance of the American Dental Association.

So, take a tip from the men whose business it is to know about dentifrices. Switch to Pepsodent with Irium. Of all tooth pastes and tooth powders, Pepsodent alone contains Irium (known professionally as Purified Alkyl Sulfate). No more efficient, safe cleansing ingredient is known to dental science. It is Irium in Pepsodent that gives you the "Plus" that will help make the wonderful difference in the brightness of your teeth, your smile.

Try Pepsodent with Irium today. The sooner you start, the sooner you can flash the bright smile others will admire.

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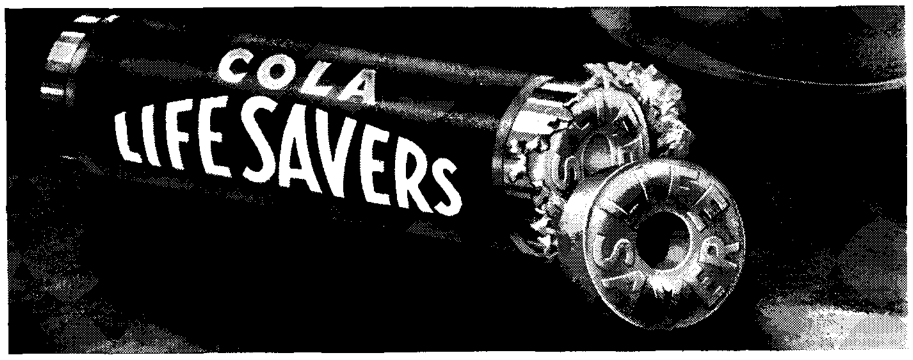
Strike up the band for new COLA LIFE SAVERS. They bring you, for the first time in candy form, the refreshing, tingly taste of cola.

Nobody loves an onion except the man who eats it. Wise folks tame onion-breath (or other unpleasant breath) with WINT-O-GREENS.

If you're on the look for a tasty mouthful, try COLA LIFE SAVERS. They're cola at its delicious, most refreshing best.



Everybody's breath offends sometimes after eating, drinking, or smoking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours. 14 delicious mint and fruit flavors. Sold everywhere. 5¢.

● When you visit the New York World's Fair, don't miss the Life Savers Parachute Jump. It's a real thrill!

astonishment and turned to him. "What happened? You're not hurt?"

"Oh, lord no," he said, warmed by her anxiety. "I'm all right really. I only got knocked out."

"Oh, that was it, was it?" she said, much more relieved than he had expected her to be and far less surprised. "The man in the paper shop simply whispered 'hospital'. I didn't get an opportunity to talk to him at all. The place was full of people and there wasn't time. It was nearly five then and I had the wretched Anscombe inside. That old man knows something, I swear it."

"More than I do," said Campion grimly.

TO HIS surprise she caught him up. "Yes," she said. "That's what I thought. We'll bear him in mind. I say, I am glad you're all right. It never went through my head that you might have gone to the hospital as a patient. When I saw you charging out in the deep-sea-diver costume I thought some kind friend had lent it to you to hide the tramp's garb. I've got your change in the luggage compartment. That's what was worrying me so as you didn't turn up before Anscombe returned. I didn't see how I was going to get it to you before he saw you. Well, it's silly to change now, isn't it? You'll have to smuggle yourself in."

The man laughed. She was charming and he was very tired.

"Anything you say, lady," he said. "Where do we go?"

"I think that side door," she said.

He sat watching her silhouette as she maneuvered the big car skillfully into a narrow entrance by the side of a large, dim building. She was an astonishing young person, as practical and energetic as a child.

She parked her car and he climbed out, stiff and unsteady, into a neat, old-fashioned stable yard with cobbles under his feet and the low, graceful lines of Georgian outbuildings just visible in the faint light. By the time he emerged she was tugging at a suitcase within.

He took it from her and would have put his free arm around her shoulders, but she did not notice his gesture and it occurred to him that he did not usually exhibit such open affection. He was wondering a little at himself when she called him from the house:

"Come on, Albert. It's awfully late."

He found her waiting for him in a dark arched doorway.

"Two steps up," she said. "Come on. It's got a black-out gadget that turns out the light when you open the door."

AS THE wood closed softly behind him the small passage in which they stood lit up and in a soft yellow glow the comfortable flagged and paneled interior of a perfect Georgian house emerged. A baize door opposite them clearly cut off the reception half of the establishment and a narrow flight of oak stairs on their left led to a similar door on the first floor. The girl made for this upper door and as she ran up the staircase he suddenly saw her and recognized her, the first real and familiar thing to emerge in the terrifying darkness of his mind. Her thin young back under the perfectly cut brown tweed of her suit, her long curls and her small brown hand on the banister were all suddenly well known and inexpressibly dear to him.

"Amanda!" he said.

"Yes?" She swung around on the top of the stairs and stood looking down at him, a picture of arrested movement.

He laughed and came hurrying up the stairs after her.

"I only wanted to hear you answer to your name."

The smile faded from her face and he thought she looked a trifle embarrassed.

"I'm not really rattled," she murmured unexpectedly and as if he had reproached her, "it's only that it's all so horribly important and imminent. You've come back all carefree. Did something good happen?"

"No, I'm rather afraid it didn't. This is lightheadedness," he said, and followed her through the second baize door into a small world of past elegance.

Amanda crossed the upper hall, where stripped pine paneling, Chinese carpets and sage-green drapery made a Georgian setting without either the stuffiness or the full-blooded ostentation of that great period of nouveaux riches, and opened a door under an archway.

"Yes, they've put your things out, thank goodness," she said, peering across another expanse of carpet. "You get dressed and so will I. I'll give you ten minutes. I must see you before we go down. Bless you."

She was gone before he could stop her, whisking into a room on the other side of the hall while her vivid, friendly personality still warmed and comforted him like the glow of a coal fire.

Albert Campion went into the room that presumably was his own and looked at the dinner jacket laid out neatly on his bed. The tailor's tab inside the breast pocket assured him that it was his and that he had bought it in the preceding spring. He began to dress carefully, moving slowly and with a certain amount of difficulty. After a minute or so he gave up trying to fathom any further deeper mysteries than those concerning the whereabouts of his underclothes and toilet things. He had to hurry. Amanda was coming back in ten minutes and that was time enough to get all the serious questions settled. He clung to the thought of Amanda. As his wife she was the one satisfactory, friendly truth in a world of villainous fantasy.

MEANWHILE, the obvious thing to do was to get himself safely changed.

He accepted his reflection in the shaving mirror discovered in the adjoining bathroom without seeing it, as do most men every morning of their lives. His self-searching mood had disappeared and his sole anxiety was to get his chin smooth. The cool comfort of well-fitting clothes soothed him and he had tied his tie and was getting into his jacket when a knock sounded on the door. He sprang to open it. It was not Amanda but a dinner-jacketed stranger who smiled at him familiarly and wandered into the room.

"My dear chap, I'm so glad you've got back," he said, revealing a voice several tones deeper than the average, and so flexible that its charm was instantaneous. "Trouble all cleared up?"

Campion nodded without speaking. Even if some flicker of memory had not struggled to help him, he would have known the newcomer was his host as soon as he set eyes on him. The tall, big-boned figure, with its suggestion of elegant negligence, was impressive and went with the house. He recognized the type, or rather the variety of individual, immediately.

Lee Aubrey was a personality; that is to say he exuded a force and a spiritual flavor as actual as if it had been warmth, or a small electric current. His big head was extravagantly molded, the features fine but large and overdrawn, and his smiling eyes were kindly rather than friendly. The most striking thing about him was that he could not, apparently much to his regret, provide any stretch of common ground on which to walk with normal men. There was no suggestion of equality in his bearing but rather an exaggerated humility, as if he were in the habit of going down on mental all-fours to conduct any simple conversation.

"I was rather glad to put food off for

half an hour," he said. "Fyshe from the War House has been down all day. Extraordinarily inferior mind. A decent chap. Quite sound, of course, but thunderingly dull. It took Butcher all day to tell him what he wanted to know."

He laughed again, half apologetically, for making the criticism.

"Absurd," said Campion.

It was coming back to him, or some of it was. This was the Principal's House in the Bridge Institute of General Research, that remarkable and ancient institution that, from being a provincial curiosity, part charity and part museum for a hundred and fifty years, had blossomed forth in the early part of the century into one of the most valuable centers in the country. The recollection came as Amanda's name had come; not as a raising of the curtain of darkness that hung between the front and the back of his mind, but as a sudden rent in it that flashed a whole scene from the brightness within, only to close again a moment later as the folds resettled. It was all very confusing and alarming.

Lee Aubrey was looking at him intently.

"You're most frightfully tired," he said gently. "Or is something wrong?"

"No, no, I'm all right." Campion was surprised at his own vehemence, but it seemed desperately important to keep his secret.

"Oh, that—that's fine." The other man was as hurt as a child. "Won't you come down? By the way, did you get your letters? There were two or three for you this morning. I'll get them for you myself. Shall we go?"

"No, I can't for a moment. I'm waiting for Amanda. We've got to talk to each other."

Even in his confused state the words appeared a little bald to Mr. Campion. Aubrey swung around and his eyes were suddenly sharp and frighteningly intelligent.

"Oh, I see," he said, and immediately he became deeply if consciously kind again. "I see. I'll go down and hold the fort until you come."

He went out gently, and, it seemed to Mr. Campion, with compassion.

LEFT alone, the man in the bedroom returned to his earlier problems. He thrust the fire-fighting kit into the bottom of a wardrobe and was about to close the door on it when a sound behind him made him turn. It was Amanda. She was there just as he had expected her, in a long, smooth white dress that seemed right and familiar and made her look about sixteen. She was wonderfully easy to look at.

"Oh, that's grand," she said, nodding at him approvingly. "What are you doing? Admiring yourself?"

"No," he said, and paused abruptly. He had seen himself in a mirror with her standing beside him. He was older than he had thought. He saw a horrified man of thirty-five or so, tall and remarkably thin, with a lean, wooden face on which there were far more lines than he had expected. She, on the other hand, might have been still at school.

"You look much more intelligent than you used," she remarked. "Don't you think so?"

"God help me, do I?" he said involuntarily. "I am rather shocked, as a matter of fact."

He saw the amusement die out of her face.

"That's not fair," she said softly.

"What isn't?" he said, turning to her and catching her hands.

To his surprise her embarrassment increased and she released herself slowly and stood before him, a steady, determined young person, serious and annihilatingly frank.

"Albert," she said. "I know this isn't the time, and that all this business going on is far more serious at the moment, but I've got this on my mind and I want to clear it up. You know you were going to marry me next month?"

THE information, coupled with the ominous form in which it was offered, appalled him. His disappointment and loneliness were so acute that they produced a physical chill and he stood looking at her without realizing that his face was a complete blank.

"Was I?" he said flatly.

She drew back from him and for a moment he felt panic-stricken that she was going to walk out and leave him.

"Don't," he said wildly. "I didn't mean that, Amanda. I'm completely at sea. I don't know where I am or who I am or what I'm doing."

"Oh, I know." She was herself again, impulsive and warm and friendly. "I know and I'll see you through this. You can rely on me absolutely all the time. That is true. You do know that?"

She thrust her arm through his and he felt the urgent, nervous strength of her young body against his side.

"I'll do anything, Albert. This is desperate, the most important, the most serious business you've ever come up against, and I'm with you. I wouldn't be here if I wasn't. It's disgusting of me to talk about the marriage when you're nearly off your head with worry about the other thing, but you know how hopeless I am about hiding anything and I can't bear to behave like a hussy even for ten minutes. You see, we've never had a love affair, have we? I've just been going to marry you ever since I was seventeen. We've known each other so long, and quite frankly it was I who suggested getting married at all. You'd almost forgotten about it in the strain of this other business, hadn't you? My good ape, don't be polite about it. It's silly when we're so used to each other. Well, now, I want to call all that off. I don't have to explain any more than that, do I?"

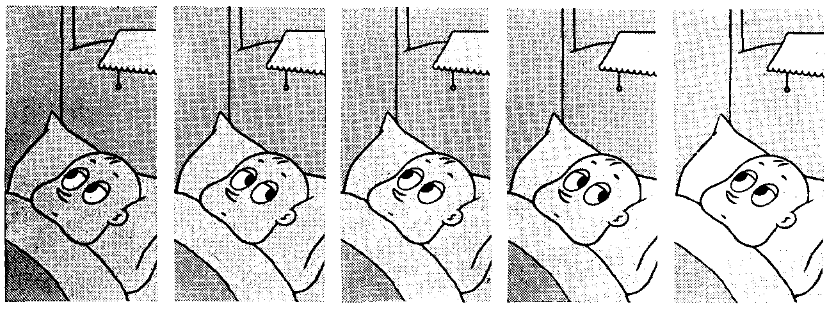
"How old are you now?" he asked.

"Twenty-five."

"As old as that? And you've been going to marry me for eight years."

"Well, yes. Don't be silly, you know I have, more or less." She glanced up at him and her eyes were level and truthful. "Come on, we must go down. Lee's waiting."

When Campion followed Amanda in, five people were sipping sherry from beautiful old apple-green glasses, and

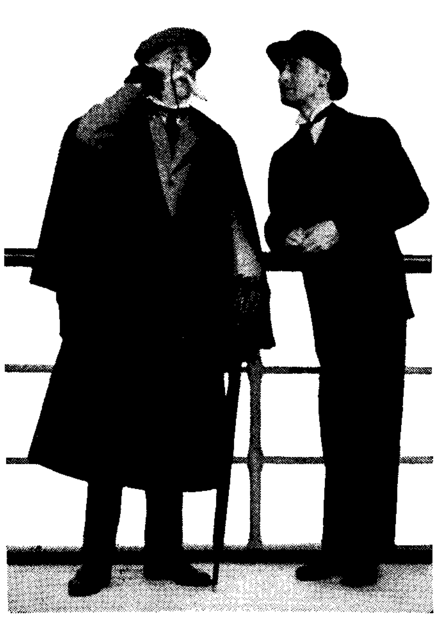


Sheep

CROCKETT JOHNSON

Clever, These Americans!

1. HIS LORDSHIP: Dash it all, Higgins, you didn't pack my cathartics! The trip will be ruined. I've half a mind to give you the sack.



2. HIS LORDSHIP: Blast it, we'll have to cable. The dashed Americans simply don't stock our good old British pills!
HIGGINS: The Americans have something a bit superior, m'lud. A topping ready-to-eat breakfast food called KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. They say as how it's crisp and crunchy, and keeps many people "regular" as reveille.

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN

3. HIS LORDSHIP: *(next morning)* Oh, I say, Higgins, this *is* good! How does it work and all that?
HIGGINS: You see, m'lud, it adds to your diet a bit of a special kind of food called "bulk." It's the lack of this "bulk" that so often causes constipation. Just eat ALL-BRAN regularly, and drink plenty of water!

4. HIS LORDSHIP: *(sometime later)* What a country, Higgins, what a country! They even use a delicious food instead of medicine.
HIGGINS: ALL-BRAN certainly made a change in *you,* m'lud.

Join the "Regulars" with
KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

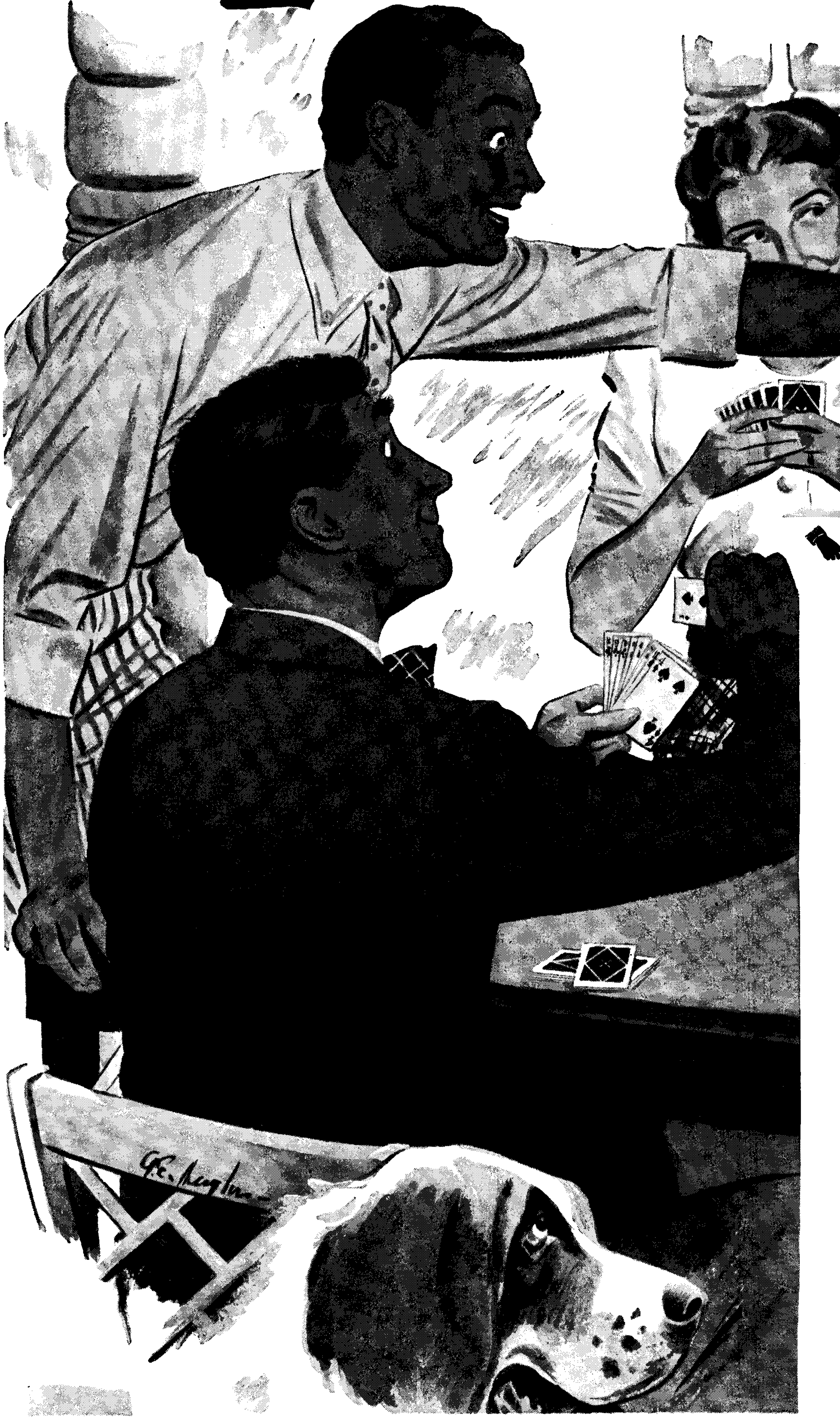
MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

COPYRIGHT, 1940, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

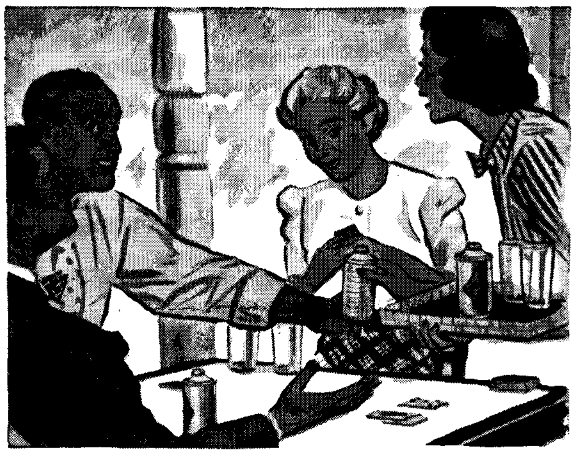
"Look at the hand my

"Right! It's beer

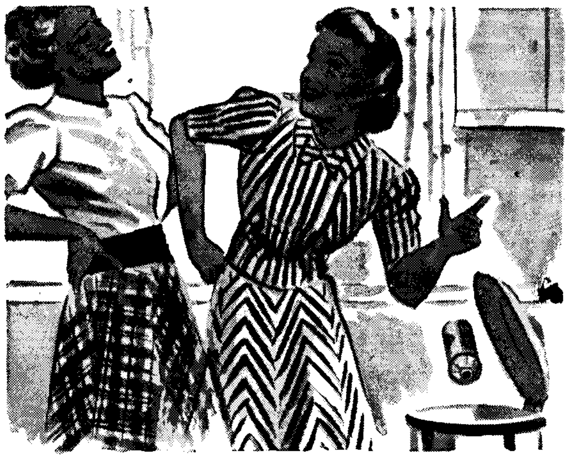
in those



How to be a smart dummy!



1. "Bridge is a cinch when you get support like *this* from your partner! Looks like the 'dummy' has the best hand of all. Here's one to stump her, though: Why is this beer can like a 'powerhouse' hand?"

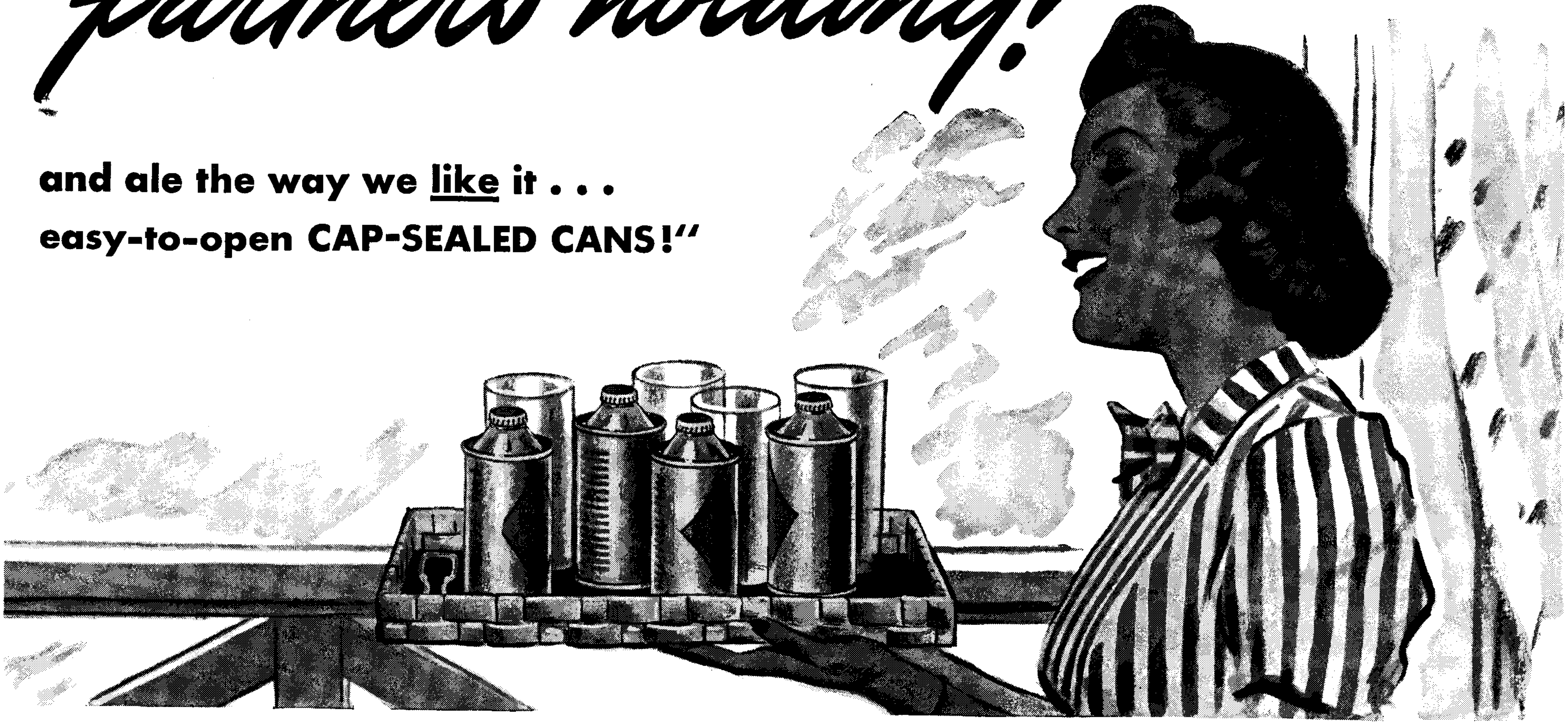


4. "No worry about discards, either. Any bridge player should appreciate *that!* When you're through with these beer cans, you're *all* through—no 'returns' to carry back, no deposits to worry about."

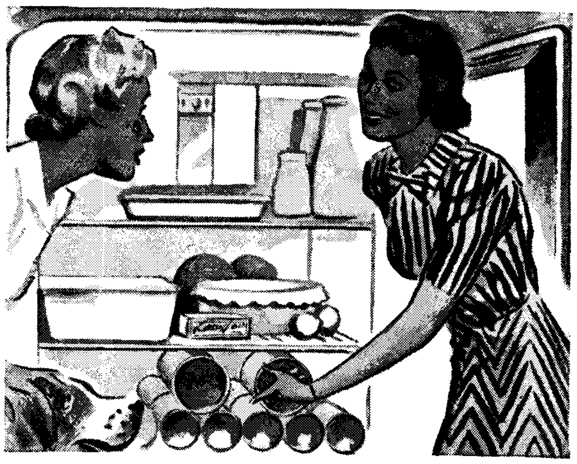
CONTINENTAL

partner's holding!"

and ale the way we like it . . .
easy-to-open CAP-SEALED CANS!"



2. "Easy to open! You can't fool a bridge player about these Cap-Sealed cans. See that top? It opens with *any* opener. And you drink from a clean, cap-protected surface. But that's not all: look . . . "



3. "Beer is always trumps in our house, because in these cans it chills in a jiffy. You can get all you need in your ice box, too. Just put them on their sides, like this. We buy them by the 12-can carton."

5. "Here's how to *double* your enjoyment of beer and ale in the Cap-Sealed can. Order the big *quart*-size Cap-Sealed can. It holds more than double the regular size; a real economy for parties!"

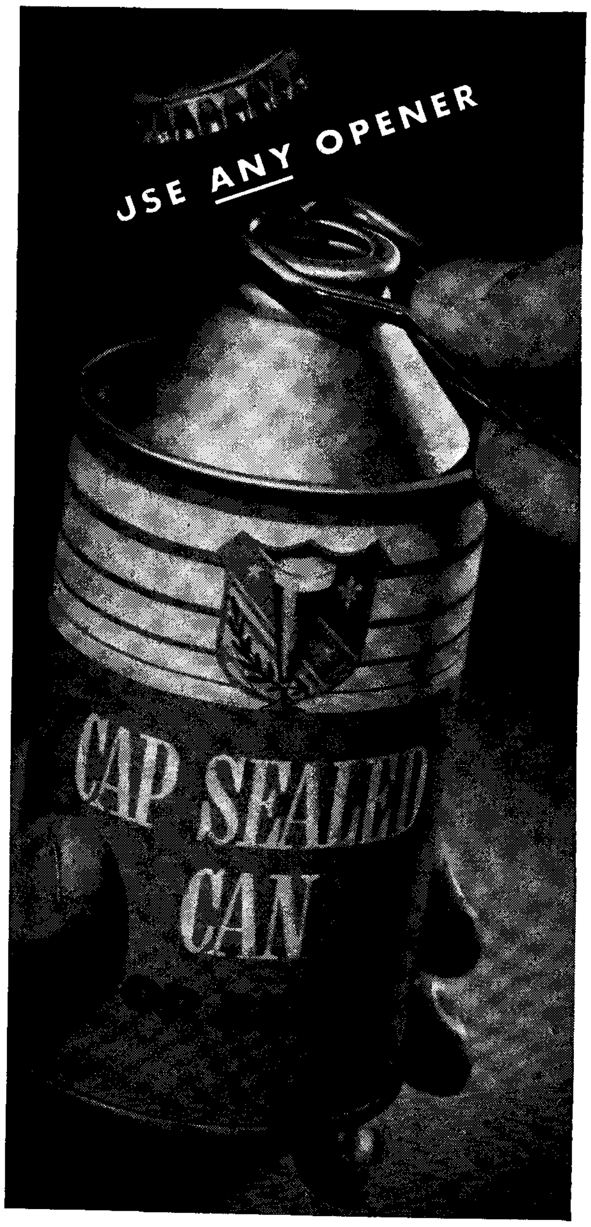
Three smart plays for September

1. Serve beer—it's a cool and wholesome summer drink for you and your guests. No need to spend time in the kitchen "mixing 'em up." Beer is *always* ready, always welcome.

2. Serve beer in cans—you'll find it chills *faster* in cans. When unexpected guests drop in, just put a few extra cans in the ice box. They'll chill in a jiffy.

3. Serve beer in CAP-SEALED cans—because *that's* the can that requires no special opener. It opens with *any* ordinary opener. And you drink from a clean, cap-protected surface.

Cap-Sealed
TRADE MARK REG.



TWO CONVENIENT SIZES: Regular 12-oz. can and a big quart can (32-oz.)

CAN COMPANY *New York · Chicago · San Francisco*

You can feel quick refreshment

any time you brush your teeth

Brushing your teeth can be the quickest, *pleasantest* of daily routines. Morning and night or any time you choose . . . brush your teeth and gums with cool, minty-flavored Squibb Dental Cream. You can *taste* its tangy difference on your tongue . . . actually *feel* its exhilarating action . . . as it *cleans* and *refreshes.*

And how it *cleans!* Under the brush you feel the *cool, minty cream* spreading through your mouth . . . around the gum line . . . as you brush away stale deposits. And the concentrated *acid-neutralizing* Squibb Milk of Magnesia* helps to *freshen* and *sweeten* your mouth.

SQUIBB ANGLE TOOTHBRUSH
SQUIBB
Dental Cream
Acid-Neutralizing
LARGE SIZE
Contains Concentrated
SQUIBB MILK OF MAGNESIA
Scientifically prepared for use in cleansing the teeth and massaging the gums
E.R.SQUIBB
Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since
NEW YORK

The more often you use Squibb Dental Cream the more good it does you . . . Squibb Dental Cream was developed by the Squibb Laboratories in cooperation with members of the dental and medical professions to produce the *best possible home aid* in the preservation of your teeth and prevention of decay. . . . Get a tube—today.

**Squibb Dental Cream contains concentrated Squibb Milk of Magnesia. An utterly safe cleanser. A valuable anti-acid.*

SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM

Taste and feel the refreshing difference!

the soft light of candles in silver sticks flickered on determinedly unfashionable clothes and proud, clever, conservative faces.

Lee Aubrey came over to them at once, excusing himself briefly to the middle-aged woman with whom he had been talking. He smiled briefly at Amanda and turned to peer at her companion with one of his typical glances, as if he were humbly taking a little look at the soul and finding much to sympathize with there.

"This is fine," he said. "Now it's just Anscombe to come. I don't think you've met everyone, have you?"

He performed the introductions with casual efficiency and four faces, one male and three female, peered up into Mr. Campion's own in dreamlike succession. A pair of round, dark eyes under untidy gray brows registered on him as he bowed to the third masculine member of the party, and he received a blurred impression of a wedge of a man with a great chest and dwindling legs. But the women meant nothing to him. One was elderly, with an untidy white haircut and black eyes, but she barely spoke to him, fixing her attention entirely on Amanda.

LEE carried him over to the other side of the room, ostensibly to find some sherry.

"Rather a depressing assembly, I'm afraid," he murmured diffidently, "but it simply couldn't be helped. This is municipal intelligentsia, my dear chap. The Bridge Institute may do work of national importance but it's still the so-called philanthropic little plaything of the Masters of Bridge. There's something frightful about hereditary possession."

"I wonder the State doesn't take it over," said Campion, and realized that the observation was idiotic as soon as he had made it.

Aubrey looked at him with bewildered incredulity.

"Naturally they'd like to," he said, "but it belongs to the town and it's pretty much of a financial asset, isn't it?"

"Yes, of course. I'd forgotten." In spite of his care the final word carried more emphasis than Campion had intended and again the other man peered at him with concern.

"My dear good man, you're exhausted," he said. "For heaven's sake have a drink. Would you rather have something other than this? I don't want to be an infernal nuisance, but isn't there anything I can do?"

"Very kind of you," he said, "but I'm all right. A little tired, nothing else."

"I see," he said very gently. "I see. Do forgive me. Oh, yes, wait a minute, here are your letters. I brought them along."

He took a handful of mail out of the coat pocket of his loose dinner jacket as he spoke and withdrew at once, with his odd, self-conscious diffidence.

Campion glanced at the letters with a slowly growing sense of satisfaction. All but one were readdressed to him from 17A Bottle Street, Piccadilly, and the sight of his name on several envelopes appeared to lend him, however unreasonably, a certain faith in his own identity.

He opened the letter that had not been readdressed but had come to him direct to the Bridge Institute and stood looking at a clumsily typed sheet that no one but an executive who normally employed a secretary would have dared to send out. It was headed baldly: "My office. The Yard. Tuesday," and ran on: "Dear A. C. Interesting conversation this afternoon with Pugh, whom T. brought in. Fancy a man called Anscombe is your best bet. He is Secretary to the Masters. Oldish, I think, and with a sister. For God's sake get busy. Keep your eyes on the calendar. The figures 15 give me the jitters whenever I see or hear them. Nothing else this end. Saw the Minister again. Hardly recognized him. Enjoyed seeing fellow of that type exhibiting the weaknesses and humanity of the common bloke, but put the wind up me all the same.

"Forced to rely on you only now. Every other line has gone slack and the time is so short. If you fail, for my part I shall wait until the balloon actually does go up and then swim quietly out to sea. This is a tripey way of putting it but can't bring myself to put down what I really feel. If this thing happens it is the *end* and I mean that. I'm not a religious chap, as you know, but I'm praying now literally and if any blasted bobby on the beat wants to see me do it, he's welcome to come in here and look at his Assist. Commish on his knees. *Damn you, succeed.* S."

Mr. Albert Campion read the letter through twice. The words themselves were convincing enough but there was something else. Something about the note was more than ordinarily startling. Suddenly he recognized what it was. Stanislaus did not write like that in the ordinary way. He accepted the name without realizing that it had not been written in full and concentrated on the really alarming peculiarity.

Stanislaus Oates was an old man, a prim, elderly policeman of the oldest school, and he was hysterical. That was horrible, as dreadful as seeing a quarter of the Nelson Column sticking up raggedly against a lowering sky. He crumpled the paper into a ball and thrust it into his pocket until he should get near the fire to destroy it. There were cold waves playing up and down his spine. This was truly frightful. Some terrible responsibility rested upon him and not only had he no recollection of what it was but he was helpless.

Amanda's laugh on the other side of the room cut into his thoughts. He looked across and saw her. She was talking to Lee Aubrey, who was leaning toward her, his big-featured face young and revealing, and a belated puppyishness apparent in his attitude. A servant was at his elbow trying to attract his attention and Campion saw him come out of his mood and turn with a startled expression to follow the man out of the room.

AMANDA glanced after him. She was radiant and excited, the entire battle equipment of her magnificent common sense and reliability set aside for the sweet, foolish fandango that any lesser woman can dance when she is so minded. Campion was walking over to her when Lee Aubrey came hurrying in and accosted him.

He listened to the murmured words with the sudden chill which the vision of delay presents when an extra snag arises at a time of crisis.

"The police?" he repeated. "I can't see the police now."

"But my dear chap . . ." Aubrey's deep voice was urgent. ". . . please, not here."

Campion followed him out into the wide hall and saw through an open door across an expanse of black-and-white flags the familiar gleam of silver and blue.

"The whole thing was some idiotic mistake and I can't spare the time," he said savagely.

Aubrey stared at him, his eyes surprised but shrewd.

"I don't know what you're talking about, Campion," he said patiently. "They've come about Anscombe. The poor old boy has just been found dead in his garden and you and Amanda appear to have been the last people to see him alive."

(To be continued next week)

Killer's Luck

Continued from page 17

leaving the room some three quarters of an hour later. A bellboy and a guest named Winnet had seen him leaving the hotel. The time of the murder appeared to be fixed because Winnet, when he was in his room about a quarter to eight, had heard the girl scream.

"You were right, O'Malley," I remarked, the next time I saw him. "There was no need to work on it. Miss Dalling came to New York to try to break up Newden's engagement to Miss Hanney. He had threatened her, in case she came here, but she came anyway. There's no doubt of Newden's guilt."

"Well, Miss Hanney doubts it. She's here at headquarters and they told me to talk to her."

We talked with Miss Hanney. She was young and sweet-seeming and was much distressed.

"Newden ever tell you anything about that Miss Dalling?" O'Malley asked her.

"No, he didn't."

"What reason you got to think your guy didn't kill the lady?"

"Because I know he wouldn't do it."

"Sister, I seen a lot of ladies that felt that way about somebody. Their guys done it, though. You go on home and we'll keep on looking at this business." When she had left, he remarked to me, "That's a swell girl. We'll talk with that Newden."

We went and saw Newden. They had him locked up. He was twenty-one years old.

"How come you said first you hadn't went to that hotel?" O'Malley asked him.

"I didn't want Miss Hanney to know about Edith Dalling."

"Sure. Then you found out we had the goods on you and you had to tell you'd been there. What did you say to Miss Dalling when you seen her?"

"The same thing I'd written her before: That there couldn't be anything more between us. Then I came away. I don't know who killed her."

"Yeah? She know anybody but you in New York?"

"I'm sure she didn't."

"Did you give her the name of that hotel?"

"No; I'd never even heard of the place until she phoned me."

WE SAW the witness Hardis.

"How come you was at that hotel?" O'Malley asked him.

"A friend of mine told me the charges there were reasonable. I live in Indianapolis. I was on my way to my room, and a very pretty young girl was admitting a young man into Room 302. Of course I didn't think anything of it at the time or know either of their names. Later, I identified him for the police."

We went and saw Winnet. His home was in Rhode Island. "You didn't do nothing when you heard that lady scream?" O'Malley inquired of him.

"Yes; I opened my room door and looked out into the hall. I didn't see anything or hear anything more. I didn't think much about it at the time. A half-hour after that, I was in the lobby talking with one of the bellboys, when I saw a young man come down the stairs. I noticed him because he seemed agitated."

"This the first time you was at that hotel?"

"No; I always stop there when I am in New York overnight. I had been on a business trip to Pittsburgh and also had business in New York. I was there overnight, and next morning transacted my business and went home. Later, I received a request from the police to return to New York, because the bellboy had told them I had seen the young man at the same time he did."

The third witness was Valley. He had seen Newden in the hall outside Miss Dalling's room. Valley had been waiting for the elevator. He had noticed the young man because Newden had not waited for the elevator but went down the stairs.

We went back to headquarters.

"What do you think of it, O'Malley?" I inquired.

"I changed my mind. I think the same as Miss Hanney. It's my idea Newden didn't do it."

I was astonished.

"We've heard nothing at all to warrant such a conclusion," I told him heatedly. "The girl's scream indicates she was killed while Newden was in her room. There was nobody else there."

"WE DON'T know it was her that screamed."

"Who else could it have been, O'Malley? No one but Newden had any motive. Miss Dalling knew no one else in New York. She wouldn't have admitted a stranger to her room. There was no sign of any other mode of entry. The money in her handbag shows there had been no robbery."

"Yeah? We don't know what the girl had."

"You're silly!" I said with irritation.

"Yeah? What for did he put her in the trunk?"

"So she wouldn't be found immediately," I replied. "He hoped to make it uncertain just when the murder occurred."

"That's the first smart thing you said!"

I saw him next day.

"Well?" I inquired.

"Why, I been working. I talked with them hotel guests and the employees. I had the maids and others account for all the passkeys. There couldn't none of the passkeys been used to get into the room. I wired Buffalo cops for all they could get me about this Miss Dalling. The girl had no relatives. She had a good job. They can't learn she had any bank account. She had a couple of rooms and she owned her own furniture, but she gave up her job and sold all her stuff before she came to New York."

"Does that mean," I asked, "that she meant to stay here?"

"You're good. I figure the hundred dollars she had maybe come from the furniture. I'll tell you another thing. That Hardis had a room nearer to the girl's room than the one Winnet was in, but he claims he didn't hear nobody scream."

"Do you suspect Hardis?" I asked.

"Since I seen Miss Hanney, I go around suspecting everybody except Newden. I guess I and her are the only ones that feel that way. Them cops are putting on a shenanigan to make Newden confess."

"What kind of shenanigan?"

"At the hotel."

We went to the hotel. The police had Newden there, and in another room they had the witnesses. They took Newden into Room 302. The room had been arranged as it was when the girl's body was found. The square trunk had been brought back and set at the foot of the bed, Miss Dalling's dresses were hanging in the closet, her other things had been put in the dresser drawers, and the room key was on the writing table where it had been found. Then they brought Hardis in.

"Is the fellow here that you saw come

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to this room?" one of the cops asked him.

"Yes."

"Which one? Go put your hand on him."

Hardis went and put his hand on Newden's arm. Then they brought Valley in, and he did the same thing; and then Winnet, and last the bellboy named Adley, who had seen Newden in the lobby.

"What's all this for?" Newden demanded. "I admit I came here."

"All right, fellow. Somebody open the trunk."

The bellboy opened it. I was startled because I thought at first the girl's body was in the trunk.

Then I saw that the figure in the trunk was a lay figure.

"That was a silly business, O'Malley!" I asserted, when we were in the hall outside.

"Sure. It was old stuff. Cops got no imagination."

"It didn't force Newden to confess, and if the guilty man is Hardis it had no effect on him either."

"I didn't notice. Come on, I got things to do!"

We went down in the elevator, but we didn't go out the front door of the hotel; we went out the employees' entrance. A laundry van was standing in the street and we hopped into it. O'Malley flashed his shield.

"Get going!" he told the driver. "Police business. A guy just come out the door of that hotel and I want to follow him, and we're using your wagon so he won't see us."

I sat on the bundles of laundry and couldn't see anything, and O'Malley, sitting in front of me, directed the driver. We stopped finally and waited about fifteen minutes.

"Okay," O'Malley said.

I got out and we went into what turned out to be a broker's office.

"A guy just come in here and done some business and went out," O'Malley told the first man we saw. "What business?"

"He left some bonds here to be sold. We hadn't sold them and he reclaimed the bonds."

"What kind of bonds?"

"They're bonds of a power company near Buffalo."

"O'Malley," I said, "that fellow is going to get away!"

"I ain't that dumb. I got a cop following him."

We went to headquarters. Police were questioning somebody in the detectives' room and O'Malley went in. I saw, while the door was open, that the man they had in there was Winnet. After a long while O'Malley came out.

"WAS it Winnet killed her?" I asked.

"Right."

"He was the one we followed, then?"

"Right. This Winnet had a job in Providence and he was going with a married lady there and he took money from the company where he worked to spend on her. He is one of them guys from a good family that they call black sheep. Well, he found if he couldn't put the money back he was going to get caught. He went to Pittsburgh because he had relatives there that he hoped to get money from, but they wouldn't give him none.

"He was coming back to New York, figuring he'd probably get put in jail, and at Buffalo Miss Dalling got onto the train and got into the same car where Winnet was. It happened, when they went into the diner, that they sat at the same table and they got to talking. Miss Dalling didn't know anything about New York and she asked Winnet did he know a hotel where they didn't charge too much, so he gave her the name of the hotel where he always stopped."

"I see."

"Miss Dalling was planning to stay in New York because of Newden, so she was bringing with her all she had. What she had was six thousand dollars in bonds that her father had given her before he died. They were in her traveling bag. When she and Winnet went back to their car, for some reason she opened the bag and Winnet seen the bonds."

"An unfortunate piece of carelessness!" I commented.

"You said it! That night, when they got to New York, Miss Dalling took a cab to the hotel, and Winnet was going to take a train to Rhode Island. Well, he didn't take the train. He says he sat in the station and walked around the streets all night, thinking about them bonds. He figured they probably was unregistered bonds, so there wasn't no evidence to who they belonged.

"In the morning he went to the hotel and found out Miss Dalling was there and found where her room was. Winnet was well known to everybody at the hotel and they didn't think nothing when he didn't like what room they suggested for him till they mentioned one on the third floor. They got master keys in that hotel that open the doors on all the floors, and one master key is kept in the hotel office. Winnet had been around the place so much he knew where it was kept. When there wasn't anybody in the office, Winnet went in and got the master key, and it didn't take him no more than a few minutes to go out and get a key made like it and put the master key back."

"Clever!"

"That night, he waited till he was sure the girl was asleep, then he went in there. He claims he didn't have no thought of murder; he just wanted the bonds. Well, Miss Dalling was asleep all right. She'd been a lot troubled by her talk with Newden, and she'd laid down on the bed without getting undressed. Winnet had opened the traveling bag and got out the bonds when Miss Dalling woke up. He grabbed her before she could scream, and he seen she'd recognized him, so there was nothing to do, he claims, but knock her off.

"After he'd done it, he figured to fix it so the murder wouldn't be known till he'd left the hotel. He took her things out of the trunk and put 'em in the dresser drawers, and he locked the girl up in the trunk. In the morning he left the bonds at that broker's to be sold, giving a phony name, and he took a train for Rhode Island, and when he got out in the country he threw away the master key he'd had made and the key to the trunk. Except he'd had killer's luck, he'd never have been suspected."

"Killer's luck?" I inquired.

"Sure. They have bad luck. When Newden come down the hotel stairs, Winnet was talking with that bellhop. Bad luck! Cops questioned the bellhop and he said Winnet had seen the guy too. So then Winnet had to come back to New York to be a witness. He figured if he claimed he'd heard the girl scream, nobody would doubt but what Newden was the killer."

"Was it the scream," I asked, "that put you on the right track?"

"The first thing was the timetable. Somebody had given Miss Dalling the name of the hotel. If the timetable was the thing she found most handy to write it on, it looked like the name was given her on the train."

"A sound deduction, O'Malley."

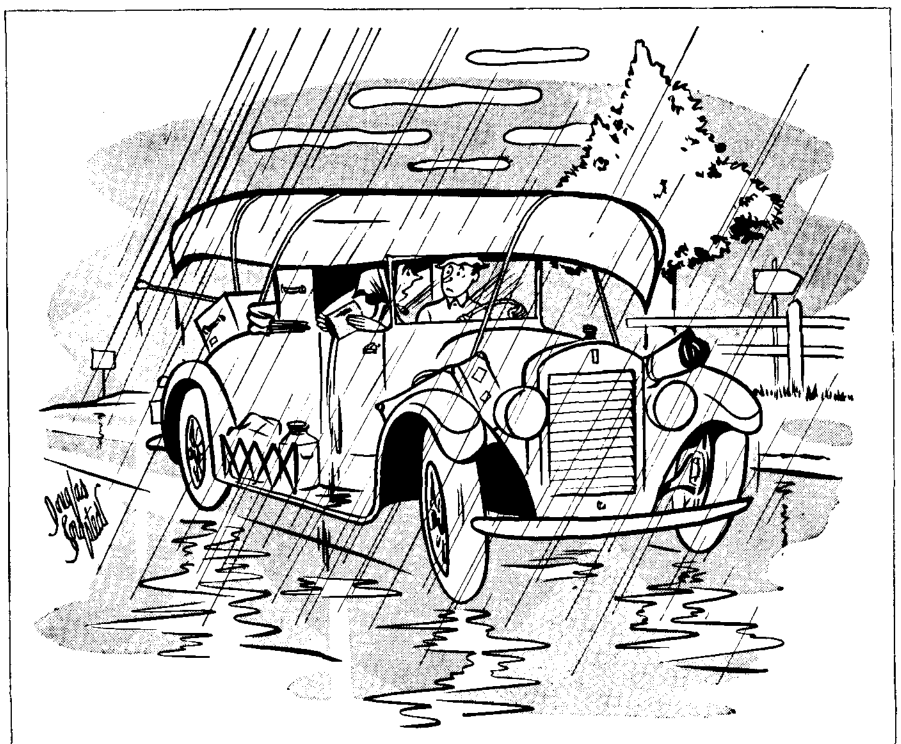
"THE next thing was the trunk. A lady at a hotel don't usually take everything out of her trunk. She takes out her dresses. Some guy had taken time to take everything out of the trunk and put the girl into it, so he could get away before the murder was discovered. Would Newden do that? I and you seen the boy, and I figured he wouldn't. So then I begun to think about the scream. I couldn't find nobody but Winnet that had heard the girl scream, and other people were nearer Miss Dalling's room than he was. So maybe she hadn't screamed. Then why was Winnet saying it?"

"Did the lay figure in the trunk have anything to do with solving the case?"

"Plenty. That old gag don't bother an innocent guy, but a guilty guy can't stand it. I told them cops to be sure to have the witnesses there. When everybody was watching Newden, I was making it as plain as I could to Winnet that it was him I was watching. When he got the surprise of the figure in the trunk, he couldn't hide his feelings, and he seen I knew he was guilty. From then on, his one idea was to get away. By when they found the bonds on him at headquarters, it broke the guy down."

"Good work, O'Malley! I'd like to be with you when you tell Miss Hanney."

"What for? She's in love with this Newden. All she'll be thinking is what dumb guys we all are that we ever suspected him."



"If it leaks now, what are we supposed to do on the lake?"

DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

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The Patriotic Murders

Continued from page 18

good and proper. I'd have sworn she was the genuine article."

"But, my friend, she *was* the genuine article. We know all about her past life."

"We didn't know she was capable of murder—and that's what it looks like now. Sylvia didn't murder Mabelle. Mabelle murdered Sylvia."

Hercule Poirot shook his head in a worried fashion. He still found it difficult to reconcile Mabelle Sainsbury Seale with murder. Yet in his ears he heard the small, ironic voice of Mr. Barnes:

"Look among the respectable people. . . ."

Mabelle Sainsbury Seale had been eminently respectable.

Japp said, with emphasis, "I'm going to get to the bottom of this case, Poirot. That woman isn't going to put it over on me."

THE following day, Japp rang up. His voice held a curious note.

"Poirot," he said, "do you want to hear a piece of news? It's napoo, my lad. Napoo!"

"*Pardon?*—the line is perhaps not very clear. I did not quite catch—"

"It's off, my boy. OFF. Call it a day! Sit down and twiddle our thumbs!"

There was no mistaking the bitterness now. Poirot was startled.

"What is off?"

"The whole ruddy, blinking thing! The hue and cry! The publicity! The whole bag of tricks!"

"But I still do not understand."

"Well, listen. Listen carefully, because I can't mention names very well. You know our inquiry? You know we're combing the country for a performing fish?"

"Yes, yes, perfectly. I comprehend now."

"Well, that's been called *off*. Hushed up—kept mum. *Now* do you understand?"

"Yes, yes. But *why?*"

"Orders from the ruddy Foreign Office."

"Is not that very extraordinary?"

"Well, it does happen now and again, especially in wartime."

"Why should they be so forbearing to Miss—to the performing fish?"

"They're not. They don't care tuppence about her. It's the publicity—if she's brought to trial too much might come out about Mrs. A. C. The corpse. That's the hush-hush side! I can only suppose that the ruddy husband—Mr. A. C.— Get me?"

"Yes, yes."

"That he's somewhere abroad in a ticklish spot and they don't want to queer his pitch."

"Tchah!"

"What did you say?"

"I made, *mon ami*, an exclamation of annoyance!"

"Oh! that was it. I thought you'd caught cold. Annoyance is right! I could use a stronger word. Letting that dame get away with it makes me see red."

Poirot said, very softly, "She will not get away with it."

"Our hands are tied, I tell you!"

"Yours may be—*mine* are not!"

"Good old Poirot! Then you *are* going on with it?"

"*Mais oui*—to the death."

"Well, don't let it be your death, old boy! If this business goes on as it has begun someone will probably send you a poisoned tarantula by post!"

As he replaced the receiver, Poirot said to himself, "Now why did I use that melodramatic phrase—'to the death'? It is absurd!"

The letter came by the evening post. It was typewritten except for the signature.

Dear M. Poirot:

I should be greatly obliged if you would call upon me some time tomorrow. I may have a commission for you. I suggest twelve-thirty, at my house in Chelsea. If this is inconvenient to you, perhaps you would telephone and arrange some other time with my secretary? I apologize for giving you such short notice. Yours sincerely,

ALISTAIR BLUNT.

Poirot smoothed out the letter and read it a second time. At that moment the telephone rang.

Hercule Poirot occasionally indulged in the fancy that he knew by the ring of his telephone bell what kind of message was impending.

On this occasion he was at once quite sure that the call was significant. It was not a wrong number—not one of his friends.

He got up and took down the receiver. He said in his polite voice, "Hello?"

An impersonal voice said: "What number are you, please?"

"This is Whitehall 7272."

There was a pause, a click, and then a voice spoke. It was a woman's voice:

"M. Poirot?"

"Yes."

"M. Hercule Poirot?"

"Yes."

"M. Poirot, you have either already received—or will shortly receive—a letter."

"Who is speaking?"

"It is not necessary that you should know."

"Very well. I have received, Madame, eight letters and three bills by the evening post."

"Then you know which letter I mean. You will be wise, M. Poirot, to refuse the commission you have been offered."

"That, Madame, is a matter I shall decide myself."

The voice said coldly, "I am warning you, M. Poirot. Your interference will no longer be tolerated. *Keep out of this business.*"

"And if I do not keep out of it?"

"THEN we shall take steps to see that your interference is no longer to be feared."

"That is a threat, Madame!"

"We are only asking you to be sensible. . . . It is for your own good."

"You are very magnanimous!"

"You cannot alter the course of events and what has been arranged. *So keep out of what doesn't concern you!* Do you understand?"

"Oh, yes, I understand. But I consider that Mr. Morley's death *is* my concern."

The woman's voice said sharply, "Morley's death was only an incident. He interfered with our plans."

"He was a human being, Madame, and he died before his time."

"He was of no importance."

Poirot's voice was dangerous as he said very quietly, "There you are wrong. . . ."

"It was his own fault. He refused to be sensible."

"I, too, refuse to be sensible."

"Then you are a fool."

There was a click at the other end as the receiver was replaced.

Poirot said "Hello?" then put down his receiver in turn. He did not trouble to ask the exchange to trace the number. He was fairly sure that the call had been put through from a public telephone box.

What intrigued and puzzled him was the fact that he thought he had heard the voice somewhere before. He racked his brains, trying to bring the elusive memory back. Could it be the voice of Miss Sainsbury Seale?

As he remembered it, Mabelle Sainsbury Seale's voice had been high-pitched and somewhat affected, with rather overemphasized diction. This voice was not at all like that, and yet—perhaps it might be Miss Sainsbury Seale with her voice disguised. After all, she had been an actress in her time. She could alter her voice, probably, easily enough. In actual timbre the voice was not unlike what he remembered.

But he was not satisfied with that explanation. No, it was some other person that the voice brought back to him. It was not a voice he knew well—but he was still quite sure that he had heard it once, if not twice before.

Why, he wondered, bother to ring up and threaten him? Could these people actually believe that threats would deter him? Apparently they did. It was poor psychology!

THERE was some sensational news in the morning papers. The prime minister had been shot at when leaving 10 Downing Street with a friend yesterday evening. Fortunately the bullet had gone wide. The man, an Indian, had been taken into custody.

After reading this, Poirot took a taxi to Scotland Yard where he was shown up to Japp's room. The latter greeted him heartily.

"Ah, so the news has brought you along. Have any of the papers mentioned who 'the friend' was with the P. M.?"

"No, who was it?"

"Alistair Blunt."

"Really?"

"And," went on Japp, "we've every reason to believe that the bullet was meant for Blunt and not for the P. M. That is, unless the man was an even more thundering bad shot than he is already!"

"Who did it?"

"Some crazy Hindu student. Half baked, as usual. But he was put up to it. It wasn't all his own idea."

Japp added: "Quite a sound bit of work getting him. There's usually a small group of people, you know, watching No. 10. When the shot was fired, a young American grabbed hold of a little man with a beard. Held on to him like grim death and yelled to the police that he'd got the man. Meanwhile, the Indian was quietly hooking it—but one of our people nabbed him all right."

"Who was the American?" asked Poirot curiously.

"Young fellow of the name of Raikes. Why—" He stopped short, staring at Poirot. "What's the matter?"

Poirot said, "Howard Raikes, staying at the Holborn Palace Hotel?"

"That's right. Who—why, of course! I thought the name seemed familiar. He's the patient who ran away that morning when Morley shot himself. . . ."

He paused. He said, slowly, "Rum—how that old business keeps cropping up. You've still got your ideas about it, haven't you, Poirot?"

Hercule Poirot replied gravely, "Yes. I still have my ideas. . . ."

AT THE Gothic House, Poirot was received by a secretary, a tall, limp young man with an accomplished social manner. He was pleasantly apologetic.

"I am so sorry, M. Poirot—and so is Mr. Blunt. He has been called to Downing Street. The result of this—er—incident last night. I rang your flat, but unfortunately you had already left."

The young man went on rapidly:

"Mr. Blunt commissioned me to ask you if it would be possible for you to spend the week end with him at his house in Kent. Exsham, you know. If so, he would call for you in the car tomorrow evening."

Poirot hesitated.

The young man said, persuasively, "Mr. Blunt is really most anxious to see you."

Hercule Poirot bowed his head. "Thank you," he said. "I accept."

"Oh, that's splendid. Mr. Blunt will be delighted. If he calls for you about a quarter to six, will that— Oh, good morning, Mrs. Olivera—"

Jane Olivera's mother had just entered. She was very smartly dressed, with a hat clinging to an eyebrow in the midst of a very soignée coiffure.

"Oh! Mr. Selby, did Mr. Blunt give you any instructions about those garden chairs? I meant to talk to him about them last night, because I knew we'd be going down this week end and—"

Mrs. Olivera took in Poirot and paused.

"Do you know Mrs. Olivera, M. Poirot?"

"I have already had the pleasure of meeting Madame."

Poirot bowed.

Mrs. Olivera said vaguely, "Oh? How do you do. Of course, Mr. Selby, I know that Alistair is a very busy man and that these small domestic matters mayn't seem to him important—"

"It's quite all right, Mrs. Olivera," said the efficient Mr. Selby. "He told me about it and I rang up Messrs. Deevers about them."

"Well, now, that's a real load off my mind. Now, Mr. Selby, can you tell me . . ."

Mrs. Olivera clacked on. She was, thought Poirot, rather like a hen. A big, fat hen! Mrs. Olivera, still clacking, moved majestically toward the door.

". . . and if you're quite sure that there will only be ourselves this week end—"

Mr. Selby coughed.

"Er—M. Poirot is also coming down for the week end."

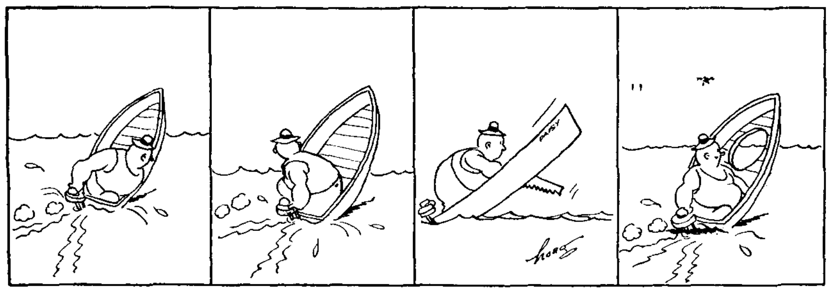
Mrs. Olivera stopped. She turned around and surveyed Poirot with visible distaste.

"Is that really so?"

"Mr. Blunt has been kind enough to invite me," said Poirot.

"Well, I wonder—why, if that isn't *queer* of Alistair. You'll excuse me, M. Poirot, but Mr. Blunt particularly told me that he wanted a quiet, *family* week end!"

Selby said, firmly, "Mr. Blunt is par-



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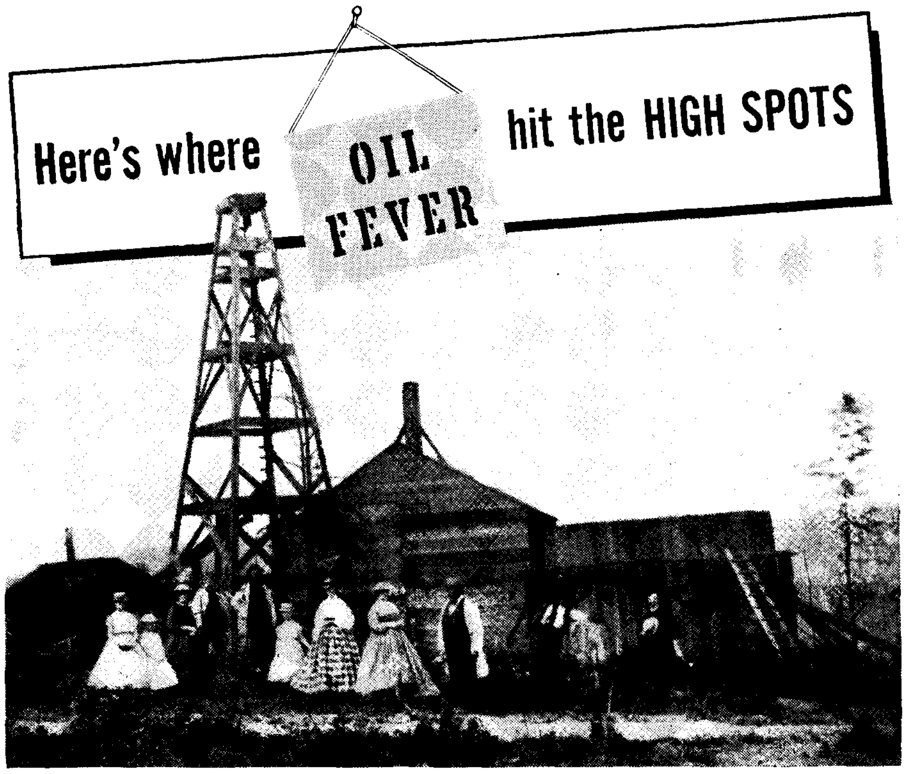
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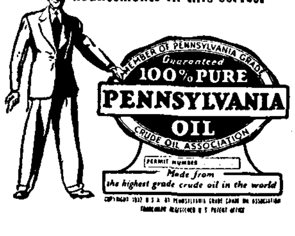
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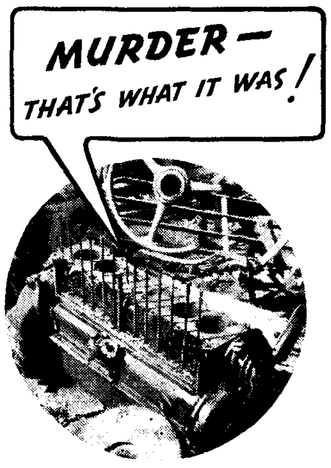
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BETTER OILS *from the* GROUND UP!

ticularly anxious that M. Poirot should come."

"Oh, really? He didn't mention it to *me.*"

The door opened. Jane stood there. She said impatiently: "Mother, aren't you coming? Our lunch appointment is at 1:15!"

"I'm coming, Jane. Don't be impatient."

"Well, get a move on, for goodness' sake— Hullo, M. Poirot."

She was suddenly very still—her petulance frozen. Her eyes more wary.

Mrs. Olivera said in a cold voice, "M. Poirot is coming down to Exsham for the week end."

"Oh—I see."

Jane Olivera stood back to let her mother pass her. On the point of following her, she whirled back again.

"M. Poirot!"

Her voice was imperious. Poirot crossed the room to her. She said in a low voice, "You're coming down to Exsham? Why?"

Poirot shrugged his shoulders. He said, "It is a kind thought of your uncle's."

Jane said: "But he can't know . . . He can't . . . When did he ask you? Oh, there's no need—"

"Jane!"

Her mother was calling from the hall.

Jane said in a low, urgent tone, "Stay away. Please don't come."

She went out. Poirot heard the sounds of altercation, heard Mrs. Olivera's high, complaining, clucking voice. "I really will not tolerate your rudeness, Jane. . . . I shall take steps to see that you do not interfere—"

The secretary said, "Then at a little before six tomorrow, M. Poirot?"

Poirot nodded assent mechanically. He was standing like a man who has seen a ghost.

But it was his ears, not his eyes, that had given him the shock.

Two of the sentences that had drifted in through the open door were almost identical with those he had heard last night through the telephone, and he knew why the voice had been faintly familiar.

As he walked out into the sunshine he shook his head blankly.

Mrs. Olivera?

But it was impossible! It could not have been *Mrs. Olivera* who had spoken over the phone!

That empty-headed society woman—selfish, brainless, grasping, self-centered? What had he called her to himself just now?

"That good fat hen? *C'est ridicule!*" said Hercule Poirot.

His ears, he decided, must have deceived him. And yet—

The car called punctually for Poirot at a little before six.

Alistair Blunt and his secretary were the only occupants. Mrs. Olivera and Jane had gone down by train earlier, it seemed.

THE drive was uneventful. Blunt talked a little, mostly of his garden and of a recent horticultural show. He did not mention the war.

Poirot congratulated him on his escape from death, at which Blunt demurred.

"Oh, *that!* Don't think the fellow was shooting at me particularly. Anyway, the poor chap hadn't the first idea of how to aim! Just one of these half-crazed students. There's no harm in them really. They just get worked up and fancy that a pot shot at the P. M. will alter the course of history. It's pathetic, really."

"*There have been other attempts on your life, have there not?*"

"Sounds quite melodramatic," said Blunt, with a slight twinkle. "Someone sent me an I.R.A. bomb by post not long ago. It wasn't a very efficient bomb. You know, these fellows who want to take on the management of the world—what sort of an efficient business do they think they could make of it, when they can't even devise an effectual bomb?"

He shook his head.

"It's always the same thing—long-haired, woolly idealists—without one practical bit of knowledge in their heads. I'm not a clever chap—never have been—but I can just read and write and do arithmetic. D'you understand what I mean by that?"

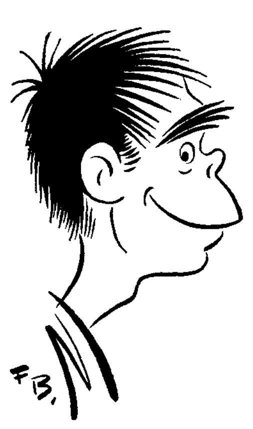
"I think so, but explain to me further."

"Well, if I read something that is written down in English *I can understand what it means*—I am not talking of abstruse stuff, formulae or philosophy—just plain businesslike English—*most people can't!* If I want to write down something *I can write down what I mean*—I've discovered that quite a lot of people can't do that either! And, as I say, I can do plain arithmetic. If Jones has eight bananas and Brown takes ten away from him, how many will Jones have left? That's the kind of sum people like to pretend has a simple answer. They won't admit, first, that Brown can't do it and, second, that there won't be an answer in plus bananas!"

FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists

No. 2



Hoosierite Frank Beaven knows how to plow corn, but doesn't understand how he contrived to get through Wabash College, where he edited the humor magazine. A columnist's glowing description of New York finally egged him eastward, where he has learned to keep his hat on in elevators, lie about his golf score, draw gags like the one across the page.

"They prefer the answer to be a conjuring trick?"

"Exactly. Politicians are just as bad. But I've always held out for plain common sense. You can't beat it, you know, in the end."

He added, with a slightly self-conscious laugh: "But I mustn't talk shop. Bad habit. Besides, I like to leave business matters behind when I get away from London. I've been looking forward, M. Poirot, to hearing a few of *your* adventures. I read a lot of thrillers and detective stories, you know. Do you think any of them are true to life?"

The conversation dwelt for the rest of the journey on the more spectacular cases of Hercule Poirot. Alistair Blunt displayed himself as avid as any schoolboy for details.

This pleasant atmosphere sustained a chill on arrival at Exsham where behind her massive bust Mrs. Olivera radiated a freezing disapproval. She ignored Poirot as far as possible, addressing herself exclusively to her host and to Mr. Selby.

The latter showed Poirot to his room.

The house was a charming one, not very big, and furnished with the same quiet good taste that Poirot had noticed in London. Everything was costly but simple. The vast wealth that owned it was only indicated by the smoothness with which this apparent simplicity was produced. The service was admirable—the cooking, English, not Continental—the wines at dinner stirred Poirot to a passion of appreciation. They had a perfect, clear soup, a grilled sole, saddle of lamb with tiny, young garden peas and strawberries and cream.

POIROT was so enjoying these creature comforts that the continued frigid demeanor of Mrs. Olivera and the brusque rudeness of her daughter hardly attracted his attention. Jane, for some reason, was regarding him with definite hostility. Hazily, toward the end of dinner, Poirot wondered why.

Looking down the table with mild curiosity, Blunt asked, "Helen not dining with us tonight?"

Julia Olivera's lips drew themselves in with a taut line.

"Dear Helen has been overtiring herself, I think, in the garden," she said. "I suggested it would be far better for her to go to bed and rest than to bother to dress herself up and come here. She quite saw my point."

"Oh, I see." Blunt looked vague and a little puzzled. "I thought it made a bit of a change for her at week ends."

"Helen is such a simple soul. She likes turning in early," said Mrs. Olivera firmly.

When Poirot joined the ladies in the drawing room, Blunt having remained behind for a few minutes' conversation with his secretary, he heard Jane Olivera say to her mother:

"Uncle Alistair didn't quite like the cool way you'd shelved Helen Montressor, Mother."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Olivera robustly. "Alistair is too good-natured. Poor relations are all very well—very kind of him to let her have the cottage rent free, but to think he has to have her up to the house every week end for dinner is absurd! She's only a second cousin or something. I don't think Alistair ought to be imposed upon!"

"I think she's proud in her way," said Jane. "She does an awful lot in the garden."

"That shows a proper spirit," said Mrs. Olivera comfortably. "She's very independent and one respects her for it."

She settled herself comfortably on the sofa and, still not taking any notice of Poirot, added:

"Just bring me the Low Down Review, dear. There's something about Lois Van Schuyler in it and that Moroccan guide of hers."

Alistair Blunt appeared in the doorway.

"Now, M. Poirot, come into my room," he said.

Alistair Blunt's own sanctum was a low, long room at the back of the house, with windows opening upon the garden. It was comfortable, with deep armchairs and settees and just enough pleasant untidiness to make it livable.

(Needless to say, Hercule Poirot would have preferred a greater symmetry.)

After offering his guest a cigarette and lighting his own pipe, Alistair Blunt came to the point quite simply and directly:

"There's a good deal that I'm not satisfied about. I'm referring, of course, to this Sainsbury Seale woman. For reasons of their own—reasons no doubt which are perfectly justified—the authorities have called off the hunt. I don't know exactly who Albert Chapman is or what he's doing—but whatever it is, it's something pretty vital and it's the sort of business that might land him in a tight spot if he is, as I suspect, in an enemy country. I don't know the ins and outs of it, but the P. M. did just mention that they can't afford any publicity whatever about this case and that the sooner it fades out of the public's memory the better.

"That's quite okay. That's the official view, and they know what's necessary and what the Admiralty and the War Office want."

He leaned forward in his chair.

"*But I want to know the truth, M. Poirot*. And you're the man to find it out for me."

"What do you want me to do, M. Blunt?"

"I want you to find this woman—Sainsbury Seale "

"Alive or dead?"

Alistair Blunt's eyebrows rose.

"You think it possible that she is dead?"

Hercule Poirot was silent for a minute or two, then he said, speaking slowly and with weight:

"If you want my opinion—but it is only an opinion, remember—then, yes, I think she is dead."

"Why do you think so?"

Hercule Poirot smiled slightly.

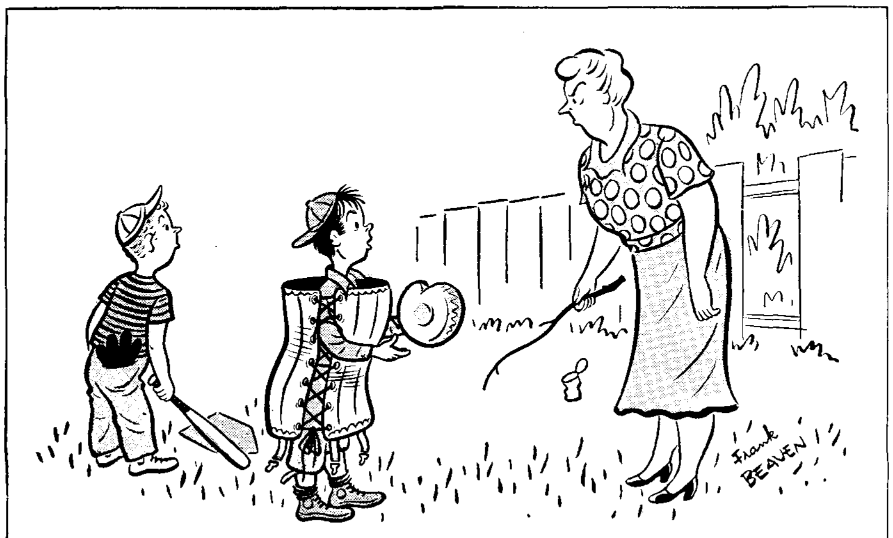
"It would not make sense to you if I said it was because of a pair of unworn stockings in a drawer."

Alistair Blunt stared at him curiously.

"You're an odd man, M. Poirot."

"I am very odd. That is to say, I am methodical, orderly and logical—and I do not like distorting facts to support a theory—that, I find, *is* unusual!"

"I've been turning the whole thing



"Aw, Ma, it makes a swell chest protector!"

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over in my mind," Blunt said. "It takes me a little time always to think a thing out. And the whole business is deuced odd! I mean—that dentist chap shooting himself, and then this Chapman woman packed away in her own fur chest with her face smashed in. It's nasty! It's damned nasty! I can't help feeling that there's something *behind* it all."

Poirot nodded.

"And you know," Blunt continued, "the more I think of it—I'm quite sure that woman never knew my wife. It was just a pretext to speak to *me*. But why? What good did it do her? I mean—bar a small subscription—and even that was made out to the society, not to her personally. And yet I do feel—that—that it was engineered—just meeting me on the steps of the house. It was all so pat. So suspiciously well-timed! But *why?* That's what I keep asking myself—why?"

"It is indeed the word—why? I, too, ask myself, and I cannot see it—no, I cannot see it."

"You've no ideas at all on the subject?"

Poirot waved an exasperated hand.

"My ideas are childish in the extreme. I tell myself, it was perhaps a ruse to indicate you to someone—to point you out. But that again is absurd—you are quite a well-known man, and anyway how much more simple to say, 'See, that is he, the man who entered now by that door.'"

"And anyway," said Blunt, "why *should* anyone want to point me out?"

"Mr. Blunt, think back once more on your time that morning in the dentist's chair. Did nothing that Morley said strike an unusual note? Is there nothing at all that you can remember which might help as a clue?"

Alistair Blunt frowned in an effort of memory. Then he shook his head.

"I'm sorry. I can't think of anything."

"You're quite sure he didn't mention this woman—this Miss Sainsbury Seale?"

"No."

"Or the other woman—Mrs. Chapman?"

"No—no—we didn't speak of people at all. We mentioned the war, roses, gardens needing rain, holidays—nothing else."

"And no one came into the room while you were there?"

"Let me see—no, I don't think so. On other occasions I seem to remember a young woman being there—fair-haired girl. But she wasn't there this time. Oh, another dentist fellow came in, I recall—fellow with an Irish accent."

"What did he say or do?"

"Just asked Morley some question and went out again. Morley was a bit short with him, I fancy. He was only there a minute or so."

"And there is nothing else you can remember? Nothing at all?"

"No. He was absolutely normal."

Hercule Poirot said thoughtfully: "I, too, found him absolutely normal."

THERE was a long pause. Then Poirot said, "Do you happen to remember, Monsieur, a young man who was in the waiting room downstairs with you that morning?"

Alistair Blunt frowned.

"Let me see—yes, there was a young man—rather restless he was. I don't remember him particularly, though. Why?"

"Would you know him again if you saw him?"

Blunt shook his head.

"I hardly glanced at him."

"He didn't try to enter into conversation with you at all?"

"No."

Blunt looked with frank curiosity at the other.

"What's the point? Who is this young man?"

"His name is Howard Raikes."

Poirot watched keenly for any reaction, but he saw none.

"Ought I to know his name? Have I met him elsewhere?"

"I do not think you have met him. He is a friend of your niece, Miss Olivera's."

"Oh, one of Jane's friends."

"Her mother, I gather, does not approve of the friendship."

Alistair Blunt said, absently, "I don't suppose that will cut any ice with Jane."

"So seriously does her mother regard the friendship that I gather she brought her daughter over from the States on purpose to get her away from this young man."

"Oh!" Blunt's face registered comprehension. "It's *that* fellow, is it?"

"Aha, you become more interested now."

"He's a most undesirable young fellow in every way, I believe. Mixed up in a lot of subversive activities. I thought it had all blown over."

"I understand from Miss Olivera that he made an appointment that morning in Queen Charlotte Street, solely in order to get a look at you."

"To try and get me to approve of him?"

"Well—no—I understand the idea was that *he* should be induced to approve of *you*."

Alistair Blunt said indignantly, "Well, of all the damned cheek!"

POIROT concealed a smile.

"It appears you are everything that he most disapproves of."

"He's certainly the kind of young man *I* disapprove of! Spends his time tub-thumping and talking hot air, instead of doing a decent job of work!"

Poirot was silent for a minute, then he said, "Will you forgive me if I ask you an impertinent and very personal question?"

"Fire ahead."

"In the event of your death, what are your testamentary dispositions?"

Blunt stared. He said sharply, "Why do you want to know that?"

"Because—it is just possible"—he shrugged his shoulders—"that it might be relevant to this case."

"Nonsense!"

"Perhaps. But perhaps not."

Alistair Blunt said, coldly, "I think you are being unduly melodramatic, M. Poirot. Nobody has been trying to murder *me*—or anything like that!"

"A bomb on your breakfast table—a shot in the street—"

"Oh, those! Any man who deals in the world's finance in a big way is liable to that kind of attention. General I.R.A. routine—or else some crazy fanatic."

"It might possibly be a case of someone who is not a fanatic and not crazy."

Blunt stared. "What are you driving at?" he asked.

"In plain language, I want to know who benefits by your death."

BLUNT grinned. "Chiefly the St. Edward's Hospital, the Cancer Hospital, and the Royal Institute for the Blind."

"Ah!"

"In addition, I have left a sum of money to my niece by marriage, Mrs. Julia Olivera, an equivalent sum, but in trust, to her daughter, Jane Olivera, and also a substantial provision for my only surviving relative, a second cousin, Helen Montressor, who was left very badly off and who occupies a small cottage on the estate here."

He paused and then said, "This, M. Poirot, is strictly in confidence."

"Naturally, Monsieur, naturally."

Alistair Blunt added, sarcastically, "I suppose you do not suggest, M. Poirot, that either Julia or Jane Olivera or my cousin, Helen Montressor, are planning to murder me for my money?"

"I suggest nothing—nothing at all. But I will tell you this—where murder is concerned, *no* suspicion is too fantastic to be entertained. In murder anything is possible."

Blunt's expression was slightly quizzical. His eyebrows rose.

"Oh, come now—isn't that rather a tall order?"

"It is the simple truth."

"But surely there are some people whom it would be frankly ridiculous to suspect of murdering anyone."

"You mean on psychological grounds?"

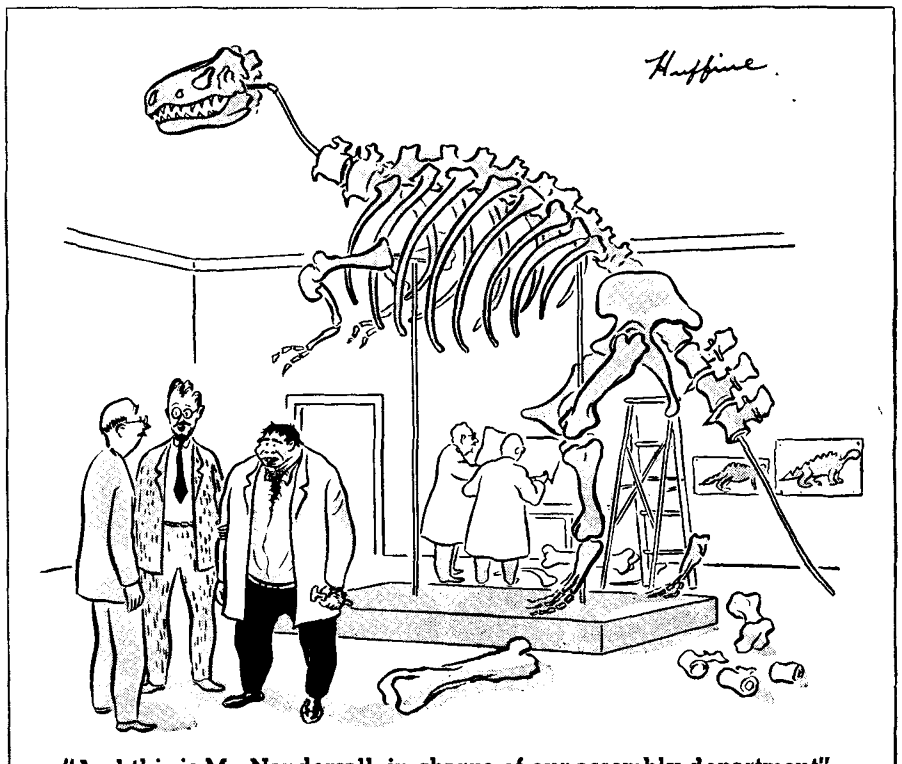
Blunt hesitated.

"Well—er—"

"See, M. Blunt, this is my subject. Here, I am the expert. Murder is the one crime of which anyone, anyone in the world, is capable—*given the necessary circumstances . . .*"

"But, surely—"

"You think there are exceptions? There are none. Take a man who is



"And this is Mr. Nandersall, in charge of our assembly department"

D. HUFFINE

highly placed, respected, rich, prosperous, satisfied. You will say—such a man has no reason to commit murder. But I say—yes, for such a man has much to lose. And easy living sometimes saps moral strength. You will take then a poor man, humble, obscure. And to that I say, such a man might have great temptations, for he might have much to gain. Or, to leave material views, you will instance a man of kindly nature—a man who hates to kill a fly.

"Such a man, you will say, could not kill a human being. But that is not true. Men of gentle and kindly ways in private life will order the destruction of masses without turning a hair. Lenin was a gentle man in his family life, Adolf Hitler is kind and gentle to children. And there are other men, benevolent and kindly in public life, who have strange streaks of cruelty and sadism which they hide from the general gaze. And remember this, when you say 'so and so could never kill'—that it is possible for almost everyone to play a part.

"There was a woman once in France who used to hurry to nurse sick children. The mothers loved her, she was so gentle and full of sympathy—so sad when the objects of her ministrations died—for they all did die. That woman, M. Blunt, murdered as many, I believe, as fourteen children."

Blunt said, "She was mad."

"The individual who kills *is* mad—not beforehand, perhaps, but certainly afterward. To take a life is to put oneself on an equality with the good God, and no human brain can stand that terrific strain. Anyone who has murdered once will murder again. He (or she) will come to believe that he has the right to kill. He will brush aside a human life as he would brush aside an insect."

Alistair Blunt said slowly, "You paint a frightening picture, M. Poirot."

"Believe me, it is a true one."

"I have one more argument. Take a stupid person. A thoroughly stupid woman, for instance, would not have the brains to plan a murder."

Poirot smiled.

"The stupid murderers, M. Blunt, are the ones that get caught."

"I used the wrong word, perhaps. 'Silly' explains my meaning better. There is a type of silly empty-headed woman—whom surely it would be ridiculous to suspect of violence of any kind."

"There are strange compensations in nature. Silliness is often accompanied by a good deal of cunning. A lot of what you call 'silliness' is often deliberately put on—it is a defensive reaction to life. Behind it there is often a very shrewd brain. I knew a particularly vapid and empty-headed woman who committed one of the cleverest murders I have ever investigated."

Blunt laughed.

"Very well, then, we are all potential murderers!" He added slyly, "Even M. Hercule Poirot?"

Poirot did not smile. He said gravely: "I will answer in the words of one of your famous men. *There, but for the Grace of God, goes Hercule Poirot. . . .*"

(To be continued next week)

Cut-Rate Showman

Continued from page 12

quarter under the wicket, and give him a nickel back with his two ducats. Or give him a dime back from his half. He likes that. He thinks he's getting a bargain. That's the principle the big department stores work on. But never price a ticket at fifteen cents. It means a quarter plus a nickel for two seats, so it smells expensive."

Todd can be chromium-hard. The only concession he'll make to a wheedler is to ask, "How do you want your 'No!' —fast or slow?" But hardness is not natural to him. Like his huge cigars, it is a disguise adopted to belie his youth and essential affability. Otherwise, he thinks there would be no end to his being imposed upon.

How to Gyp a Gyp

Young in years, Todd is a veteran showman. His first job was in show business, in Minneapolis, his native city. He was seven, and his employer was a pitchman who demonstrated the versatility of his line of potato-peelers by seeming to stick one of them through Mike's neck. He was receiving a quarter a day for this pleasant work when his elder brother spied him and packed him back to school.

Soon afterward the family moved to Bloomington, Minnesota, and then to Chicago. Mike was twelve before he met his first love again. The scene was Division Street, where a small carnival was playing. One of the booths was a ball-and-bucket game. Throw three balls into the bucket, and if they stay in you win a duck. Mike was watching the neighbors pay their quarters to miss, when the proprietor beckoned to him.

"You look like a smart kid," he said. "Can you keep your trap shut?"

"Don't worry about that," said Mike.

"Well, come inside here. . . . See that bucket? See that spring in the bottom? If it's pulled tight, the balls will hit it and bounce out. All you've got to do is crawl under this platform, and when you hear me holler 'Don't miss it!' you pull the spring. I'll give you two bits a night. Okay?"

This criminal partnership operated faultlessly for a couple of nights, until Mike decided that it would take at least four bits to gag his conscience. The proprietor—"The Duke," he called himself—turned him down flat. Even then Todd was a dangerous man to cross. He conferred with a friend, one Legs Kaplan, and explained the gaff. "Now, get this," he said. "When the Duke yells, 'Don't miss it!' you yell right back, 'I won't!' That way, I'll know it's you and I'll forget about the spring."

Mike crawled under the platform and waited. Presently, after the Duke's usual "Don't miss it!" he heard Legs' confident "I won't!" Legs didn't.

"The little gentleman wins a fine, fat duck," said the Duke grudgingly. "And now who's next?"

"I am," said Legs. "Here's another quarter. Gimme three more shots."

"*Don't miss it!*" said the Duke, with a rousing kick at Mike's exposed rear.

"I won't!" Legs promised cheerily. He was right again.

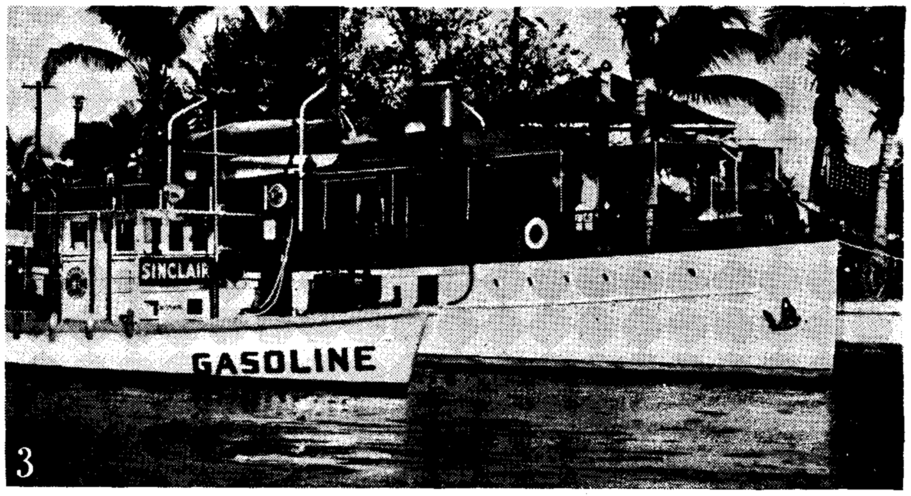
Telling the story now, Todd says, "We moved the joint out. We took the Duke for every duck in his stable, right then and there."

Todd's steady job was popping soda at Ritzlin's drugstore. Between drinks he studied the pharmacopoeia so diligently that he passed the Illinois examination and became, at thirteen, the youngest apprentice pharmacist in the state. That led to a better job—at the Michael Reese Hospital. And that led to a still better one—in the Chicago branch of a national shoe retailer. It came through one of the patients, a shoe salesman, who was impressed by the youngster's drive.

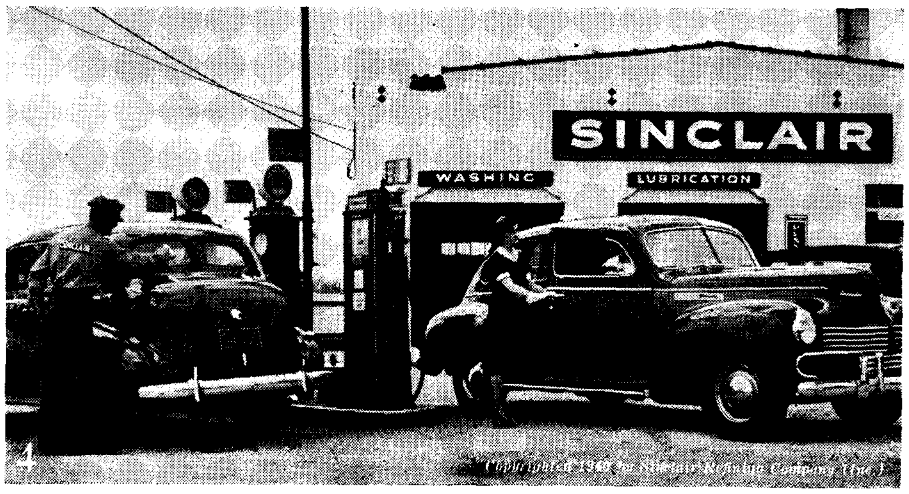
He had drive aplenty. In fact, he

Sue Read, famous as the "Most Televised Girl in America," is shown . . .

. . . at the wheel of a fast speed boat. It's a thrilling sport, but mighty tough on engine lubricant. That's why, for safe lubrication, so many . . .



. . . motor boat and yacht owners depend on Sinclair Motor Oils. These are the same quality oils sold by . . .



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. . . your nearby Sinclair Dealer for your car. Ask him for Sinclair Opaline or Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil. You'll find they last so long they save you money.

drove himself right out of the job. The boss had supplied the staff with blanks headed "Employees' Suggestions for Improving Business," and Todd had been at work hardly a week before he was turning in thirty to forty suggestions a day. The boss replied with a suggestion of his own.

Todd's next field was high-pressure merchandising. He and an elder partner, eighteen years old, set out to teach small shopkeepers how to conduct sales of the Sacrifice—Forced-to-Vacate—Building-Coming-Down sort. Their first client was a shopkeeper on Milwaukee Avenue. The partners put their souls and their entire capital of eighty dollars into a series of heart-rending window displays for him. The displays were so heart-rending, it turned out, that the shopkeeper himself believed them and went into bankruptcy.

A week later the merchandising expert was a college president. Bricklayers were making around fifteen dollars a day then, so Todd figured it was a trade that a lot of men would like to learn. The result was the Robey Street College of Bricklaying of America. The campus was a rented storeroom. The faculty was one bricklayer, an Assyrian named Mr. Stevens. And the laboratory equipment was a pile of bricks and a hod of mortar. The college failed because its graduates found that the union wouldn't accept their diplomas, but notice the Todd touch: he put no cement into his mortar, so it wouldn't harden, and he could use it over and over again.

Big Business at Seventeen

Single bricks led to bricks in bulk. He scraped together a new stake by taking "Modernize Your Home" ads in Chicago's foreign-language newspapers and subletting the contracts. Soon he was ready for his big step. It was on the face of the suburbs, and it left bruises in the form of billboards shouting "Happy Home Builders!—See the Michael Todd Construction Company!" and "Let the Michael Todd Construction Company Make *You* Happy Too!" and "Another One Made Happy by the Michael Todd Construction Co.!"

The company did well, but it would do even better, the president discovered, if so many potential clients didn't mistrust his seventeen-year-old abilities. Abruptly he changed its name to the Atlantic Construction Company and disguised himself on his business cards as "Estimator," "Supervisor" or "Salesman."

"Of course," he admits, "I had *some* printed that billed me as 'President,' but that was strictly to impress the girls."

One girl, Miss Bertha Freshman, was sufficiently impressed to marry him. He was seventeen and she was sixteen. In fact, they were married twice to be sure about it, and they have been married ever since. Michael junior is now eleven.

Todd was doing a gross business of $2,000,000 a year when the bond house that financed him went broke and carried him down with it. Chicago seemed to be a jinx city for his talents, so, early in 1928, he took them to California. The talkies were then in their infancy. Naturally, they required soundproofed stages. Naturally, Todd introduced himself as a soundproofing expert. The usual side lines were developed: a lumber business, a tramp-steamship business, a street-paving business. Once again he was riding high. Once again he was tripped. This time it was providential. It brought him back to Chicago and to show business.

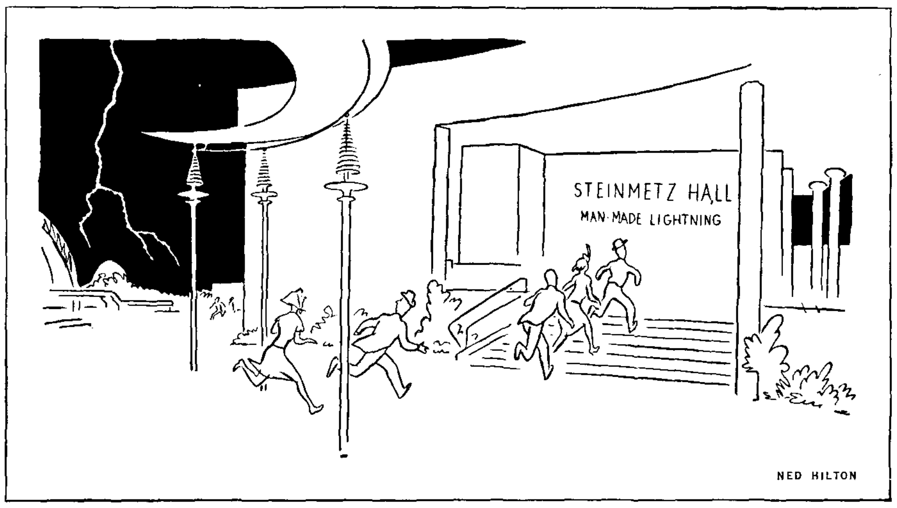
A single job has never been enough to contain Todd's energy. The workaday world now knew him merely as a gag-writer for Olsen and Johnson, Senator Murphy and Rae Samuels, but all the while—like the young George Washington and the young Tom Edison—he was dreaming dreams of glory. They flowered in an aery, faery conception called The Flame Dance, in which a girl costumed as a moth whirls around a huge candle, closer and closer, until her clothes catch fire and burn off, leaving her nude.

Dainty? Poetic? The Ineffable Entrepreneur brushed aside the plaudits of the *haut monde* and commented only, "I burnt up four dolls before I got it."

The Hot Mikado is Born

However, he tucked the act into The Streets of Paris at the Chicago Century of Progress and later made it, with Pete the Personality Penguin, the basis of a girl show, Bring on the Dames, which he took on a 56-week tour.

And now the sad, familiar pattern repeats itself. Todd took the $10,000 that Bring on the Dames brought him and parlayed it on a production of The Mikado, featuring Mary McCormic and other singers from the Chicago Civic Opera. Ever since, age eleven, he had stage-managed a production of The Mikado for his fellow students at the Bloomington Consolidated Grade School, he had been a Gilbert and Sullivan fan. The new production staggered as far as South Bend and then blew up. The dust it raised is reported to have colored sunsets in Chile for the next eight months.



Still, there was some salvage. Todd took over the costumes and scenery, hired a less austere cast and a dance line, "rocked" a couple of the songs, and trouped his company through vaudeville and movie houses as The Hot Mikado. He did not come East to put his "swingcopated" version to the supreme test, but he knew that he had something good. It would keep.

Meanwhile, back in Chicago, he undertook still another branch of show business. He became an author. With a friend named Danny Goldberg, he holed up for a week end in Wisconsin and emerged with the script of a three-act play, Call Me Ziggie. It ran three days in New York.

Whatever his other talents, the Nizam of Necromantic Nudity was evidently no Ibsen. His next production, The Man From Cairo, succeeded in staving disaster for only six weeks.

His break was past due. It came the following winter. Ever since the Century of Progress, he had been brooding over a novelty he saw there—the Girl in the Goldfish Bowl. This was a semi-nude houri behind an arrangement of mirrors that made her seem three inches high. Here, in his own words, is how he developed her:

"It occurred to me that there is an attraction that might appeal, or rather it *should* appeal, to kids more so than adults. Miniature, alive—naturally, it's kids. You can hardly sell kids on a peel-act, though, unless they were Dead End kids, and there isn't enough of them around, I don't think. So I took the idea and I figured. Kids: what's the natural thing with kids? Why, Santa Claus!"

And that's how the Kute Kris Kringle, as it came to be known, was born. Now observe again the workings of the Gyroscopic Gazi's genius: Mirrors were expensive and cumbersome; couldn't the same effect be achieved more simply, more cheaply? The answer was a reducing lens. Todd bought a supply of them from the U. S. Army, set a couple of refugees to turning out "Santa Claus workshops" in a factory in Brooklyn, and started canvassing department stores all over the country.

His sales talk invited the store executives to visualize a child looking through a peephole and seeing a tiny Santa Claus pegging away at his workbench, surrounded by a lot of toys—dolls, electric trains, footballs. There is a telephone right by the peephole, another on the bench. The child asks the operator to ring Santa Claus and sees Santa Claus pick up the phone.

"Santa? This is Johnny Doe."

"Hello, Johnny! What do you want for Christmas and where do you live?"

Next day, Mr. Doe receives a letter from the store saying that his son Johnny had been in and had told Santa Claus that he wanted an Ajax football, a Bulldog bicycle and a pair of Silver Streak skates, all of which the store has in stock.

Some 480 stores, and theaters even, ordered Kute Kris Kringles on the spot. Each of them paid $600 to rent the installation from Thanksgiving to New Year's. Each installation cost Todd around $100. So over 200 G's stood for Gravy.

All or Nothing

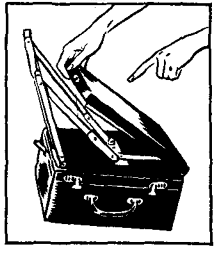
Then he shot the works on the production of the Hot Mikado. Part of it went into a forty-foot waterfall of soap bubbles; part into a volcano that really erupted; part into a bakelite floor for Bill Robinson's tap dancing. On opening night, Todd had one fifty-cent piece in his pocket. Lee Shubert came backstage after the curtain.

"Mike," he said, "I'll pay the whole cost of the production for half the profits."

Todd pondered. Here was a safe out and a comfortable return. He fingered his fifty-cent piece. "Listen," he told Shubert. "Heads, I keep it. Tails, you're in."

Heads came up. Todd threw away the coin, borrowed a dollar for taxi fare, and went home.

Burns Mantle's review in next morning's News was representative: "They have dressed it beautifully, cast it expertly, and staged it with such perfect timing and in such excellent taste that it



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stands absolutely unrivaled so far as my playgoing experience is concerned."

The Hot Mikado was a hit, a bull's-eye. It grossed $20,000 in its second week. Cole Porter saw it seven times. Bill Robinson said, "I ain't been so happy since I been colored." One member of the all-Negro cast, though, stood apart from the general jubilation. He explained, "What Ah cain't unnerstan' is why them boys what wrote this show ain't even stop by to say 'Hi!'"

And then with one of the season's outstanding successes on his hands, a success that could run at the Broadhurst Theater (immediately rechristened Uncle Todd's Cabin) well into the next fall, what does the Rhomboid Rhetorician suddenly do? He closes the show after only seven weeks, and announces that he will soon reopen it in the Hall of Music at the World's Fair! Broadway's verdict was "Todd's clanky. That's all, brother: clanky."

Word of the threatened invasion reached Billy Rose, Archon of the Aquacade and thitherto unchallenged as the king of the Fair's Amusement Area. Rose met Todd in Lindy's Restaurant on Broadway.

"We suppose you have been informed, *n'est-ce pas,* that our contract forbids the presence of any other new and original musical show in the Amusement Area, to the contrary notwithstanding whereas?" Idly, almost inattentively, His Majesty knighted a waiter.

"The Hot Mikado is a musical, but it ain't new," retorted Todd, "so it's coming in, and you'll know about it after it's been there a while. What's more, I'm thinking of putting a box office out back, facing your Aquacade. And I'm afraid, pal, I'm mighty afraid that that's going to mean loud-speakers right in your pretty ear."

A cracker fell to powder in Rose's outraged fingers. "But that wouldn't be good business!"

"It would for me," observed the Bold Bashaw of the Beauty Bazaars. "I've got a closed house and yours is open. But if, now, you'd like to co-operate by giving me a plug from time to time—"

The Treaty That Wasn't

The upshot of this historic encounter was a pact known to Broadway as the Treaty of Lindy's, and presently audiences leaving the Aquacade were hearing the loud-speakers purr, "Billy Rose thanks you for coming and suggests that you visit The Hot Mikado." In return when one of the Aquacade's loud-speaker hookups went sour, Todd invited the spieler to come across the street and use the "Mikado" hookup.

Once again Todd had 'em hanging from the rafters. On the week end of July Fourth, his show played to 24,000 people. A number of papers ranked it ahead of the Aquacade on visitors' "must" lists.

Perhaps the chief absurdity was Todd's reconciliation with Billy Rose to the extent of an agreement to put on a joint show in the Hall of Music. It fell through when Rose discovered that Todd also intended taking over last year's Little Old New York village and replacing it with Gay New Orleans. Todd protested that the prime reason for their joint deal on the Hall of Music was that they wouldn't be fighting each other, and therefore each would be free to devote his surplus talents to other ventures. Rose didn't see it that way, so Todd offered to release him from the deal.

"Okay," said Rose. "So long. Remember, when you're broke, there'll always be a job for you with me."

No daisy chain links the rival producers this year. In fact, Todd has enforced what he calls his "traffic control plan," which seems to consist wholly of closing up the exit that opened toward the Aquacade. The Treaty of Lindy's was just a scrap of sturgeon after all.

The Streets of Paris does a huge business, but Gay New Orleans' business is huger. The whole conception is Todd's own. He wanted something to suggest Parisian naughtiness and yet to Americans something with distinctive architecture, colorful costumes and carnival overtones. Credit for his selection of a New Orleans background he generously gave to O. Henry's story, A Municipal Report, and to a chance-heard recording of Beale Street Blues, until someone pointed out that A Municipal Report concerned Nashville and that Beale Street was in Memphis.

The Low-down on the Theater

"I never been to New Orleans," the Verbal Vandal admitted. "That's why I'm just the guy to put on a New Orleans show. Same with my Dancing Campus, because I never been to college either. This way, I've got the popular idea of 'em and not too much realism. In show business, if you are too realistic, unless you are doing a powerful domestic drama of stark realism, which is not my kind of show business, you have got to take—for instance, look at The Hot Mikado. That's Harlem's conception of Japanese. Pooh-Bah wearing a thousand medals. Broad. No scenery-chewing actors. You know those hams who show great emotion by lifting an eyebrow? You keep 'em. They make a show reek from plain turkey. I don't want 'em. Maybe the carriage trade does, but the carriage trade is good for only six weeks' business. Look at Hellzapoppin'! That's the clincher. The public wants broad theater, meat and potatoes, at a low top, and that's what I've been giving 'em."

When his plans for a fall production are mentioned, he admits that *something* of Michael Todd's will be on Broadway again. "I'll go out on a limb this far, though: the public is going to see some swell casts this fall. The movies have lost the foreign markets that used to bring 'em about forty per cent of their profit. They can't pay stars those tremendous salaries any more, and the stars will be migrating back to Broadway. I see it in my mail every day. I'm submitted people that a year ago you couldn't touch with a ten-foot pole.

"Broadway is in for a boom, and I'm scared. I'll make money and I'm scared it'll go to my head. Look: a few years ago I was busted, and now I've got an air line flying a special shipment of pompano to my Gay New Orleans restaurant every day. Me, a kid out of Minneapolis! But I'm taking care. I'm being careful. See this cigar? It cost me fifty-five cents, and I enjoy it. I enjoy it so much that tomorrow I'm going to switch back to nickel cigars for a while, so I won't miss these high-class ropes when I go broke again.

"The quickest way to go broke is to lose interest in your business, get sloppy. So what do I do? I go over to a certain club one or two nights a week and play rummy. Maybe I win a couple bucks, maybe I lose a couple. But somebody always bites me for a sawbuck, and it's always somebody who was sitting on top of the world a couple of years ago, until he lost interest and got sloppy. I know I'm going to get a bite when I go there, but I go anyhow.

"It's worth it to me. It's a warning. It's an investment.

"But right now I'm making scratch. They're going to put me in Who's Who next year, too. O' course, that ain't so terrific, but"—a puff of smoke from the fifty-five-cent cigar sank to the floor with the rich rustle of a Bokhara carpet—"but it ain't tin."

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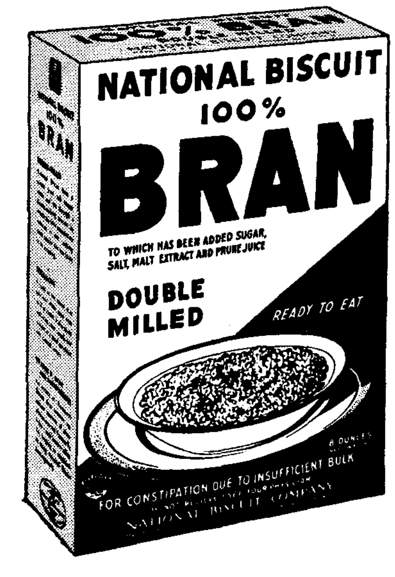
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Quick Decision

Continued from page 22

and at the conclusion he said: "I'll go down to New York, resign my job, get Peggy and bring her home. You'll love her. And I am honing to get in there and see what I can do with the paper."

He promised to be back in ten days and took the New York train.

Promptly at three o'clock on Thursday afternoon, Henry stepped from the express in Grand Central and there stood an excited Peggy, waiting to greet him behind the rope. She had arrived straight from another enthusiastic telephone talk with Mr. Feller.

She saw him first and in that brief glance, she made sure of one vital matter. He hadn't lost his hat, for there it sat on his head and Peggy broke into a smile. Until that instant, she would have bet anything on a hatless Henry. They greeted each other happily and she pointed to the lid.

"You didn't lose it," she cried, and people stared at her. "You're a hero. For the first time in your life, you went somewhere and didn't lose your hat. Here's a reward."

She kissed him again and he said: "I am a man who never loses hats and it's all a canard."

"Smarter and smarter every day that passes," she said. "Wait till I spread the news around New York that Henry went all the way to Maine and back and never lost his fedora. Black headlines everywhere."

They clattered out and into a taxicab, both talking at once, and as Peggy could easily talk faster she informed him of great changes in her radio status. Radio was warming up. Money offers were in sight. Mr. Feller stood on tiptoe, holding forth a contract, and soon the name of Peggy Knight would go bouncing forth on the air waves and fame would follow wealth. Henry listened in beaming admiration, smiled at her enthusiasm, slapped her heartily on the shoulder.

"You're *coming* along," he said warmly, "and I always knew you had a grand voice for radio. This looks like the start you've been waiting for. When did it happen?"

"Since you went to Portland. Feller says he's been working for months to get me in and now they're ready. What do you say?"

"I say grab it while the grabbing is good. Any young singer who wouldn't—"

"Yes, but what about Lincoln and the paper? Did you go home? Did you see them?"

HENRY made a gesture of vast impatience. "You know," he said, "I didn't. I went to Portland for the convention and stayed in Portland. I kept away from home, because, as I told you before, if I went there, I'd never want to leave. . . . Lincoln can wait till we get ready and so can the Recorder. Let dad run it a while longer."

Peggy grabbed him for another kiss. "You're a darling," she said.

"They can run things up there without me," he continued loftily, "and after all, New York is the place to be, that is if you're young and ambitious and have a real talent. If you're just a mutt, it doesn't make much difference, but when anybody has a gift you have—"

Henry looked his bride in the eye during his statement and carried it off serenely. She was so obviously happy that it made him feel good all over. They piled out of the cab on Sixth Avenue, trotted up the stairs together and into the little flat and Peggy's sole desire was to phone C. B. Feller and tell him the gate was open. She could stay in New York and sing. She could begin any time. Her eyes were bright and while she dashed for the bedroom, where the telephone stood, Henry followed an old custom and went out to the icebox.

She flung herself on the bed and picked up the phone. Henry was making vague kitchen noises, slamming doors, shouting questions and presently he appeared in the bedroom doorway, holding a glass of milk and a slab of gingerbread. The operator was trying to rouse Mr. Feller to speech and while she waited Peggy admiringly patted Henry's hat, which he had tossed on the bed with his coat. . . . Henry ate and drank, the proud husband, and Mr. Feller spoke.

"Hello," he said. "This is Feller."

"Yes and this is Peggy Knight. Henry just got home this minute and you won't like the news. We are going up to Lincoln to live and I'm going to be an editor's wife and have a dog. The radio deal is all off, canceled and cold."

"WHAT'S that?" asked the pained Mr. Feller. "You don't mean it."

"Have to go to Maine to live, so, of course, I can't stay here and sing on the radio. Henry belongs up there and I'm his wife, so where he goes, I go. Thank you, Mr. Feller. You've been very kind."

There was some more to the conversation, with Mr. Feller inclined to argue and while it went on Henry leaned against the woodwork, spilled his milk, opened his mouth and stared at his wife. He stopped chewing and gulped. His genial countenance shone with amazement and finally Peggy hung up.

"What's the idea?" he shouted.

Peggy slowly lifted herself from the bed, holding his hat in her hand. She moved over to him and bumped his forehead with hers, bumped it several times, while he blinked.

"You outrageous lie-teller," she said calmly. "You with your honest, blue eyes. . . . You come home on a train to your innocent wife and you look her in the eye and tell her barefaced lies."

"Who?" Henry asked.

"You know who! You know darned well you were in Lincoln and you know you saw your father and mother and no doubt you looked over the bungalow on the hill and the newspaper and then you come back to New York and you conceal all this, because you want me to have my way and be a radio singer."

"Wait a minute," said Henry, backing off slightly.

"And that isn't the worst of it all. Oh, no! There's more deception. You fool your loving wife. You put something over on a simple woman from Kansas, doggone you. You lost your hat."

"I did not."

"You did, you wretch. You lost your hat again and you were ashamed of yourself. Look."

Here she waved his hat in front of his eyes, so that he could look inside and see the lining and see that it wasn't any fedora from Fifth Avenue at all, but a fedora just like the Fifth Avenue hat, only purchased obviously in Lincoln, Maine, as revealed plainly by the label of the Lincoln Hat Shop. Henry put down his milk and smiled.

"You got me, kid," he said weakly, "but it's too bad about the radio."

"When do we start for Lincoln?" she asked, "and the canary?"

"Just as soon as Heaven will let you pack our few belongings. The chairs are out on the porch and there's a light burning in the window of the bungalow on the hill."

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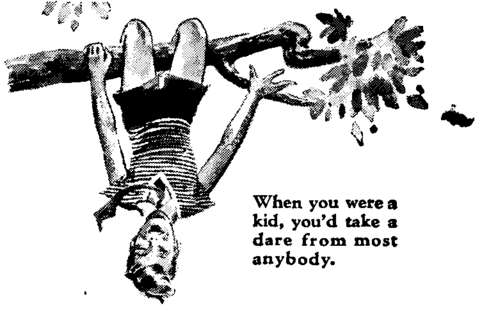

When you were a kid, you'd take a dare from most anybody.

Remember when Joe dared you to hang by your knees from the apple tree? You may have been scared stiff, but you did it!

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How about taking a dare to try Crosby Square? Smokers have discovered that this blend has what they've been looking for—the mildness of a cigarette with the full flavor of a real pipe tobacco. So come on—you take the dare; we'll stand the risk. If you don't find Crosby Square fills your "pipe-bill," you can get all your money back.

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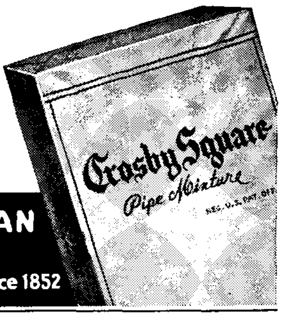

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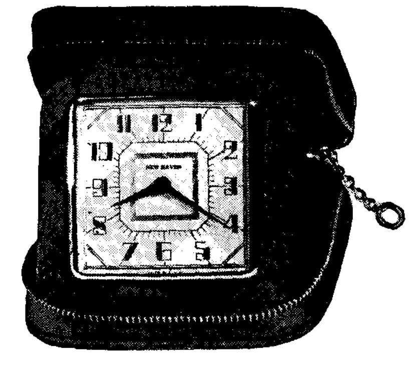

An attractive travel clock with tan ostrich-grain genuine leather slide-fastened case. 30 hour movement. Size 4½" x 4" when closed. Ideal for travel, home and office use.

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Independent Agency Division, Desk C-37
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company
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Detroit's Defense Headache

Continued from page 8

to give us a different-shaped hood or a funnier-looking fender is a yank here and a kick yonder. Actually it's a matter of months and a truckload of money to put a new bulge on a car's backside.

When Detroit begins to arm us as well as take us for rides (and she hasn't even spit on her hands yet) she'll have spent many months and many millions on new buildings, new machinery, new tools and dies. She'll have added a hundred thousand men and women to her pay rolls and trained them. Her engineers will have consumed months designing, modelmaking, testing and consulting. There'll be endless palaverings with government experts whose eyes are ever focused beyond the horizon. And somehow, sometime, they'll hope to convince Washington that, given half a chance, Detroit can make engines, bodies, gears, castings, bolts and nuts as well if not a mite better than any political appointee or even West Point graduate. You've got to understand this: Those miraculous assembly lines in Detroit were designed for automobile production, not armament stuff. Detroit merely knows how to turn out things in a hurry. All she has today to offer the arms-hungry government is her quantity-production experience.

Someone Has to Shell Out

Understandably, Detroit would like to know who or what is going to protect the hundreds of millions it will cost the automotive industry to add munitions making to the rest of the local excitement. These motorcar manufacturers are not in business simply because they don't know what to do with their time. At the moment the city is overstocked with red-eyed orators who'll tell you that the automobile mandarins are profit pirates and that the cost of armaments will be paid with the peculiarly precious blood of the downtrodden worker. It sounds great, particularly after a few beers, but it's also a trifle cockeyed. Of course, we shall be accused of having been bribed into saying this but the truth is that, as a result of our efforts to induce these motor makers to come clean with the facts we set down here, our arches are giving us hell and we've worn out the seat of our pants.

It costs Detroit almost as much to double output as it does to set up the original machinery. To achieve mass production a plant must have a number of identical machines and tool sets so that identical operations may be carried on simultaneously. And simple machines can cost a hundred thousand dollars. We don't aim at boring you; we hope merely to show you that setting up munitions mills eats into the bank roll.

Government engineers have just been in Detroit to find out how much of the existing motorcar machinery out at the Chrysler plant could be used to manufacture an armored car garnished with cannon and machine guns. They found ten per cent to be the answer. But they found, too, that it would be cheaper to ignore that ten per cent and set up a completely new assembly line in a brand-new building. But before they're made, the machinery will have to be designed and manufactured and shipped, set up and co-ordinated. Months. Months.

But we're off the track. What we're getting at is Detroit's perfectly reasonable demand to know whether the government is willing to pay enough to take care of the cost of equipment plus the cost of manufacture plus a profit. When Ford, General Motors, Chrysler, Packard and the rest of them stop manufacturing arms they'll have a lovely mess of otherwise useless machinery to remember it by and it will be as useful in the art of making automobiles as a palm-leaf fan in Antarctica. The government yearns to induce Detroit to accept orders on a cost plus eight per cent basis. And Detroit wants to know whether the cost is to include the overhead—the new buildings, the new machinery, tools and so forth—or whether the setup expenses are to be wanded out of the eight per cent profit. Detroit is willing to concede that the new buildings may not have to be written off; some of the industrialists are even willing to give some of the buildings and the machinery which is never very far from obsolescence back to the government when it's all over. Just what the government would do with them is not clear, although it might sell the machinery to the Japs for junk to throw back at us some day as shot and shell.

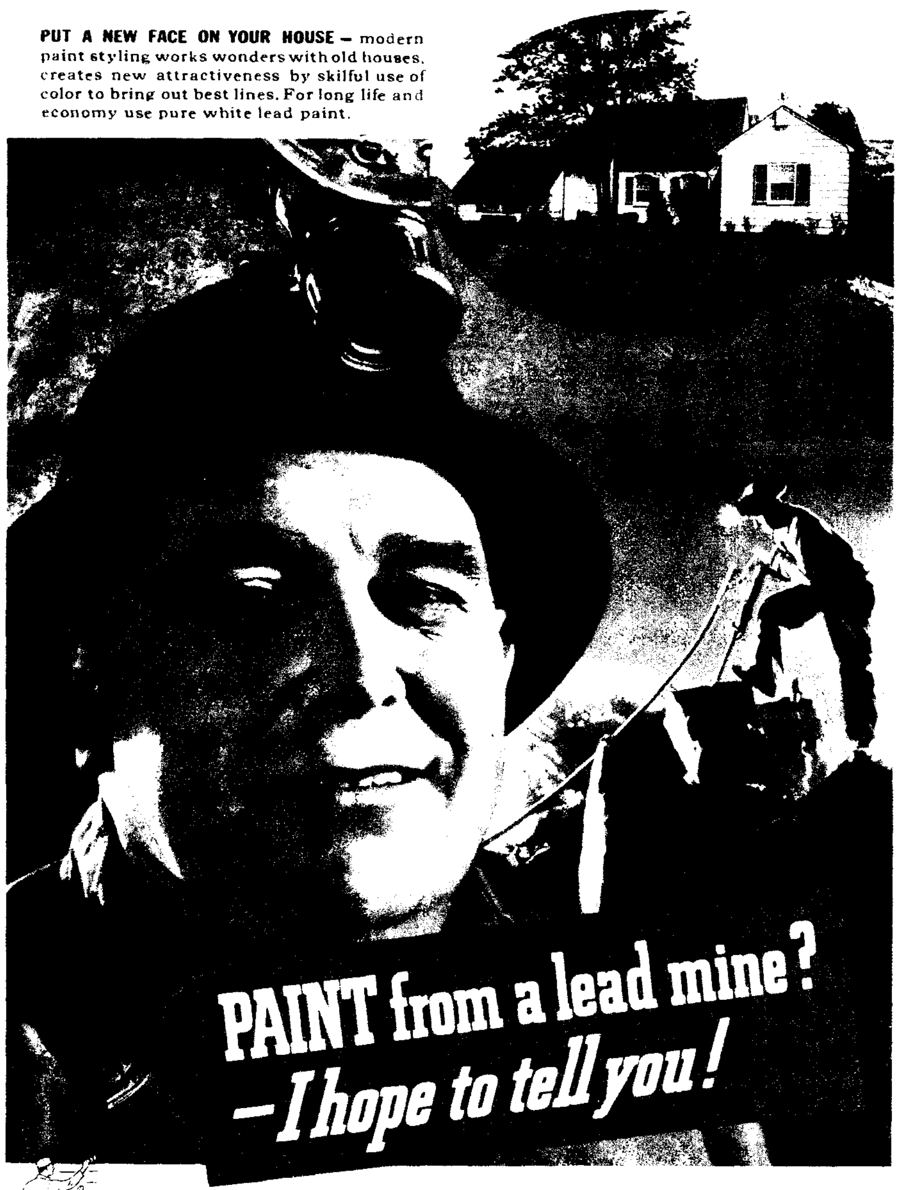
At Ford's they told us that they were not concerned with war profits, that they didn't care whether they made a cent just so that they didn't lose one. For example, Mr. Ford didn't bother quoting the American government in cost-plus terms on those Rolls-Royce engines. He just set a flat rate. We didn't learn what that flat rate was but his representatives told us that it was lower than anyone else could hope to manufacture on a cost-plus basis. But he wouldn't make engines for England on any basis at Dearborn, saying that that was a job for his English and Canadian factories.

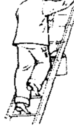
Eight Per Cent is Plenty—If—

But Mr. Ford has no board of directors to appease and no stockholders to belabor his door for dividends. His rivals enjoy no such freedom. They've got to make a profit or quit, leaving large numbers of wage earners to seek their meat and potatoes elsewhere—WPA, for example. The motor manufacturers assure you that a profit of eight per cent is quite satisfactory—provided it's all profit. But if they have to borrow money for buildings, machinery and tools and if the interest they have to pay on this borrowed credit eats deeply into that eight per cent, they don't sleep well. Too many unforseen accidents can happen to the remaining margin of profit. The more you poke around, the more you become convinced that it's very foolish for a democracy to embark upon an armament program and elect a President all in the same year. In such circumstances, the demagogues are the only ones armed. In Detroit and Washington it is generally admitted that either the government will have to grant industry a fair profit or take over the industrial plants and go into munitions making on a fine, holy, patronage scale.

In the meantime Detroit, always bothered with high blood pressure, is breaking fingernail-biting records. As the country's stratosphere of industrial efficiency and the world's unchallenged champ at mass production, it is scarcely likely that it will be ignored when, at long last, the big contracts are parceled out by a prodigally red-taped government. In its extremity the government can't get along without Detroit's assembly lines any more comfortably than Detroit can get along without the government. But before war and after, Detroit thinks in automobiles and how

PUT A NEW FACE ON YOUR HOUSE — modern paint styling works wonders with old houses, creates new attractiveness by skilful use of color to bring out best lines. For long life and economy use pure white lead paint.


PAINT from a lead mine?
—I hope to tell you!



YES SIR, down here in the mines we dig out something that plays a mighty important part in making good paint.

I'm speaking about lead. It's one of the toughest metals there is in resisting weather—and that's a quality everybody wants in paint.

So to make paint last better it's mixed with lead. Not lead as it comes from the mines, but *white lead* that's made from the refined metal.

White lead is right tough, too. It puts real backbone into paint—armors it to fight off weather without cracking and scaling—makes it go on smooth, cling tight and wear like all get-out.

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR EXPERIENCE. *Anyone can smear on paint, but careful painting around fixtures and trim is just one of the many tricks of the trade that make a painting contractor a good investment.*

In fact, white lead paint wears down so evenly and gradually that you don't have to burn and scrape it off when you finally repaint. New paint goes over it as slick as a whistle.

So it's just plain horse sense in buying paint to find out how much white lead it contains. It's a pretty safe rule to follow: *the higher the lead content, the better the paint!* You can't, for example, get a more durable paint than one containing one hundred per cent white lead. This is the kind good painters mix from lead-in-oil. It's also being sold now in many places in prepared ready-to-use form, in white and colors.

If you want to check up on me, just ask any good painter. He'll tell you using white lead paint is one case where the best is cheapest!

• • •

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THE TROPIC SUN,
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WITHOUT THE HEAT!
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When grenadine is used instead of sugar, it's a Bacardi Grenadine Cocktail, and it comes out pink!

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THERE'S A DIFFERENCE, WORTH KNOWING!

RUM 89 PROOF—Schenley Import Corp., N. Y. Copr. 1940

to go about getting us to buy them.

In Washington, as an agent of the New Deal, sits Mr. Knudsen as head man of the National Defense Commission. Mr. Knudsen was president of General Motors and, for all we know, will be again. At his side sit Mr. Stettinius, Mr. Budd, Mr. Batt and others who could not normally be regarded as damp-eyed New Dealers. They are more representative of industry as opposed to most New Deal policies. Behind them two Republicans who are not New Dealers sit in the War and Navy posts of Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet. And Detroit is scared stiff lest the average car buyer say: "With Knudsens, Stettiniuses, Knoxes and Stimsons, your friends, working for Mr. Roosevelt for nothing or for relatively low salaries, why can't you motorcar makers get busy? If they, your friends, are willing to make sacrifices along with us ordinary guys, why aren't you? Just wait until you try to sell us new cars."

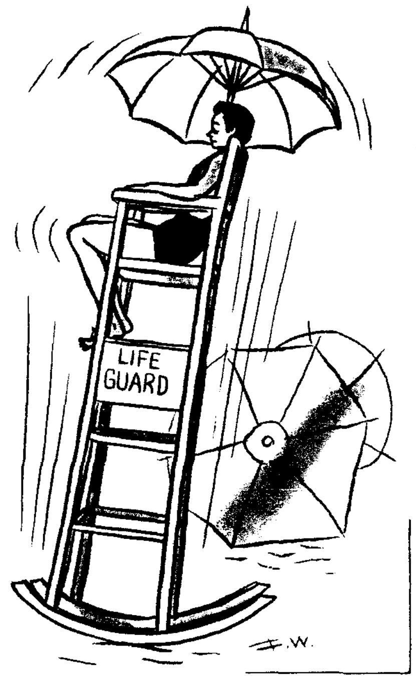
The function of the National Defense Commission is simple in theory. These gentlemen, having devoted themselves to making machines that run on oil, steam and money, have lacked the time to learn about the kind that run on votes, patronage and preference. Their chore is to learn as quickly as possible what the Army and Navy need, who can supply these needs best and quickest and, the contracts awarded, clear the way to production. And if you think that's week-end stuff, you ought to see a doctor. Neither the Army, the Navy nor their air forces have been quite sure what they need. Too busy watching for cues from Hitler. Industry surveys made by the Army, hopeful of finding who could make what with the least delay, have had to be largely rewritten.

The old surveys were based upon battle standards of 1918. And as for clearing the way to production—well, there are just so many machine toolmakers, machinery manufacturers and other supply outfits. And nobody is yet quite sure which requirement of our armaments program is so important that the makers of these arms may have preference in the machine, machine tool and other manufacturing accessory foundries. Thus the trials and tribulations of the National Defense Commission.

The Labor Angle

Behind these earnestly striving gentlemen hangs a high, wide and lightproof curtain of labor politics. Let's be explicit. The Army and Navy are not political organizations although forever griped by internal log-rolling and apple-polishing. It should be said, incidentally, to the credit of our soldiers and sailors that they're rotten politicians at best. However, they do their best, which is to say they keep themselves in a perpetual tremble lest they antagonize the White House or Congress or both. Therefore, the Army and the Navy departments are never completely unconscious of what the politicians would prefer—particularly with an election in the offing.

In Detroit they told us that one of the reasons why Henry Ford's plane-building offer was scoffed off was his refusal to play ball with the National Labor Relations Board and his defiance of the board's labor union ideal, the C.I.O. Washington prefers to say that the conditions Mr. Ford named as his price of going to work were impossible. Mr. Ford asked merely that the government tell him what it wanted and then get out of his way.



Perhaps no person or agency of government is quite bird-brained enough to command our military to ignore industrialists who have been poison to the National Labor Relations Board or have got into John L. Lewis' eyebrows. Nevertheless, our politically acuter Army and Navy officials do no unnecessary bundling with those who have been more than academic enemies of the New Deal. Not if they can get their orders filled by less offensive manufacturers. Perhaps Mr. Stimson, Secretary of War, and his new advisory committee, will be able to fight out of the corner. But Mr. Lewis wants the government to have no truck whatsoever with tough guys like Mr. Ford. And if you think that the Administration, facing a bruising campaign, is going to ignore the belly-roars of Mr. Lewis—well, you'd better go see that doctor again. Neither political party is going to high-hat anybody this year.

Mass Production of Rumors

All this is pure bottleneck to Detroit, where, the magnates insist, patriotism blooms as lustily and even more fragrantly than it does in Washington. The city is crowded to its eaves with sweating salesmen, engineers, Army officers, inventors, G-men, job hunters, contact men, labor agitators, spies, variously hued journalists and economists, survey groups, publicity men, political hitchhikers, patriotism torches, efficiency counselors, ad-lib orators who'll bellow for anything for wages, fellow travelers, and brief-case slipperies who know parties who can fix anything for a cut of the take. Government, state and local cops are on the prowl. The hotels are full, the tourist camps stuffed and boarding-houses eaten out of hash and home.

Before you've been in town a couple of days on information bent, you learn that it's no use trying to hide from the foregoing gentlemen. At the various automobile plants you are received cordially and your questions are answered with complete candor. The motorcar makers will tell you that they're ready to set up as armament makers, that they have representatives in Washington to say what Detroit can do and that Washington has agents in Detroit eager to outline what the government wants—when the government finds out. It's all quite simple, that part. But the wise guys, soft-shoe lads, low-down boys, tipsters, touts and inside-dope peddlers who fill the hotel lobbies and know quiet places where you and they can talk won't have it that way.

"Lissen, fella, how much for a file of letters from a certain Cabinet member to one of the auto big shots. They're hot—both ways. A hundred bucks and I talk. Five hundred and you get copies. Make it a grand and—"

"My dear sir, this town is rotten with traitors, Trojan horses, fifth columnists. As a patriotic duty I am willing to give you the facts. I will personally escort you to their headquarters. All I ask is the expenses I have incurred in uncovering this mass of un-American filth."

"Hello. Listen. I ain't mentioning names but a friend of yours tipped me off you're in town. Said be sure and contact you. Said you were in the market for something that's been going on at—"

These are just samples. We even had a call from a barfly who said he was an ex-G-man who was ready to spill beans. But there was only one mystery—how they knew what you were doing.

In the meantime, Detroit would like to know whether she should be thinking of armaments or only of next year's automobile models. She would like to know whether she should be combing the crowded labor market for able workers or write her budgets on the theory that nothing is happening and nothing is going to happen. In her waiting rooms are hundreds of representatives of machine, machine-tool and raw-materials firms wilting in the heat but not daring to leave lest word come that the dam has broken. Quite frankly, Detroit would like a lot to know whether this is an armament program or just another political campaign.

Mr. Hitler Would Laugh

We can't begin to tell you how we regret that we can't tell you what went on at three or four conferences between individual automobile manufacturers and sundry members of the Administration.

We'd like to tell you of the correspondence we read. But we can't. You see, it's our turn to be mysterious. But these remarkable meetings actually took place and these Washington to Detroit to Washington letters happen to exist. They'd be screams to Mr. Hitler but to those who'd like to see the United States equipped to talk a well-armed opponent's language, they'd be just moans.

One of the motor makers almost wept as he told us what had happened when he was asked on what terms he would accept an airplane engine contract. During this session with one of the Administration's swiftest political torpedoes, the manufacturer's differences with the United Automobile Workers were mentioned mournfully. Likewise, several somewhat tart phrases used by the Detroiter in setting forth his opinion of the New Deal were recalled.

"When I think of some of the things that haven't been done to get this armament program started," he sighed, "there are moments when next to being an American I'd rather be a German."

But we got a mild surprise from another, the survivor of a somewhat similar experience.

"Do you think a change of administration would speed things up?" we asked. "You're for Willkie, of course."

"I'm a Republican," he replied. "I suppose I'll vote for Willkie. But I don't know. With an armaments program under way—and it'll have to get under way sooner or later—I'd rather see a politician in the White House than a businessman. To handle Congress, it takes a politician."

We quoted this to a third magnate—so Republican that he always suspected Herbert Hoover of radical leanings. He too supposed he'd vote for Mr. Willkie. He said that he deplored our national debt and had at least once cheered heartily for budget-balancing.

"But I don't know," said he. "This is probably no time to talk about government economy."

All of which doesn't give wings to our armaments program. But it makes swell bottlenecks.

Most for your Money in finest ink
MIDNIGHT BLUE-BLACK
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A fountain reservoir inkstand with self-starting pen—"writes pages at one dipping."

Carter's INK

Finest for Fountain Pens. Also Adhesives, Carbon Paper, Typewriter Ribbons, Cube-Wells

Sauts the Bat

Continued from page 13

"We have thought much about this unjust thing. It is the white man's railroad that is driving away our game. It is cutting the Cheyennes' land in two. If it goes on, soon there will be no buffalo left and the Cheyennes must starve. So we have decided that the railroad must stop. It must not be built on past the place where it now ends. I ask the white chief to ask the Father in Washington to stop the railroad now. If the Father will not do this, the Cheyennes have decided that there will be war. It will be better to be killed fighting for our land than to see our women and children starve.

"I have no more words. Sauts the Bat has spoken for his people."

Little Ellsinger turned suddenly away from the slit in the tent wall.

"The fool!" he whispered hoarsely. "The damned loony fool! Why, there ain't a chance o' stoppin' the railroad—the Kansas-Pacific railroad! Why, they're goin' to build right through to Denver an' then California!"

Man with a Mission

The railroad moved on, inevitably as civilization itself. The Cheyennes swept across western Kansas like a prairie fire. Sigmund Ellsinger was afraid—not of anything tangible but of something in his mind. In his mind he found himself riding with Roman Nose, fighting to keep the white men from destroying that marvelous bronze body, fighting to stop the railroad that would spoil the land of the Cheyennes forever.

The thing worried him; he knew that he couldn't afford to feel like that. He'd "gone white" and, by gravy, he'd stay white! He'd been Injun for six years, but now he was a white man again. Some people said that was impossible, that once you'd gone Injun you stayed Injun inside. But that wasn't true. He'd prove it; by gravy, he'd prove it!

One September day word came of an attack on a train eighty miles beyond Fort Wallace. Within two hours Colonel George Forsyth's special detachment of fifty mounted scouts—not soldiers but veteran plainsmen—were in the saddle and Ellsinger rode with them. They were glad to have him; small and bent though he was he was a dead shot, a good plainsman, hard as a nail. They picked up the Indians' tracks and, on the eighth day from Fort Wallace, they made camp in a bowl-shaped valley beside the dry bed of the Arikaree River.

Ellsinger knew the Cheyennes. All that last day he had known that they were riding into a trap, but Forsyth wouldn't believe him.

Maybe, Ellsinger figured, Colonel Forsyth didn't believe he had really gone white. Probably that was why Forsyth wouldn't listen to him when he begged the colonel to turn back. Probably Forsyth thought he was trying to flimflam so his friends, the Cheyennes, could get away.

Well, he'd show Forsyth. In the morning, he'd show him. There'd be a fight before they were wiped out. If he could draw a bead on Roman Nose himself. In the gray of dawn he woke sweating and trembling, and three minutes later he was standing beside his saddled horse, close to Colonel Forsyth and Sharp Grover, the head scout.

Except a few who were handing out coffee under Lieutenant Beecher's direction, the whole detachment was in line, each man standing at his horse's head, bridle rein through his left arm, rifle in his right hand—ready.

So Forsyth expected it too—thought it was coming. Ellsinger didn't think; he *knew*.

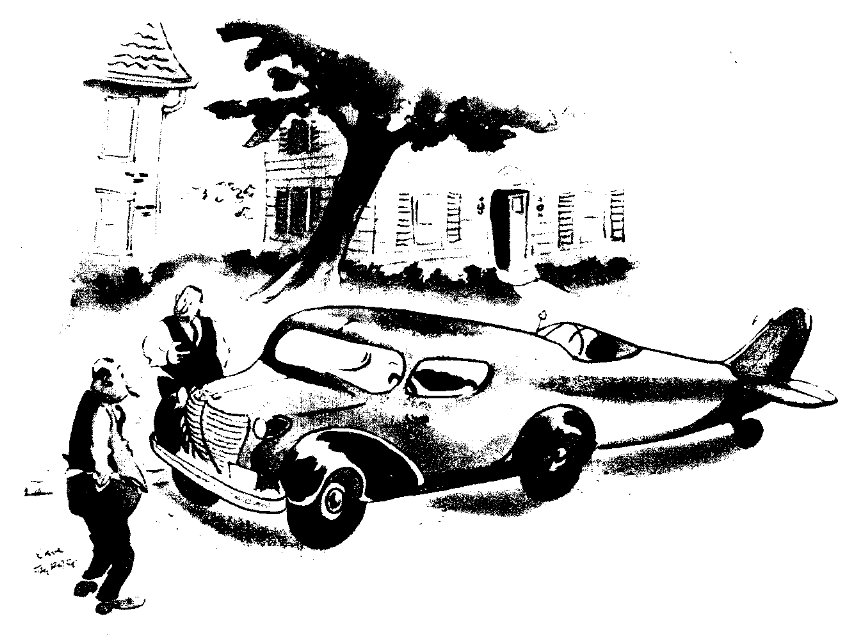
He heard Sharp Grover rip out an oath. Ellsinger knew what he was going to see. Yet what he saw surprised him. He had known that the attack was coming and that there would be plenty of Cheyennes. But he hadn't realized how many there would be.

They were racing down from the low hills that enclosed the valley like the rim of a bowl. There were hundreds of them—maybe a thousand, Ellsinger figured—and they had the detachment surrounded; wherever he looked he saw them, topping the sky line, galloping their mustangs down the long, bare slopes.

Colonel Forsyth's voice broke in upon his consciousness. Forsyth was pointing with his big army revolver over the wide, dry bed of the Arikaree.

"Boys," he said, his tone vibrant with controlled excitement, yet quiet and cool, "we'll get over to that island and stand 'em off there."

Ellsinger looked where the pistol pointed. In the middle of the hard, sandy



"It was the last car off the line when they were switching to low-cost bombers"

DAVE GERARD

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river bed, which was about 400 feet wide, was a small gravelly island dotted with stunted willows and alders. A mere trickle of water surrounded it. It stood in the midst of the flat, dry expanse of the river bed like a little fort.

They splashed through the shallow strip of water surrounding the island and tied the horses to the willows just as the first bullets zinged over them. Standing behind the horses, they replied to the Indians' fire. The Cheyennes didn't charge at once. Taking cover in a fringe of wild plums along the riverbanks, they poured a hail of bullets and arrows upon the island.

The horses, exposed and helpless, went down one by one. Crouching behind the carcasses, the men dug pits with their bowie knives in the soft gravel and sand. Before these pits were completed, two scouts were killed and five others wounded. Surgeon Mooers was mortally hit in the head, Colonel Forsyth was crippled by a ball through the thigh and another in the lower leg.

To Ellsinger all this first part of the fight was like tedious pantomime. It wasn't what he was waiting for. The idea that had taken root in his mind had become an obsession; he must find Roman Nose, prove what he had to prove. Purposely he had stuck to Forsyth.

South of the island the dry bed of the Arikaree curved to the right. Around this curve came some five hundred Cheyenne horsemen, trotting slowly in eight ranks of about sixty front. At their head on a superb chestnut mustang rode Roman Nose—Sauts the Bat.

Men Against Bullets

Ellsinger peered with rapidly blinking eyes over the gravel mound in front of his pit. He knew the Cheyennes and he had thought they would try this, yet now he could scarcely believe it. The pity of it seemed too great. These people, fighting for their land, fighting to keep their home . . . they were going to charge the rifle pits . . . they were going to ride straight into the bullets.

The film cleared from Ellsinger's eyes. He stole a quick glance at Forsyth, propped in the next pit, his big Colt's in his hand. He heard Forsyth's voice, steady and strong in spite of his pain, telling the men to see that the magazines of their rifles were full—they were Spencer repeaters, good for seven shots without reloading—and to hold their fire until he gave the word.

Sharp Grover was as cool as Forsyth and there was a quiver of exultation in his voice. "Boys," he said, "we can ruin 'em if they try it. We can pump seven volleys into 'em with these here Spencers. We can blast 'em to Kingdom Come."

The Cheyenne horsemen were trotting in open order down the dry, level river bed straight toward the island. They were splendidly mounted.

Ellsinger was aware of them as one is aware of the backdrop in a play. What he really saw was Roman Nose, riding in front on his big chestnut stallion. On his head were two buffalo horns; his war bonnet of eagle feathers streamed behind him in the wind; around his waist he had bound a brilliant scarlet sash. Except for this he was entirely naked. In the strong sunlight his perfectly proportioned body gleamed a rich golden bronze.

Again as great music and great poetry exalt souls attuned to them, so the magnificent body of this bronze Achilles exalted little crooked Sigmund Ellsinger in whose small, ugly body dwelt a soul attuned to the beauty and rhythm of form—a soul that might have made him a great sculptor. Yet even now he didn't forget the thing he was going to do.

Suddenly the Indian sharpshooters hidden along the riverbanks quickened their fire; and almost at the same moment Roman Nose flung his right hand above his head, brandishing his heavy rifle as though it were a switch. The chestnut stallion leaped forward, and behind their leader the whole Cheyenne array broke into a gallop.

It was one of the grandest cavalry charges ever made in the West. The cool, steady men in the rifle pits, veteran plainsmen and good shots, heavily outnumbered but well entrenched, and with deadly repeating rifles in their hands, quietly awaited Forsyth's order to fire.

The plainsmen rose to their knees in the pits, resting their rifles on the gravel mounds in front. Suddenly Forsyth shouted, "Now!"

Ellsinger Proves It

A sheet of flame burst from the rifle pits. It was followed almost at once by another. Gaps were blasted in the oncoming wave of horsemen, but the gaps closed at once; the wave surged on. A third time the rifle pits spat their flames. Again the great gaps blown in the shattered ranks were closed; still the wild war songs pealed out above the drumming of hoofs, and the galloping horsemen raced onward.

One man in the rifle pits hadn't fired—Ellsinger. He was sick with the pity of it. His people, his Cheyennes . . . human like white men . . . fighting for their homes . . . riding naked into the bullets. He hadn't fired into them. But from the beginning his rifle had covered Roman Nose. It had never left him except when the smoke hid him. It was covering him now.

They were close at hand now. They had ridden through hell as bravely as ever men rode, and now they had nearly reached their goal. But the men in the rifle pits were brave men too. Annihilation stared them in the face, but no panic wave swept them at this crucial instant. At pistol-shot range they pumped a fifth volley, then a sixth, into the mass of the horsemen.

Only a few yards away Ellsinger saw a great bronze man burst through the smoke—a magnificent, naked, golden-bronze man riding a big bronze stallion. He was about to leap his horse upon the island. Another moment and he would be in the rifle pits.

Roman Nose hadn't been touched. He was still in front, still leading the charge. The chestnut stallion had been hit; it seemed to Ellsinger that Roman Nose was giving his own strength to the horse, lifting it onward at each stride with his great bronze thighs.

Ellsinger turned cold. Nausea boiled up in his throat. He stared with wild eyes along the barrel of his rifle. A whimpering cry broke from him as he pulled the trigger. Roman Nose—Sauts the Bat—crumpled forward as though his whole chest had been caved in. Bronze man and bronze horse crashed down together.

Ellsinger jumped to his feet. In a bound he reached Forsyth's pit next to his own. "You saw it, Colonel," he screamed. "I did it. . . . I killed him. . . . Me. Ellsinger!"

Standing on the rim of the pit, he was above the thickest smoke. He saw that the last two volleys had broken the Cheyenne charge. Under cover of the smoke, the survivors were carrying off their dead, riding in couples, dragging the bodies between the horses. Ellsinger jumped down into his pit again and sat there trembling. By gravy, it was awful, awful! They'd been mowed down. . . . They'd only been fightin' for their lands. . . . He was the jim-dandiest-lookin' chief and now he was only dead meat. But Forsyth knew now; he'd had it proved to him, by gravy!

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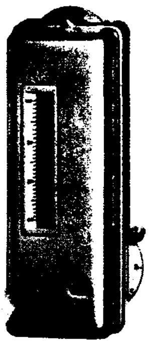

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What Happened to France

Continued from page 11

But that combative intelligence, that slightly arrogant assurance, that harsh and brilliant logic and that air of always being right on financial and economic questions about which the person to whom he was talking knew little were designed to exasperate many politicians, and in particular Daladier.

The latter was no less eloquent than Reynaud, but his style was not the triumphant, aggressive and technical one of his rival; his was a familiar style, touched with sorrowful emotion. When Daladier talked to the French people about the war, small tradesmen, workers, peasants, everyone, felt that this homely tone, these grave accents and this heartfelt love of peace made the premier a fellow to all Frenchmen.

Edouard Daladier had been a professor of history and he had found in the history of France, as well as in his own honest heart, reasons for a passionate devotion to his country. All this was admirable, but these qualities were vitiated by two grave faults: a distrustful touchiness that made him suspicious of all his colleagues and a lack of will that became at times almost pathological. He was subject at moments to terrific fits of rage during which he would pound on the council table. His colleagues asserted that his fist sounded hollow. "A hand of velvet in a glove of iron," they used to say. But Daladier's true character was unknown to the general public who saw only his vigorous thickset exterior, called him "the little bull of La Camargue," and expected bold action from him.

"WHO would be the ideal man to replace Daladier?" I asked Reynaud one day.

"Daladier as the French people imagine him to be," he replied.

Edouard Daladier's irascible distrustfulness had already embroiled him with Edouard Herriot, and the Radical party had been torn by the war of the two Edouards. In one of Tristan Bernard's comedies there is a character who is called by his friends Triplepaw and who is so uncertain about his own desires that on the day of his marriage he hesitates to go to the church. "Daladier is Triplepaw," Paul Reynaud used to say, and this Triplepaw side of his character explains, perhaps, why this radical minister became successively the creator of the popular front and the hope of the conservative bourgeoisie. Daladier, for his part, used to say of Paul Reynaud: "As soon as he starts to talk, he has such an air of self-satisfaction that, in order to stand him at all, I have to picture him strutting about with a peacock's tail."

Such were the two men whose duty it should have been to work as a team and to co-operate in governing France, then engaged in the most terrible of wars. In actuality, each irritated the other, and this mutual exasperation grew to hatred when the schemes of women further poisoned their relations.

I should have preferred not to talk about this aspect, at first glance so trivial, of the frightful tragedy of which France was the victim. But, on the one hand, the essential facts today are known to all, and, on the other, it is certain that the private lives of some of our statesmen impaired their public usefulness.

It would be wrong, very wrong, to say that the French way of life in 1939 was corrupt; millions of good families in France led simple and united lives. But this was not true of the three thousand persons in Paris who, as Byron said, "because they go to bed late believe they are the leaders of the world." Most of these attached no great importance to their sentimental or sensual intrigues; but events were destined to prove that these intrigues could nevertheless place nations in jeopardy and that "the man who would be king" must first of all discipline himself and be the master of his own passions.

Daladier, after the death of his wife, had for his Egeria the Marquise de C. This gracious and beautiful woman, blond and youthful in appearance, had a taste for power and an unfortunate passion for economic and political doctrines. But she knew how to keep herself in the background, she never tried to show off her great man to the world and her discreet influence was not, on the whole, very harmful.

On the other hand, Paul Reynaud's friend, the Countess de P., was slightly mad, excitable, meddlesome and, as the course of events was to show, dangerous.

One day, as I had criticized in Reynaud's presence a particularly unsuitable political appointment made by Daladier:

"It was not his choice," said Reynaud, "it was *hers*."

"That is no excuse," I said.

He sighed.

"Ah," said he, "you do not know what a man who has been hard at work all day would put up with to make sure of an evening's peace."

I thought that Balzac would have made a note of that sentence.

FROM the very start of the war her dominant characteristic seemed to be ambition. It was not enough for her that Paul Reynaud was minister of finance: she was determined at all costs to make him premier. She filled all the salons of Paris with accounts of Daladier's lack of energy, his laziness, his inertia and gave everyone to understand that it was urgent that Reynaud should succeed him. Naturally these remarks were repeated the same evening to Daladier and the latter's detestation of Paul Reynaud constantly increased. There was a time when these two men, both members of the war cabinet, were on such bad terms that they no longer spoke to each other. This

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was an absurd and monstrous situation and fraught with danger for the country.

For my own part, living with the armies as I did, I liked nothing better than to see Paul Reynaud when I passed through Paris. He could inform me better than anyone else, in his brilliant and uncompromising fashion, about the political situation.

IT WAS thus that on the nineteenth of March between two meetings of the Chamber of Deputies he came to dine with me alone. The day had been a bad one for the Daladier cabinet. The defeat of Finland had exasperated Parliament, and Daladier was criticized for not having acted fast enough. Probably the criticism was unfair, for it would have been difficult, perhaps impossible, to organize an expedition of this sort, and it would likely have terminated in disaster.

But the deputies had demanded a secret meeting which had taken up the whole afternoon and was to reconvene the same evening at ten o'clock.

"That poor fellow Daladier has had a bad day," Reynaud told us when he arrived at eight o'clock. "I should not be surprised if he were overthrown tonight."

"And who will succeed him?" my wife asked. "You?"

"That depends," Reynaud said, "upon the president of the republic and also upon the elements that defeat Daladier."

"If you are chosen," I said, "you will have to secure Daladier's support. He still has great popularity in the country."

"That is because the country does not know him."

"Possibly so, but it is a fact. You have great talent, but you have no party. The Radicals will be faithful to Daladier, and the Right, to which you belong, also prefers Daladier because you despise the Right and take no trouble to conceal the fact."

He smiled and said he would try, if the president summoned him, to arrange matters so that Daladier would retain the ministry of war. At ten o'clock he left for the Palais-Bourbon. That night, as he had expected, Daladier was overthrown. President Lebrun called upon Reynaud, who agreed, without demur, to form a new cabinet. But in this difficult task this remarkably intelligent man gave evidence of amazing ignorance of public opinion and an equally amazing lack of intuition.

When he appeared before Parliament, Reynaud secured with the greatest difficulty a majority of *one* vote! Parliament did not like him and at bottom it was sorry for having overthrown Daladier. Feeling this air of hostility, Reynaud lost his customary self-assurance and made a miserable speech.

Next day I returned to my post in Arras where I found all my French comrades profoundly shocked at the composition of the Reynaud ministry. It seemed to them a deliberate challenge to public opinion. In time of war it was a serious thing to discover so complete a break between the government and a large part of the nation. I had not seen Paul Reynaud since he accepted the premiership. From Arras I sent him, in guise of congratulations, a sentence from Barrès: "In time of peace Parliament represents the nation; but in time of war it is the army." And I added: "Do not lose touch with it."

From the start of the war Paul Reynaud had shown his hostility to General Gamelin. He criticized him for his inaction and maintained that the army did not have confidence in him. These were questions upon which I found it hard to form an opinion. It was true that in September, 1939, the general had not made a vigorous attack on the Siegfried Line but had confined himself to cautious operations in the Saar. His adversaries maintained that this period, when a large part of the German forces was engaged in Poland, would have been the best possible one for a decisive attack. To this the general replied that at the outset of the campaign we did not possess the material equipment for taking the offensive and, in particular, we did not have the necessary airplanes and heavy artillery. Without this equipment, such an attack would have entailed crushing losses.

"I shall not begin the war," the general had said, "by a Battle of Verdun."

And he amplified his statement thus: "France is a nation with a low birth rate, which has already sustained frightful losses in the last war. It would not have strength to survive another blood-letting. The war she has to fight now must be a scientific war in which everything is so precisely foreseen that the losses will be almost nothing."

I ADMIT that at the time his attitude seemed to me a wise one. It would have been foolhardy for a layman to pass judgment on the military ability of General Gamelin. He had been at Joffre's side during the Battle of the Marne and had been the first to conceive the maneuver that brought us victory. He had been an exemplary officer of the general staff and later, on the field of battle, an admirable commander of a division.

When you met him for the first time you were surprised by his inscrutability. His short, stiff mustache, his small eyes and thin-lipped mouth gave him an indecipherable aspect, which no spontaneous gesture served to clarify. He had neither the sparkling vivacity of Foch nor the massive geniality of Joffre. He spoke very seldom, and I have seen him in peacetime sit through a whole meal in absolute silence. But he was courteous and modest. The officers of his general staff felt a strong personal affection for him. For my own part I always found him very kind. The first time he came to the headquarters of General Gort and saw me in uniform he said: "What? Are you still a lieutenant at your age?"

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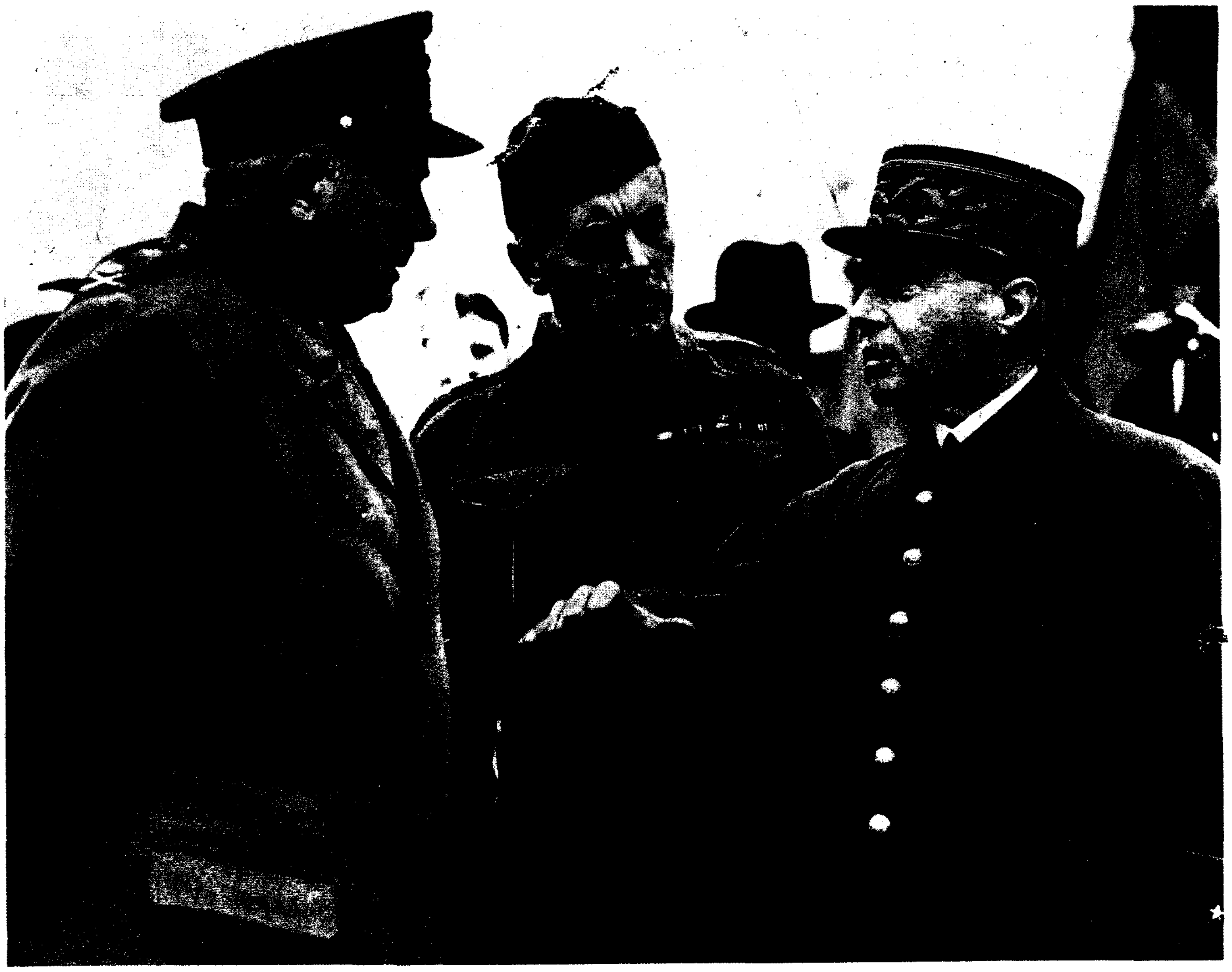

General Gamelin (right), advocate of defense and temporization, with Britain's Major General Ironside (left) and Canada's Major General McNaughton

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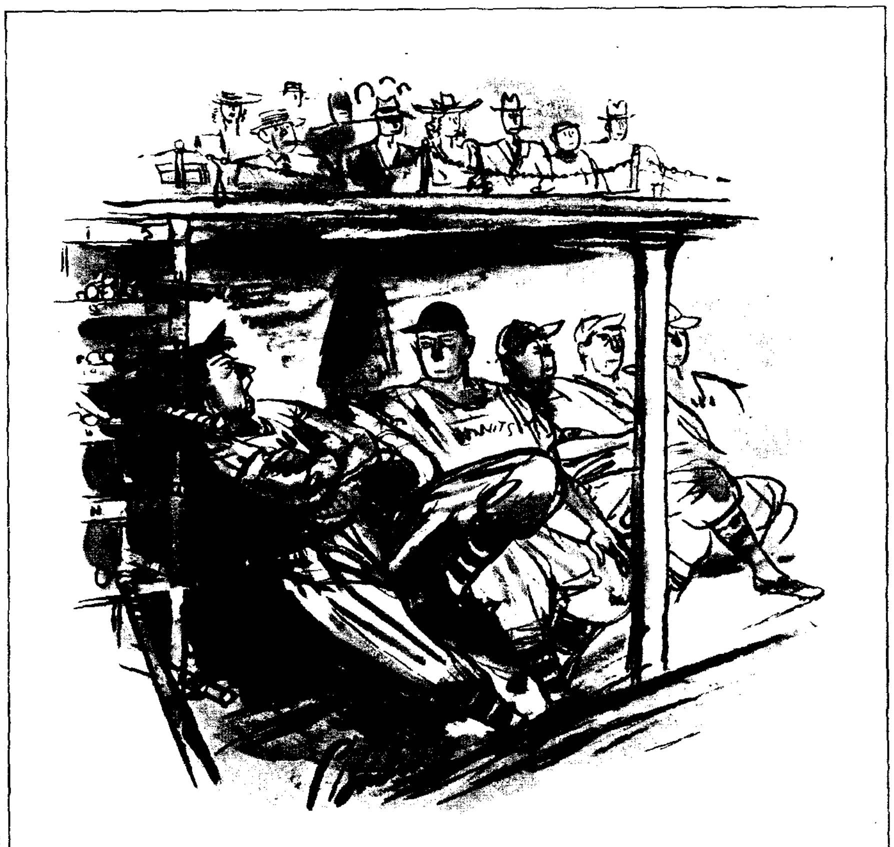

"She's running around the seashore somewhere, and here I am slaving away like a dog" PERRY BARLOW

"I have been a lieutenant since the end of the last war, General."

"Twenty years without promotion!" he said, laughing. "That's too much. I shall have you made captain."

When he returned I was still a lieutenant. He was amazed.

"What has happened?" he asked Colonel Petibon. "I told you to telephone the war ministry that André Maurois was to be appointed captain."

"I did so, General," the colonel replied. "But there is an obstacle. The regulations require two periods of training. Mr. Maurois has had only one."

Whereupon General Gamelin turned to General Gort.

"Everything is difficult," he said, "but I should have thought, nevertheless, that a commander in chief would not have had this much trouble in bestowing a captaincy!"

WHEN I had been promoted, he wrote me a cordial note: "At last! But I hardly dare congratulate you at this late date . . ." and he invited me to come and see him at the Château de Vincennes where he had his general headquarters. I retain a very clear memory of that luncheon, which took place in the vaulted hall of the fortress and at which were present, in addition to the general's own staff, General Noguès, who was in command of our troops in North Africa and Mr. Brugère, French minister to Belgrade.

Official business dominated the conversation; General Noguès discussed the needs of his army and then Mr. Brugère talked of the orders for arms which Yugoslavia had placed in France and which had not been filled. To both men General Gamelin replied with precision, clarity and an exact knowledge of available resources which made the best possible impression. He questioned me about the Fifty-first British division which was leaving for the Saar. Then the conversation turned to the French Academy and its dictionary and he said to me: "What we need is a name for the soldiers in this war. Those of 1914 called themselves Poilus, but those of 1940 have not yet been christened."

Mr. Brugère asked whether he expected an attack soon.

"Yes," he said, "everything points to it. Our fliers and our secret agents see all the preparatory signs: massed artillery, ammunition depots and the evacuation of civilians. Of course it may be a ruse, but Goering made a speech yesterday in which he foretold important developments, and his practice on such occasions has been to tell the truth. It seems probable that the great attack is imminent."

The calm with which he awaited this blow was reassuring. You said to yourself: "This is Joffre with his imperturbable good health." But Paul Reynaud did not share this opinion.

"Why have two commanders in chief?" he asked. "If General Georges is commanding our armies, let General Gamelin confine himself to the role of chief of the general staff and the national defense."

The antagonism between the premier and the generalissimo was not merely one between two personalities but rather between two theories of war. From the beginning of the campaign Gamelin had been an advocate of defense and temporization; Reynaud hoped to become known as the man of offense and action.

"A general who remains on the defensive loses all his battles," he said.

Since he had become premier by promising to conduct the war "with increasing vigor," he felt obliged to undertake large projects. The possibilities, however, were strictly limited. He commenced by insisting, from the time of his first trip to London, that the British government should lay mine fields in the territorial waters of Norway. A little later he resurrected from the portfolios of the ministry of foreign affairs a proposed agreement with England which exacted a promise on both sides that neither one would sign a separate peace, a plan to which Daladier had always refused to agree. Then he reopened the question of Belgium: Was it necessary to wait for an appeal from the Belgian government before entering Belgium? Reynaud tried to force their hand.

"Are you with us or against us?" he asked the Belgian ministers. "If you are with us, then let us hasten to cooperate in strengthening the defenses of our frontiers. If you are against us—"

General Gamelin was outspoken in

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his opposition to this attitude which he believed might result in throwing the twenty-five Belgian divisions into the enemy's camp. A violent scene took place between the two men. Reynaud would have replaced General Gamelin with General Georges as early as April if Daladier, who was still minister of war, had not threatened to resign. This was a risk that Reynaud dared not run. His personal position, however, seemed to grow stronger. The naval victory at Narvik made a great impression on France, and Reynaud, sponsor of the Norwegian project, derived considerable prestige from it.

"The iron route has been definitely cut," he told Parliament on the twentieth of April. And the minister who a few days earlier had had only a single vote majority obtained the unanimous support of the chamber. This seemed reassuring to me, but a senator whom I saw that evening told me with diabolic glee that it meant nothing.

"You don't understand parliamentary byplay," he explained in a pitying tone. "There were adversaries of Reynaud who worked hard to make it unanimous because unanimity is impersonal, national, patriotic; whereas, a strong majority would have meant a personal success."

Next day I was received by Reynaud himself. Striding up and down his office at the Quai d'Orsay with his hands in his pockets, he revealed to me in ringing tones the situation he had found upon assuming power. It horrified me.

"THE tanks," he said, "existed only on paper. Disorder was so great that the cannon and machine guns that the army needed were lying idle in the storehouses. The Germans had two hundred divisions, possibly two hundred and forty; we had barely one hundred. Daladier, through his inertia, thwarted all reforms and rendered government impossible."

"Nevertheless," I said, "Daladier is certainly a man who loves his country. He speaks of it so eloquently over the radio and in a way that goes straight to the heart."

"Yes," Reynaud said, "I believe he desires the victory of France, but he desires my defeat even more."

A terrible judgment, sincerely spoken but probably unfair, it reveals the depth of the abyss that separated these two men.

I saw Paul Reynaud on the sixth of May and found him depressed and nervous. On his desk were three telephones, one of which was connected with the ministry, the second with the outside, the third with the room of Madame de P. This last instrument rang unceasingly. Reynaud would lift the receiver, listen for a second and then cry out in an exasperated tone:

"Yes . . . Yes, of course . . . But that's understood . . . But I implore you to let me do my work. . . ."

Finally he stopped answering.

The Norwegian affair went badly. It revealed for the first time the crushing superiority of the equipment at the disposal of the German army. It dampened the enthusiasm of even the most optimistic to observe the difference between minute preparation—an action rehearsed in advance down to its smallest details—and a hasty improvisation which exposed to the bombs and machine guns of the enemy air force soldiers who were courageous but ill-equipped, particularly in respect to antiaircraft guns. Reynaud placed upon his enemies responsibility for this lack of preparation that led to disaster.

"They kept things from me," he told me, "particularly a letter from Admiral Darlan which described the difficulties of the enterprise and which probably would have stopped me. But I am going this afternoon before a committee of the senate and I shall tell them the whole truth."

This time the quarrel between Daladier and Reynaud was so violent that President Lebrun had to interfere to reconcile them.

AT NINE o'clock on the morning of May tenth I was planning to go to the country to spend my leave there. At eight-thirty I switched on the radio and learned of the invasion of Belgium and Holland. The great offensive had been launched. All the officers on leave were recalled, and I went to the Gare du Nord to return to Arras. The train was so crowded with British and French soldiers that several cars had to be added. Standing near me by an open window in the corridor, an infantry captain was giving directions to his wife.

"Let's go someplace else—you bore me!" JARO FABRY

"Listen, my dear. Take the money out of the left-hand drawer of my bureau and the change that is in the drawer of the bedside table. The keys to the car and to the garage are in the tray on the chest of drawers in my room. Tell Berthe to put the business suit I took off in camphor. Have Jean's bicycle greased; it squeaks. What did you say? That these two days have been very short? Certainly, but remember that we might not have had them at all. And if we stop those fellows, this may be the end of the war."

His little wife smiled bravely. It is not true to say that before the offensive the morale was bad. In the upper and better-informed circles it may have been, but not among the masses who were still filled with hope and to whom the radio administered eight times a day their doses of illusion.

The news of the German breakthrough at Sedan was a terrible and completely unforeseen blow to the inhabitants of Paris. They were prepared, if need be, for the idea of a retreat; they had had experience enough of that in 1914. But they believed that any enemy advance would be quickly checked. On the seventeenth of May, General Gamelin advised the government that a German motorized column was advancing on Laon and that he could not answer for Paris longer than that night. That was a day of panic in the ministries.

On the following morning the Parisians learned that the Germans had turned toward the sea and that they would have some days' respite. This time Reynaud, made bold by the gravity of the situation, took the action that he had so often postponed. In order to get rid of General Gamelin, whom he held responsible for the defeat and whom Daladier persisted in defending, he assumed himself the portfolio of war and handed that of foreign affairs to Daladier. Who was to be the generalissimo? For a long time Reynaud had had Georges in mind, but of all possible choices he would have been the most painful to Gamelin. For between these two men there existed a rivalry as persistent as that which divided Reynaud and Daladier.

"They are so busy making war on each other," an English general said one day, "that they have no time to make war on the Germans."

ANOTHER possible choice was Noguès, who had had great success in Morocco and in all North Africa. Among the younger generals Huntziger and Giraud both had partisans. Huntziger was considered a man of great intelligence and his army had stubbornly resisted the attack. Giraud was a wonderful leader but he terrified the timid by his audacity and, moreover, at the moment he was a prisoner. Reynaud decided upon General Weygand who was in command of the army of the Orient, and urgently recalled him to Paris. Weygand had been the second in command to Marshal Foch at that moment in 1918 when the latter had taken command of a battle already half lost and transformed it into a victory. It was natural to make use of his experience.

At the same time Reynaud offered Marshal Pétain the vice-premiership.

In the eyes of most Frenchmen the marshal possessed incomparable prestige. His noble and regular features, tall stature, his somewhat cold and often satirical air of authority gave those who met him the impression of a "presence." Of the six marshals of the Great War who had been the witnesses and artisans of glory, he alone remained with Marshal Franchet d'Esperey. And the fact that he bore so easily his eighty-four years and remained young inspired astonishment and respect.

In summoning Marshal Pétain to his side Reynaud thought first of all of strengthening his position and of stiffening and solidifying public opinion through this brilliant prestige. But he made a strange miscalculation in seeing in his new colleague only a name and a reputation. He was providing for himself a successor and a judge.

The disastrous struggle of Reynaud against Daladier finally came to an end on the sixth of June by the complete elimination of the latter. Master of France a few months before and so powerful that he had seemed to me untouchable, he disappeared in the whirlwind that had struck his country without a single word of regret or even of surprise being voiced.

Meanwhile, General Gamelin, whom Daladier had so long protected, was living between a courtyard and a garden, in the ground floor of a quiet house on the Avenue Foch; dressed in civilian clothes, he was spending his time tapping out on his typewriter a memoir of self-justification.

A FRIEND of the Gamelins who had known them in their days of power and remained faithful to them in disgrace went to see Madame Gamelin just before leaving Paris. She found her calm and resigned.

"The general," she said, "is with me. He is not thinking of himself but of France, of our soldiers. He has the highest regard for General Weygand and hopes that he may succeed in halting the enemy."

Then she pointed to the next room, where we had on a former occasion admired a charming portrait of the general painted by his own mother when he was a child and showing the young Maurice Gamelin wearing a long dress and beating on a drum, and her face took on the tender look of a loving and devoted wife.

"Do you hear him?" she said with emotion. "That's the clicking of his little typewriter."

These were the most serious of the personal conflicts that rendered the conduct of the war so difficult. It is easy to say that such antagonisms occur at all times, that jealousy and ambition are ever-present passions, that in 1914 Clemenceau and Poincaré hated each other and that, nevertheless, we were victorious. This is true, but in 1914 a certain nobility of heart and undivided patriotism triumphed over these passions. Poincaré had no love for Clemenceau but he loyally collaborated with him. Pétain, with self-abnegation, served under the orders of Foch. In 1940 France was so divided, political hatreds were so violent and the decline of public morality so far advanced that no obstacle was interposed to personal hatreds. The part played by personalities was not the essential cause of the defeat. That cause, as we have shown, was lack of preparation, military, diplomatic and industrial, on the part of the Allies. But the quarrels of the ministers and the lack of any leader capable of imposing unity on the nation deprived the armies of their last chance.

The fourth of this series of articles will appear next week.

Hade is in Jail

Continued from page 15

went duck hunting and will not be back until tomorrow afternoon.

So I am sitting on the fence across from the Teton, and I am wishing to the devil I would've had enough sense not to sell my bedroll. I only got six dollars out of it, and it is not warm these nights in October down here in the Hole. I counted on asking Ed if I could sleep in the back room at the Teton, but he is gone and I don't know the fellow at the bar, and if I would ask him he would think I am some kind of saddle bum, while Ed knows different, he knows my intentions are always of the best.

But anyway I got to eat, and I go over to the lunchroom and buy a hamburger and coffee, and I am sure lonesome for that Nancy Church. I don't know where she is, and if I would know where I would go there and she would sure slip me a piece of pie extra, or another cup of coffee on the side. I do get lonesome for that old Nancy, especially when I am at a lunch counter.

AFTER supper I go out and walk around, and I have got an idea to go over and see Hade, but I think I better not, because for one thing I do not want my getting Hade out of jail to look like it was all planned, and another thing if Hade knew I had sold my outfit he would never let me get him out. So I wander into the Teton, and they have got a dance going. They have got one of those machines where you put in a nickel for a record, and a fellow tells me they have a dance every Saturday night.

All the fellows I know are out of town on some roundup or the other, but there is a couple of fellows from Utah I have saw once before someplace and I dig into my money and we have a beer.

After while a girl walks in alone. It is between a dance, and they all look up at her when she comes in, and she sits in an empty chair near the door and smiles at the people that say hello to her, which includes every one of the men in the place, and it is no use of me trying to describe this girl.

I have saw a good many dude girls, take it in the dude-girl season, and a few I have saw out of season, and this is not exactly a dude girl and she is not exactly a local girl, but she is beautiful and she is nice and I am sure in love with her.

I am not quick when it comes to a thing like this, Hade is always making fun of me about it, but this time it is different, I take myself entirely by surprise and I step right up and say:

"Ma'am, would you want to dance this dance with me? I am not a very good dancer."

She smiles at me and says yes she will be very glad to and she is not a very good dancer either.

So I stand there, I did not know it would be so long before the next record on the machine, and I do not know exactly what I should ought to say, but finally I say, "My name is Steve," and she says, "Mine is Doris Baxter. Do you live around here?"

"Yes," I tell her. "I mean, I live in the West. Do you?"

"My home is in Denver," she says. "I'm visiting my uncle here."

"I see," I tell her. That is all I can think of for a while.

Well, somebody has sense enough to start a record and she stands up and we go ahead and dance. It is not easy with my high heels and besides it is very hot in Ed's place, but after a long time the dance is over and I ask her if maybe she would like a drink.

"Yes, I would," she says; "I would like a good big drink." And we go out to the bar and she orders a Tom Collins, fifty cents, and I order a beer, and while we are drinking it half a dozen fellows that have managed by this time to get away from their wives come around and are asking Doris for a dance, and she says she has got to get home early but she will have time for a few more, and they all get a dance and when the music starts she thanks me very much and I am alone and she has not even finished all of her Tom Collins.

Well, I go back to where the fellows from Utah are at, and we stand and watch them dance. After while I am getting sleepy and there is no use standing here and watching Doris dance with everybody. So I start out, and I see Doris leaving the fellow she has just danced with, and I go up to her and I say, "Well, I suppose you are going home now," and she says she is, and I say, "Maybe you could stay for one more dance."

"Maybe I could," she says, smiling very charming.

So while we are waiting for the dance I invite her to have another drink, a Tom Collins if she wants it, if she thinks she can drink another big drink like that. She does, and I make mine a beer. Then we dance, and we are going toward the door afterward and there is a lot of people around and I have it in my mind to take Doris home, but before I can figure it out, she says, "Steve, thanks a lot, and I hope to see you again, I really do," and she has went.

I am mighty sad about this and I go out and walk around, there is a fine moon out, and I think of Doris, and after while I decide to turn in for the night and maybe I will see Doris around tomorrow. So I wander out toward the rodeo grounds, where I figure I will find a place to sleep. I go across the field and around behind the grandstand, and the two fellows from Utah are there and some other fellow. I lay down on a couple loose planks I find, and stand a plank beside me to keep off the worst of the wind, but it is no use, it is too cold. One of the fellows from Utah has got a bedroll and the other one has got a blanket, but the third one is like me, nothing, and we build a little fire and take turns keeping it going.

When it is my turn to watch it, I am sitting there thinking about Doris.

WE BOTH of us get a little sleep, taking turns, and after while it is morning and the sun comes over the hills and we sleep a little longer in it, it is nice and warm. We are all hungry, and I find out nobody has any money but me, so I invite them to breakfast. The way it is with Hade, he would rather stay in jail a couple days extra than have me hold out on the fellows, so we go over and have some ham and eggs, and being in the lunchroom again makes me think of Nancy Church, and I am kind of ashamed of myself on account of Doris. I mean, I have this understanding with Nancy, and here I am in love with Doris.

After breakfast the fellows go on up the road, they are looking for a job for the winter, and I walk around town kind of looking for Doris but I do not see her. So I sit on the fence a while. I am wondering what Hade would say if I would use just half of my money for his bills, instead of all of it, and use the rest for staying in town here for a few days and dance again with Doris and buy her another Tom Collins and maybe take her to the movies or supper or something. I am thinking, maybe it would be all right with Hade if I did not get him out of jail

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all at once. I could get him part out now, and get a job and get him the rest of the way out later on.

I walk around to where the jail is at. I stand there and look at her.

She is made of brick and is attached to a little log house, where Jim Bassett lives. I have been in her. Jim let me sleep in her a couple nights one winter when I was coming through here. Jim is a good enough fellow but he is dumfounded about keeping a place clean, and Jim's idea about cooking is to make up a stew and see how long it will last by putting in more water every few days. When I was there the stew was pretty good right at first, you did not have to hunt long for the meat, but a couple other fellows come in to spend the week end on a couple cots Jim set up, and when I left there was not any use hunting for the meat.

So I look at the jail, and I know what she is like, and Hade is there in her.

I'll have to get Hade all the way out.

"STEVE," Ed is saying, "I wouldn't've believed it myself if I wouldn't've seen it."

He is back from duck hunting and we are standing at his bar talking her over and drinking a beer. He points his glass of beer at the big window in front of his place and he says:

"Hade is standing here at the bar and I can see he has got something on his mind. I do not know what it is, but something. He has been around here two, three days, he is on his way up to Montana, he tells me he has promised to meet you up there in the fall of the year. But you wouldn't hardly know Hade. He is gloomy. He drinks his beer and when he gets through he puts the glass back on the bar, it is the only beer he has had, he is about out of money, and he leans down and picks up the spittoon and throws it through the window there."

Ed looks at me, very puzzled, and he says, "Steve, have another beer. On the house." He draws us each another beer and says:

"Hade just stood here, right where you're standing now, and he says, 'Ed, I am sure mighty sorry about that. It was just an idea I had, and I forgot to change my mind. You better call Jim Bassett and have it over with.' Well, take a nice fellow like Hade, always peaceable, you don't like to see him go to jail for a thing like that. I always liked Hade. So I said, 'Hade, anybody else I would sure have them thrown in the jug, but take it with a fellow like you, some day when you get a job just send me the money and we'll forget the whole thing.'

"Well, Hade tries to get me to call Jim Bassett and I won't do it, so he walks out. In five minutes in comes Jim. He asks me for the bar cloth and I give it to him and then I see Jim has got a bloody nose. I ask him what the matter is, and he says, 'I just had an accident. I was walking along the street and here comes Hade Crosby, and before I can even say hello, he pokes me one in the nose. He tries to tell me he done it on purpose, but hell, I know Hade better than that. So I just laugh at him and tell him not to mistake me for somebody else again, and I come over here.'

"So," Ed goes on, "I show Jim my window. We are standing here looking at the window and scratching our heads, wondering about Hade, and in comes Bill Alberts. Bill says, 'Fellows, you don't have to believe it, but Hade Crosby is over in the square knocking down all the fences.' So Jim goes out, and the next thing I know, Hade is in jail, charged up with my window and the fence and Jim's nose. I guess Jim just lost his patience. I'm sure sorry about Hade. Nobody around here can figure the thing out."

Me too.

"I would like to talk to Jim," I tell Ed.

"That ought to be easy," Ed says, and he goes to the phone and calls up the jail and asks Jim to come over, and in a few minutes Jim comes in.

The first thing I do is buy a couple drinks all around. Then I ask Jim, "Jim, what would it take, in the way of money, to get Hade out?"

"Well," Jim says, "the way it is in the books, Hade owes the town around thirteen, fourteen dollars for the fence job, and he owes Ed here seventy, ain't it, Ed, for the window."

"I put her down for seventy," Ed says, "but I tell you, that window cost me eighty dollars, counting hauling it over the pass. I don't know how much for putting her in. Lou Apple put her in for me and he took it out in trade so I ain't got it down to a matter of dollars and cents."

I take my money out of my pocket.

"Well," I tell them, "I had a little luck lately, and as long as I'm here I might as well get Hade out of jail. If you fellows go along with me. Ed, suppose I give you sixty dollars even for the window, and some day I or Hade will make up the rest. The way it is now, Hade is serving time, and when his time is up he don't owe you anything. Then I'll put in fifteen dollars for the fence, Jim, and I'll give it to you and you can pay the town when you get to it, and that leaves two dollars over of the money I've got here, and we could have us a couple more drinks."

Ed says that is all right with him, and Jim says so far as he is concerned it is all legal.

So Jim says first thing in the morning he'll make out the papers and I can have Hade, and we have a couple drinks then Jim says, "By the way," he says, "you got a place to sleep tonight?"

"I haven't thought of it," I tell him.

He says, "Look, Steve, you might as well see Hade tonight as in the morning, and you can stay right there in the jail just as well as not. The cot's there, and you'd be mighty comfortable. Want to do her?"

"Sure," I tell him; "let's go over."

"I ain't got the time right now," he says. "I got to make a couple rounds, but you go on over and go right in. The door's unlocked, or if it ain't just knock and Hade'll let you in."

So I go over there and I am grinning, walking along, thinking what Hade will say when I tell him he is out of jail in the morning.

I OPEN the door and go in and there is Hade, sitting in a chair.

He looks up.

"Good evening, Mr. Crosby," I say, very polite.

"Steve!" he says. He jumps up and we are calling each other the worst names we can think of, like always.

"Hade," I finally say, "in the morning you are out of jail."

"Oh, no," he says, "I'm in for sixty days. Forty to go."

I can't help but laugh. "You are free," I tell him. "I did her."

Hade stands there looking at me, then he sits down and puts his head in his hands. He is overcome.

While Hade is sitting there I happen to look around the inside of the jail, and it is my turn to be overcome. First thing I see is that Hade's bed has got sheets and pillows and pillow cases, clean, and a spread on it, instead of just a couple old blankets like it used to have.

And there is a rug on the floor. At both windows is curtains. And the chair Hade is sitting in is one of these easy chairs, covered with red flowers all over it, and on a little table beside the chair is some magazines and some bottles of beer.

Hade looks up. He says, "Steve, how did you get me out?"

I do not like to mention about the money part of it. So I just say, "I talked to Ed and Jim. It was easy."

Hade takes a deep breath. "Steve," he says, "I sure do appreciate what you done. But—Steve, I'm going to serve out my time."

Now is where I tell him about the money, about everything paid.

I am just going to tell him when the door between the jail and Jim's house opens and in comes a beautiful girl.

I do not have to tell you who it is.

She says, "Is everything all right, Hade? Is the beer good and cold?" Then she sees me. "Oh, hello, Steve," she says. She tells Hade: "I and Steve had a couple dances last night at Ed's. And Steve bought me two Tom Collinses, didn't you, Steve?"

"Yes," I say.

Hade says everything is fine, and she turns back.

"Goodby, Doris," I say when she is closing the door.

"Goodby, Steve," she says.

She is gone.

Hade opens a bottle of beer and hands it to me and I drink some and hand it back and he drinks some. He waves his hand around. "Steve," he says, "just take a look at this place. It gives you a good idea of what it means to have a woman around. Doris is Jim's niece, you know, she's visiting him from Denver and she sure does know how to make a jail good and homelike. And the food, Steve, you wouldn't recognize it. Take it tonight, we had the biggest steak you ever saw. And this beer. Jim got hold of some money someplace and Doris fixed us up a real feed. Here, have some more beer."

I take some more beer.

HADE says, "Steve, I am thinking of getting married."

"You have said that before," I remind him.

"This time it is the real thing," he says. "I fell in love with Doris the first day I was in town, here. On my way up to Montana to meet you. Well, there is half the unmarried fellows in town in love with Doris already, and all the married ones, and here I am, my old clothes, and I am broke, and what chance have I got.

"So I hit on the idea. I am the only one in the whole town that thought of getting put in jail."

"That's the way it would be," I tell Hade.

Hade kind of laughs. He says, "Steve, maybe you think I didn't have a job of it getting put in jail." He laughs harder, and I feel like laughing too, so we both laugh.

Hade says, "Steve, what are you doing here in the Hole? I thought you went up to Montana."

"I am just passing through here," I tell Hade. "I decided to winter in the South this year. New Mexico."

"That reminds me," Hade says. "I have got a message for you. Nancy Church is down at Rock Springs. She's working at the Busy Bee. She said if I saw you, and if you are going south this winter, be sure and stop in. She's a swell kid, Steve. I guess I know how it is between her and you."

"We have got an understanding," I tell Hade.

We have some more of the beer.

Hade says, "You taking your saddle and bedroll for getting a job down South?"

"No," I tell him; "I sold out. I didn't want to be bothered on the way down."

"Listen," Hade says, "if you want a bedroll for on the way, I've got one over in that shed behind the hardware store where I and you slept that time. You can help yourself to it, Steve. I'll be here all winter, I'm not going anyplace, I won't need it. You take it along, Steve."

"I might do her, at that," I tell Hade. "I'm pulling out tonight. I can make her to Piney Draw by tomorrow night."

So I and Hade shake hands, and Hade says, "Stop in on your way back in the spring, Steve. Maybe we can get a job together, like old times."

So I say I sure will, and I start out.

"Wait a minute," Hade says. I stop. "Finish the beer," he says.

I finish the beer.

Then I go on over to the shed behind the hardware store and I find the bedroll, and I kind of circle around town and head on south.

It feels mighty fine, having a bedroll again; a fellow don't need to carry much when he can meet up with friends like Hade. I am on my way to see Nancy Church, and I am going to New Mexico, and I am whistling when I am walking down the road. And on my back, warm against my shoulders, is this good old bedroll that Hade has gave to me. It is not a home, but it is a mighty comfortable feeling.

TELEPHONE
"10 to 1 he comes out smilin'!"

No bet, George!

Who wouldn't enjoy reporting right back to the folks

Collier's WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director

Lily-Gilder MacLeish

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH, Librarian of Congress, is reported asking the United States Government to set up a propaganda department, similar to the propaganda departments maintained by many other governments, especially the dictator governments. The idea would be to push our government's doctrines in every possible way.

This suggestion, we'd say, stamps Mr. MacLeish as a champion lily-gilder. Our government now has some 200 ladies and gentlemen engaged in putting out propaganda of every description. It is mostly dressed-up as factual stuff about how the various Washington departments, bureaus and holes-in-the-wall are helping to make life rosier every day for every American. But it's propaganda nevertheless, because the government never gets a sour break in any of the stuff.

If there's one thing we do not need in this country, it is a regularly organized propaganda department. If Mr. MacLeish, now, would suggest a department for radically cutting down the propaganda put out by all the government agencies, he'd have something.

How About the Philippines?

AS REPORTED in Collier's recently by Jim Marshall, the Filipinos are biting their fingernails closer to the quick as 1946, the year for their complete liberation from the United States, draws nearer.

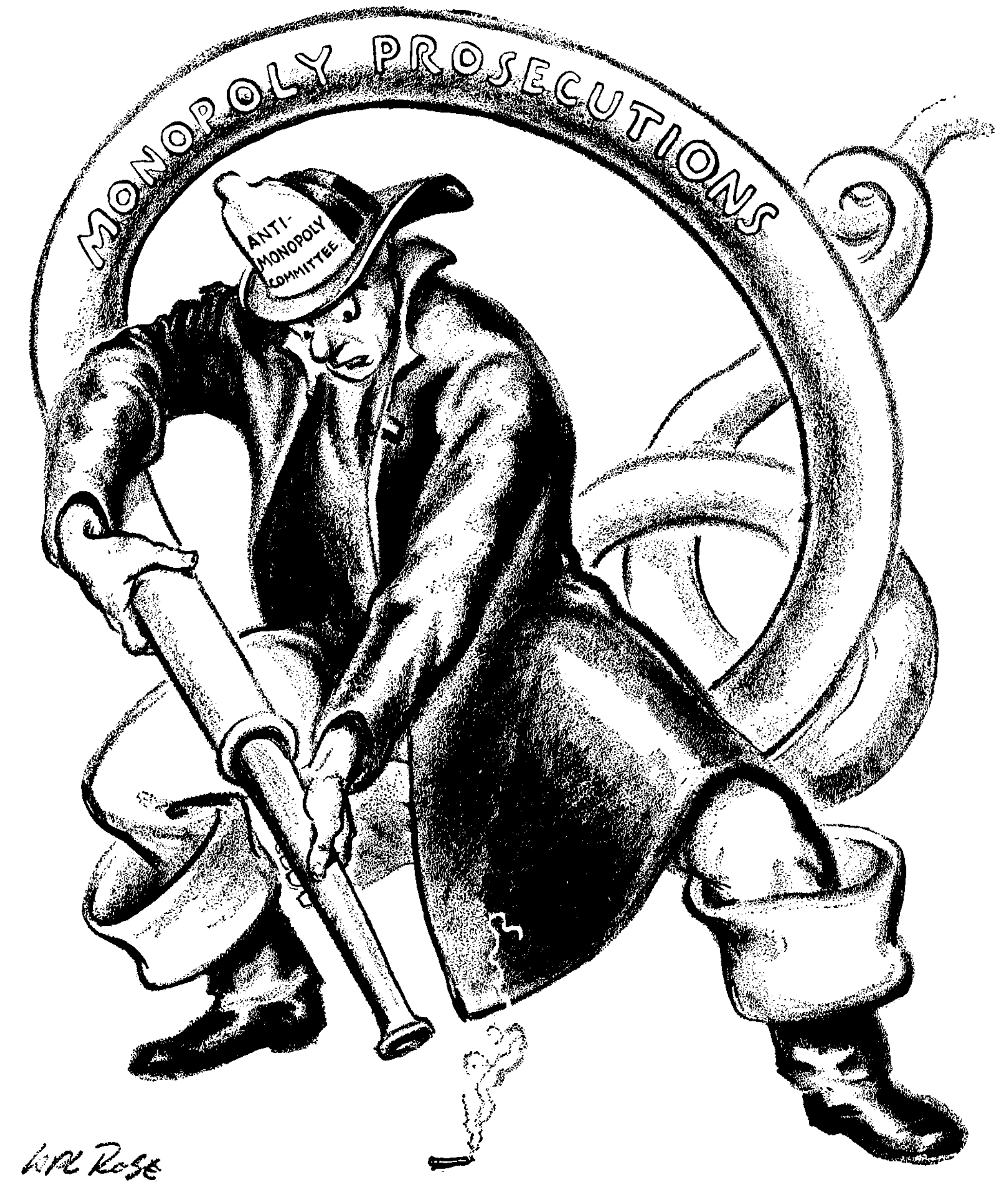
Their free-trade privileges with us look better every day to Filipino businessmen; the prospect of being fired out of pleasant jobs by the Japanese looks more appalling every day to Philippine politicians. So Manila hints ever more broadly to Washington about some kind of modified independence, which would let the Filipinos do all the running and most of the exploiting of their rich islands while we did all the protecting of them.

Couldn't a fairer arrangement be made, if we're going to think better of complete Philippine liberation, as apparently we are?

After all, Philippine defense is no child's play. The islands are far out of line with strategic U. S. Naval placements in the Pacific. Some of our Navy men regard them as indefensible against an all-out Japanese attempt to grab them.

Wouldn't it be fair to insist that, if we do consent not to free the Philippines, the islands build a reasonably good-sized navy of their own; and that they not weary of well-doing in the matter of building up the army that ex-Chief of Staff MacArthur got started for them?

The Philippines are a wealthy set of islands. We're going to tax ourselves almost blind for a big defense force. It seems little enough to ask of the Filipinos to hold up their end if we're to undertake to save them from the Japanese—for whose coming the Filipinos began asking the moment they asked us to turn them loose.



Tsk, Tsk, Mr. Arnold

HOW now, whither are we drifting, what the blazes, and all that? We refer to the Sherman Anti-Trust Act criminal charges brought by Thurman Arnold's anti-monopoly committee against the eight biggest tobacco companies operating in the United States—American Tobacco Co., British-American, Imperial, Liggett & Myers, P. Lorillard Co., Philip Morris & Co., R. J. Reynolds, Universal Leaf Tobacco Co.

Arnold charges these outfits with creating assorted tobacco trusts, then works around to this remarkable accusation:

> By nation-wide advertising and sales promotion schemes the "Big Four" and Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc., created such a perfect acceptance and demand for their major brands that—the offering of such products for sale being a necessary adjunct to the conduct of numerous wholesale, retail and service establishments—such establishments are forced to handle the products even on unreasonable and arbitrary terms and at such prices.

In plainer English, the "Big Four" and Philip Morris build more attractive mousetraps, so to speak, than anybody else in the tobacco game, and let the world know they do, so the world beats paths to the doors of Camels, Chesterfields, Lucky Strikes, Old Golds and Philip Morrises—and Arnold calls these typically American successes crimes. There can be no quarrel with legitimate government efforts to stop actually unfair trade practices. But this particular squawk is absurd.

The tobacco companies don't force retailers to sell their cigarettes. The smoking public, because it prefers these brands, forces the dealers to handle them. And the cigarette business, far from being monopolistic, is fiercely competitive. These brands have battled for years. When Camels nose out Luckies for a quarter-year, or Philip Morrises edge ahead of Old Golds, or Chesterfields outrun the field for a spell, it's News.

As for cigarettes' unreasonable prices, the government certainly isn't doing anything to make them more reasonable. It now taxes popular-price cigarettes 6½¢ a package—meaning the manufacturers have become so efficient that cigarettes could retail at something under 9¢ per package of 20 with reasonable profits if it weren't for the taxes.

Sure, we take all kinds of reputable tobacco advertising, and are glad to have it, and Mr. Arnold is welcome to make what he can out of that. So what? So just the same, Arnold's committee has gone off the deep end on a cockeyed, fantastic prosecution, or else the Sherman Anti-Trust Act needs some drastic amendments. Probably a bit of both.

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* * *

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